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ANNA JAMESON:
LETTERS AND FRIENDSHIPS



ANNA MURPHY.

After a miniature by D. Brownell Murphy.

Frontispiece.

On a portrait of Mr Jameson by his Father

In those young eyes, so deeply, broadly bent
To search the mysteries of the future hour,
There shines the will to conquer, and the power
Which makes that conquest sure, - a gift Heaven-sent
The radiance of the Beautiful was blent
Ere with thine earliest dreams; and lo! that Star
Of thy first faith, oft dimm'd, and always far
Still beck'ns thou journey'd on, wherever thy tent
I never yet in vain such pilgrimages
Witness the foot-prints of many a year:
Long ere the Magic hail'd the prophet-beam,
On Worship round an altar and a shrine;
The few who felt how real the dream,
Thus gaze; and thus unveil'd the "ethereal Dream" -

W. Noel Byron
1841.

AUTOGRAPH POEM BY LADY NOEL BYRON.

ANNA JAMESON
LETTERS AND FRIENDSHIPS

(1812-1860)

EDITED BY
MRS. STEUART ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATED

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INTRODUCTION

ANNA JAMESON, so celebrated in her time as a brilliant writer on art, has left behind her books that maintain their popularity to the present day. She was a prolific worker, producing travel sketches, essays and addresses on social questions, as well as those writings on artistic subjects on which her fame rests.

While acknowledging the excellence of her books, which are unique in their own line, we must admit that she was badly equipped as a critic and cared little for the technique of art. In that, however, she was not singular. There was little writing on art in the England of her day and that little was not good; modern criticism, as we know it, was yet to be born. Ruskin, who practically started the æsthetic movement in this country, was twenty-five years her junior and did not publish the first volume of "Modern Painters" until seventeen years after she had produced "The Diary of an Ennuyée."

Anna Jameson began her career at an auspicious moment. There were few rivals in the field, and there was room for an author who knew how to

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combine solid research with pleasant writing. Interest in art was now extending to all classes, public and private collections were being greatly augmented ; knowledge concerning the contents of galleries and the subjects of the pictures and the history of the artists themselves was eagerly sought. Her handbooks to public and private galleries supplied a want ; her essays and articles received immediate recognition. When she started on the great series of books that began with " Sacred and Legendary Art," that book which has been called " a pictorial history of the Church from the Catacombs to the Seventeenth Century," and ended with the " History of our Lord," (concluded by Lady Eastlake after her death), she wrote again in an auspicious moment because the Tractarian movement had reawakened interest in Church history. Yet another small circumstance may have contributed to her early success and that was the comparative scarcity of women writers at that date, especially women writers who cared to attack solid subjects ; she became at once a marked woman and was received with open arms at home and abroad. Her social success was made by her literary reputation and her popularity as a writer gained by her popularity as a woman.

Mrs. Jameson was, to a great extent, self-taught. She belonged to no school of criticism, was bound by no rules save those dictated by her inner consciousness. In her early writings she confessed

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that she detested the works of Michael Angelo ; and, although she afterwards deplored her " immature " judgment, it is probable that, to the end of her days, she preferred the sugary graces of Carlo Dolce to the titanic conceptions of the great Florentine. She loved all that was sweet and gracious in art, all that was glowing in colour, all that suggested sentiment ; having no pose to adopt and no opinions other than her own to consider, she expresses her enthusiasm without restraint. If we are to consider in what particular direction lies the value of the works that she has left as a legacy to posterity, we must admit that it is not to be found in any very original criticism that has come from her pen. In the course of her long life Mrs. Jameson amassed a large amount of accurate knowledge concerning pictures ; she was exact, indefatigable in research, possessed of that " infinite capacity for taking pains " that has been held up to us as genius. While studying pictures she found herself also bound to study ecclesiastical history, legendary lore and symbolism, all of which subjects she made her own to a remarkable degree. It is probably these studies that have contributed largely to the value of her work ; whatever the cause, the fact remains that the books of Anna Jameson hold their own in the modern market and continue to be sold when many more pretentious essays in criticism have had their little day and been forgotten.

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If she was fortunate in her literary career as far as opportunity and appreciation went—for she does not seem at any time to have made much money by her efforts—Anna Jameson was less happy in her private life, which was embittered and overshadowed by an unfortunate marriage. It is difficult to understand, at this distance of time, why she did not have this marriage annulled. Perhaps in the early years she hoped against hope for a change to come; possibly as the years went on she found her position as a married woman, even one living apart from her husband, better suited to her nomad existence than would have been that of a single woman. Whatever her reasons, she continued to bear the name of Jameson, although it is evident from a letter written to her mother, of too private a nature to include among her correspondence, that her marriage was one in name only. Given her Celtic impetuosity and the warmth of her temperament, as well as the family affection and love of home that were among her most salient characteristics, it is easy to see through what deep waters of despair she must have passed before she gained her freedom and even for long years after she had parted from the man who was her legal husband.

Disappointed in her marriage, the whole tide of her affections welled with renewed force round the members of her family and her intimate friends. Her father, typically Irish and typically an artist, always nursing vague hopes of success and usually

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finding himself in embarrassed circumstances, died in 1842, leaving the mother and two unmarried sisters in her charge. Long before this she had been the prop of the family and had denied herself every little luxury in order to give her hardly earned money to her dear ones. Great as the strain was and constant the anxiety as to how to make ends meet, it is certain that she gave without grudging and that she was bound by ties of the sincerest devotion to the home that she was destined to leave so often. When parted from her family she was always watching the post for letters and filling her large sheets of paper with lines of small writing, crossed and re-crossed after the manner of her times, conscious that every little event in her life was of consequence to those she loved and hungering for every scrap of home news: "I have only one thought, wish, fear, hope . . . *Home, Home, Home,*" she wrote from Toronto in 1837; and the same sentiment is found over and over again in all her letters.

The life of Anna Jameson was full of movement. She came across many interesting people in London as well as in Paris, Rome, Vienna, and Weimar; wherever she went she was well received, and appears to have had a great capacity for making friends. Of these the most intimate were Lady Byron and Ottilie von Goethe. The rupture of her intercourse with the former was one of her deep sorrows; her affection for the latter, the wayward,

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impulsive, irritating and fascinating Ottilie, brought the warmth of a great human interest into the last twenty years of her life. With men she formed fewer friendships, though there are some, like Robert Noel and Henry Reeve, who seem to have been admitted to a certain degree of confidence. It is evident that she preferred her own sex and that a certain bitterness persisted, born of her own unhappy experience, fostered perhaps by her intimacy with Lady Byron, whose "policy of silence" was certainly not maintained in her case. Many of her friends were women working in the fields of social improvement, pioneers in the cause of Woman's Rights, women with whom she became associated because of her printed utterances or her known opinions; others were drawn to her through literary interests. A glance at her correspondence shows that she was in touch with most of the prominent men and women of the day, although many of the letters are not worth reproducing. Amongst her friends she numbered the Brownings, Procters, Grotes, Joanna Baillie, Harriet Martineau, Sarah Austin, Harriet St. Leger, Maria Edgeworth, Mary Mitford, Elizabeth Gaskell, "L. E. L.", and Geraldine Jewsbury, to mention only a few of the better known; she was a welcome guest at Rogers' breakfast-table and received more invitations than she could possibly accept. In the brilliant literary society of Weimar she immediately found a place and was welcomed no less eagerly in the

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salon of Madame Mohl in Paris, or in the literary and artistic circles in Rome.

Anna Jameson was a worker all her life, whether she was occupied with literary research or with those movements for social reform with which her name became associated. She died, as she had lived, in harness, her last public appearance being on the platform of a Social Science meeting at Bradford and her last illness beginning with a chill contracted whilst working up material in the British Museum for the "History of our Lord."

BEATRICE ERSKINE.

NOTE

WHEN Mr. Fisher Unwin placed the Correspondence of Anna Jameson in my hands with a view to publication the nations of Europe were at peace with one another. I received, at that time, much useful help from Dr. Mutchmann, then Professor of German at Nottingham, and, through him, permission from the Keepers of the Goethe and Schiller Archives at Weimar to use certain letters and documents preserved there. After the outbreak of war the publication of the letters was necessarily postponed, and now that they are about to be issued a word seems called for with regard to those dealing with the writers' experiences in Germany. They have been left in, not because we have forgotten or forgiven the atrocities com-

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mitted during the war, but because they represent the intellectual life in the small States of Germany before Prussia, the "robber State of Europe," swept over its length and breadth with a wave of brutality and militarism that has set the world aflame.

ANNA JAMESON

CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

ANNA BROWNELL MURPHY, the eldest daughter of Denis Brownell Murphy, a miniature painter of some talent, was born in Dublin in the year 1794; in 1798 her parents migrated to a small seaport in Cumberland, where they remained for some years, afterwards settling at Newcastle-on-Tyne. In 1803 they went south and lived for some years at Hanwell, finally coming to London about the year 1806.

Mr. Murphy must have prospered in his profession to be able to take rooms in Pall Mall for himself, his wife, his five little daughters¹ and their governess, but he does not seem to have had any settled income or to have been ever free from anxiety as to his future.

As a child Anna was precocious, imaginative, clever and extremely nervous. She would lie

¹ Anna, Eliza, Louisa, Camilla and Charlotte.

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awake for hours at night, a prey to unimaginable terrors ; in the daytime her vivid fancy occupied itself in attempting to write verse and in composing fairy stories for the benefit of the family. She was so powerfully affected by certain harmonies that she would have to leave the room on hearing them ; certain discords made her feel quite ill. With all this sensitiveness she was extremely clear-headed when her thoughts were turned to practical things and she became, at an early age, the right hand of her parents and the acknowledged head of the band of sisters.

The governess into whose hands the education of the children was entrusted was a Miss Yokeley, who afterwards married Mr. Murphy's brother ; she was a strict, unsympathetic woman, who did not know how to gain the affection of her pupils, although she evidently understood her work as a teacher. Anna acknowledged, in after-days, that she owed much to this lady, who was " one of the cleverest women " she had ever met in her life ; but during her youth she was more occupied with her failings than with her good qualities. She rejoiced in the fact that the governess knew nothing of her inner nature, that she had no key to the realm of imagination in which, as a child, she loved to roam. The friction on one occasion became so acute that the little band of sisters, headed by Anna, ran away from the governess, intending to join their parents then on a visit in Scotland ; they were

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brought back without any more serious loss than that of one of the baby's red shoes and Mr. Murphy celebrated the event with his pencil.

The bond that united Anna to her father was a very close one, for it was born of a community of tastes as well as of natural affection; she learnt much from him and appears to have consulted him in all her small difficulties of composition. The earliest of her letters to her father is without date; it must be confessed that it is a somewhat priggish effusion, but the earnest endeavour to find the right word already marks her as a writer born. Some verses "To the Violet" were written on the back of the letter.

Anna Murphy to D. Brownell Murphy.

MY DEAR PAPA,—

Mama has given me leave to write upon the half of her letter and I take the opportunity of Sending you a little Effusion which has been ready written since the last Parcel went off! I am not quite satisfied with it myself. I hope you will resolve me a few questions in the first verse and third line, whether I should say "thy form I spied" or "thy bloom I spied"; in the same verse I use the pronoun you and directly after thou and thy which though Pope and even Milton have been guilty of I am sensible is a great inelegancy; how shall I correct it? I also use the word flower a great deal to often. I beg leave to dedicate to you my last thing which you said you liked. I went the

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other morning to Mrs. Wyatts at about one o'clock and found her gambling at that hour ; there were cards mony and Counters on the Table. She has lost my good opinion of her tho' I suppose that is nothing to her nor me niether ; indeed I have been too hasty in lines addressed to her. We were all much concerned to hear of your illness. I am going on very quick with my Italian and am writing Exercises from french into Italian, what makes me apply myself to it is the hope of going down to you. Little Charlotte is as usual and bids me tell you she wants lady Wafer and says you're to " mind that." On account of your late illness we can hardly expect our Debts paid in the next parcel but shall be put off a little while longer. Fare well my dear Papa, if you like to write to me pray tell me a great deal about Miss Thomas who was so good as wish me to come down.

Your ever affectionate daughter,

ANNA MURPHY.

In another early letter the child encloses a little poem called " The Bat," asking for criticism, and on the back of a paper on which a note is written and signed by Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, she wrote, in a large childish hand and with certain peculiarities of spelling, some lines on Collingwood.

The poem was apparently written in a glow of patriotic enthusiasm some time after the battle of Trafalgar (October 21, 1805) ; as is well-known, Collingwood never returned to " veiw " his native land, but died at sea in 1810. Anna was probably about eleven years old when it was written.

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COLLINGWOOD.

With Fame and Victory following in his train,
COLLINGWOOD veiw's his native land again !
To songs of praise each joyous harp is strung,
And happiness resounds from every tongue.
E'en I, unskilled in poesy's magic art,
Will sing brave Collingwood's exalted part ;
For the first time to him will tune my lyre,
While NELSON shall my humble verse inspire.
Now raised alike in glory and in name—
Britain shall boast another son of Fame,
Who, born each honour from Napoleon's head
To snatch, and deck the gallant Nelson dead,
As yet another champion bold shall rise
And as a hero, claim the exalted skies :
While Victory loud proclaims, though Nelson's slain
Still Britain reigns o'er Neptune's boisterous main.
Though first in honour and though first in place,
Though first in favour and though first in grace,
Though Fame shall weave fresh laurels for his head,
Yet still he mourns victorious Nelson dead.
But rise ! nor yield to unavailing greif ;
Though yet we mourn the dear departed cheif ;
'Tis you must snatch from a usurper's hand
Those rights which Freedom gave to every land.
Our second hero every danger braves,
And conquering Britain dares the bellowing waves,
Blesses the place where Collingwood drew breath,
But mourns the hour when Nelson sunk in death.

As Anna grew older her character developed ;
always energetic, vivacious and self-reliant, she not

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only dominated the flock of small sisters, but began to be seriously worried at the financial difficulties which beset the family. At the age of twelve she evolved a plan for adopting lace-making as a profession and arranged that she and the obedient sisters were to go to Brussels to learn the art. She thought it all out quite seriously. The children were to follow the Paddington canal as far as it went and then to ask the way to the coast, where they were to embark in a steamer bound for Belgium. The rest was quite simple.

As this plan did not meet with the approval it deserved, she threw herself with ardour into her studies, devoting herself especially to foreign languages, which always had an attraction for her. At the age of sixteen she took on her shoulders the burden of life in earnest and went out as a resident governess.

For some time all went well with the struggling artist and his family ; Mr. Murphy, who had been appointed miniature painter to the Princess Charlotte, was busily engaged in copying Lely's portraits of the ladies of the Court of Charles II in miniature, with a view to her purchasing them. With characteristic carelessness he set about this huge work without any definite understanding, and he writes about it with equally characteristic cheerfulness. The date on the post-mark is 1812, so Anna was then eighteen years of age.

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D. Brownell Murphy to Anna Murphy.

MY DEAR AND VERY DEAR ANNA,—

We are happy on your account and this is the only motive we have at present for being so. I went to Windsor two or three days ago and saw Miss Egerton who was eager to know how you and Lady W.¹ went on together. I told her all I knew of the matter which has pleased her much. She says Lady W. has a *treasure* in you and that she is sensible of it—this will make you proud of yourself, but carry or bear “your faculties meekly.” You will do very well thank God—and your mother and I are quite satisfied at your conduct every way and delighted at the appearance of your future prosperity. I had the honor of an interview with the Queen, there were also the four princesses, all very gracious, none else except the page who introduced me; it was to shew my beauties which were greatly admired. Her Majesty acted her part with great propriety and the Princesses were very good natured—that’s all; but really I met with a *most kind* reception from my own Princess Charlotte, she is quite delighted with the masquinade box (a new one greatly superior to the one you saw), I told her of General Turner’s *coolness* to the poor beauties, she bad me *keep up my spirits* and that when she was able (and that time may not be far distant) *she would take them herself*.

For reasons that are not given in the letters, Anna soon found herself obliged to leave her situation in order to take a little rest; it is evident that her nerves were rather unstrung. She writes to

¹ The Marchioness of Winchester.

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her mother : " My mind is not well ; I feel as if it were stretched beyond its strength, as if a little repose would save me, my head at least."

She did not remain long inactive. On June 28, 1819, we find her writing to her sister Eliza from Bradbourne Park, where she is engaged as governess in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Rowles. After saying, as usual, that she is pining for letters :

" I live upon home letters, remember. . . . I cannot be happy even with Mrs. Rowles without them . . ." she continues : " I go on very pleasantly here, Mrs. Rowles is extremely kind and even affectionate ; we are almost inseparable companions and begin to *know* each other better."

On the 5th July, 1819, she wrote to her mother and sisters :—

. . . We are reading the " Tales of my Landlord " and like them extremely, but as yet I have met with no *very* striking passages—though Caleb Balderstone may stand on a par with Cuddie, Douce Davie, as a humorously and strongly drawn low character ; we have not yet finished the second volume. Mrs. Rowles is very fond of being read to and as I am no *bad* reader this is one of the things in which I can please her. We have read " Mazeppa " which we neither of us like much. . . . Laura¹ is much better, but I am afraid the scars will be a little visible above her dress. As it is useful to know what to do in

¹ Laura Rowles had been severely burnt.

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case of an accident which might happen at any moment I shall inform you that the way to treat a burn or scald is to pour cold water upon it incessantly, till a poultice is prepared made of Oatmeal and the coldest spring water, which must be changed at first every few minutes ; by using this application for nearly a week Laura's hurts, which were frightful, are now nearly healed.

The weather is abominably fine and hot and confines us to the house the whole day, by the help of iced water, iced cream, iced fruit iced butter and so forth we contrive to exist. In the evening Laura and Henry ride out and Mrs. Rowles and I drive in the Barouche or wander about the garden and grounds which are wild and beautiful. It is clear that I am becoming rather a favourite and I will try and keep up my credit you may be assured. Adieu good people.

A. B. M.

It is evident that Anna was treated with great kindness by the Rowles, and life was going on smoothly enough when, in the winter of 1820-21, a disturbing element was introduced in the person of a young barrister. Good-looking and agreeable, Robert Jameson, who was a native of Westmorland and a friend and admirer of Wordsworth, soon made his mark. Anna was at once attracted and repelled by his curiously elusive personality. She appears to have been genuinely in love with him and yet to have realized that their natures were so different that they had little chance of happiness together. An engagement resulted, but

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Anna very soon broke it off, while declaring herself to be inconsolable. Unluckily, she had not the strength of mind to cut off all connection with her admirer, who was evidently more persistent as she grew more cold. She declined to marry him, but they kept up an intermittent correspondence during the following year, when she accompanied the Rowles in their travels on the Continent.

Anna left her native country with an apparently broken heart and a voluminous diary in which to record her troubles and her travels. She even gave vent to her feelings in some verses which begin :—

It is o'er, with its pains and its pleasures,
The dream of affection is o'er.

For all this, she was not too much occupied with her own affairs to undertake to arrange for a younger sister¹ to spend a year in Paris, and to offer to contribute to her expenses out of her own salary, a promise which she fulfilled faithfully, even when she had not enough money left to pay her washing bills.

Travelling in the year 1821 was still a matter of some difficulty and could only be indulged in by those who were well off; it had, moreover, a delightful spice of uncertainty and adventure to add to the pleasures of its votaries. The Rowles travelled in their own carriage, attended by their own servants and surrounded by all the luxuries, but they were

¹ Louisa Murphy.

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reduced, on more than one occasion, to cooking their own dinner in a wayside inn. Anna was, of course, in a dependent position, which did not admit her to the society that she enjoyed so much in her emancipated days ; she was, moreover, obliged to count every penny she spent. Added to these difficulties, she was unhappy and undecided about her love affair with Jameson. With all these drawbacks she evidently managed to get a good deal of amusement out of her new experiences.

Anna Murphy to Eliza Murphy.

PARIS,

Sunday, July 1st.

MY DEAREST ELIZA,—

I received your nice kind letter the day after I arrived here. I have another opportunity of sending a letter free and therefore write to say so. I am still amused with Paris and am not yet tired of it though I have been three days here. I can now find my way through the principal streets myself. We have not yet visited any of the principal sights ; our time has been occupied in making ourselves comfortable and *presentable*. I have been obliged to get a Leghorn hairnet ; they are very much worn here and very expensive ; just the contrary to what I was told in London. My gingham pelisse I wear with a broad black sash and buckle “à la mode de Paris.” The outside of the Tuilleries with its great conical roofs and superfluous chimnies does not delight me. The façade of the Louvre and the Place de Carousel are very

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fine, but I have had as yet but a cursory glance at them. Our Boulevard is extremely gay, and the people all look so idle and yet so animated and the scene in the evening is so singular, that I know not how to describe it. Imagine an immense street, bordered on each side with a double row of trees and beyond by beautiful hotels and buildings ; between the trees and houses stalls are disposed in which books, prints, pictures, china, cakes, all sort of things in short, are laid out for sale. Before the cafés quantities of chairs are placed and you see crowds of well dressed people and *others* lounging, walking, sitting, chattering faster than you ever heard any one chatter in England. You meet with a café every fifty yards, but one of the most celebrated is Tortonis where we go to eat our ices.

Mr. R. has not settled any of his future plans and we all like Paris so much that he may possibly stay here longer than he at first intended. . . . Yesterday we went to the Marché aux Fleurs, one of the prettiest places I have yet seen—it is on the banks of the river—between two rows of trees. The flower stalls are disposed on each side and the most beautiful plants, jasmins, oleanders, orange trees etc., may be had at a very low price. Mrs. Rowles has her salon arranged with all her usual comforts and luxuries around her—abundance of flowers of course. We have just been out to see the procession of the Fête de Dieu in which the Host is carried through the streets. . . . I remember that last Sunday, as we stopped at Blangy—between Abbeville and Neufchatel, there was a Fête de Dieu and I met a most beautiful child dressed up fantastically with beads, flowers etc., and a long muslin veil hanging from the top of her head and floating

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down her shoulders. Rather surprised at her appearance I asked her name ; she replied blushing, "Madame, je suis la sainte Vièrge."

Anna Murphy to Mrs. Murphy.

PARIS,

Saturday and Sunday.

MY DEAREST MAMMA,—

You are I suppose by this time in London and I shall direct this to Weymouth Street. I hope you like the arrangement I have made for dear Louisa. She will have this advantage above all the rest, without which I should not have felt able to have left her in Paris, the MacGowans will be within a short distance and she has them to have recourse to in any difficulty. I wish very much that it had been in my power to spend a week gaily with her before I left Paris ; I mean, to have taken her to the theatres and some interesting sights, but this cannot be. I have restricted myself to the most rigid economy, not only in great things but little things. I find that the difficulty is to take care of one's small change. Here there are no bank notes and but very little gold, all the money is in small silver and one is tempted every moment by some cheap article of beauty or convenience which is thought a great deal of in England ; then, having one's small money ever ready, it is apt to melt away in francs and ten francs. I have now resolved, and keep to my resolution, to spend *no* money whatever. I find that to pay my washerwoman is as much as I can do, for washing is the diable. Every gown if done nicely costs from three to six francs (half a crown to five shillings).

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You will be surprised to hear me say that I greatly dislike Paris, or rather that I do not like it. I wish we were travelling again. I know not a single person ; I have no society to unbend my mind. Mrs. R. goes out a great deal and my evenings are spent quite alone. I cannot procure myself amusement but at a rate too extravagant and I am tired of looking at the people and the fine things ; yet Paris is in itself a delightful place and the first three days were spent in rapture. I can hardly give you an idea of the splendour of the shops ; their signs too are so ridiculous that I have often been amused during a long drive by looking at them and nothing else. Every shop has a sign and as the Parisians pique themselves on their *sentiment* (a very expressive word in French) they are sentimental even in their signs. A stationer lives at the Billet Doux ! a hosier at Pygmalion and Galatea, a shoemaker at Paul and Virginia, a linen draper at the Grave of God, a china shop Au pauvre Diable, a lingerie at the Little Virtue, a silk mercer at the *Well-Beloved*—le bien aimé. The Providence of God and the Holy Ghost are common signs, and a coffee house near us is at the sign of the Prophet Elisha. Are they not strange people? . . . I think on the whole that Père la Chaise struck me more than anything I have yet seen, even more than the magnificent Louvre. The gallery of the Louvre is 1,800 feet in length without any break to intercept the view. I can give you no idea of the coup d'œil, you can scarcely see the end of it. The walls are covered with pictures, some of them exceedingly fine, there are specimens of all the most celebrated painters ; in short though I have been three times at the Louvre, I have never reached the end of it

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yet, though I have spent from one to two hours and a half there whenever I went. The theatre is the only amusement I care much about, and that is quite out of my power. Mrs. R. detests going because the houses are not ventilated; I cannot go alone, and the MacGowans are not in town. We have been twice, both times to minor theatres, of which there are a great number, and all good in their way. At the Gymnase Dramatique there is a child of 12 years old who is a little Mrs. Jordan; we have not on the English stage a coming artiste who would not appear awkward, forced, and inanimate when compared to her. Those who have not seen a French comedy have no idea of acting in its perfection. . . . We have removed from our magnificent hotel on the Boulevards to the Rue St. Honoré. We none of us like the change; we are not comfortably lodged, and instead of my suite of three rooms to myself I have not even a schoolroom. But these are trifling inconveniences.

Last Sunday we were at St. Cloud where the King resides for the present. The park and gardens are romantic and beautiful. The common people were walking about at their ease, and in different parts of the park were *round-about*s and platforms for dancing. The water-works play every Sunday for the amusement of the public, and they are really beautiful. To-day Mrs. Rowles dines out; she has left me the carriage and I shall take all the children to St. Cloud immediately after an early dinner. We shall spend the rest of the day there, sup in the gardens upon coffee, cream and fruit (a la francaise) and return at bedtime. I shall make the little elfs as happy as I can. How you would enjoy such a day! All of you! St. Cloud is about

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six miles from Paris; the palace is beautiful, but *modest*.

Louisa Murphy arrived in Paris before her sister left and was duly installed in the Pension that had been found for her, where she was to spend a year studying French and fitting herself for a position as governess.

Anna Murphy to Eliza Murphy.

PARIS,

August 8, 1821.

MY DEAREST ELIZA,—

I suppose Louisa has given you an account of our excursion to Fontainebleau, since then I have spent a day at Versailles; the palace there did not disappoint me because I had not raised my expectations very high. The gardens are quite in old formal style. Groves cut and trimmed fantastically, straight walks, and fountains which looked very pretty and very absurd; the French taste for waterworks seems ridiculous. . . .

Louisa mentions that Mr. Jameson has some intention of going to Switzerland. I wish you would find out when and how he goes, and what part of Switzerland he is going to visit. . . . If a small parcel has been left for me pray take *extreme* care of it as I value it particularly, and send it by Mr. Jameson if he comes or by the first opportunity.

Louisa's letter is gone I find, and therefore I shall send this by the bag.

Adieu, dearest.

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Anna Murphy to Louisa Murphy.

GENEVA,

September 23, 1821.

MY DEAREST FATHER, MAMMA, AND DEAR
GIRLS *all*,—

I shall send this thro' Louisa that she may either forward the letter itself or the substance of it by Mr. Creeds' bag. She can always send a double letter, and postage is the *diable*. Now where shall I begin, and how shall I attempt to describe all I have seen? When I awoke this morning and heard the swishing of the blue Rhone past my window, it seemed like a dream and I closed my eyes again; but it is real, those are the Alps, those are clouds sailing over their summits, there rises Mont Blanc, that is the Rhone rushing from the bosom of the lake. I am lost, I am confused in the multiplicity of new images and new ideas which crowd upon me and overcome by new sensations, which I cannot express. I must try to write you a connected but a short account of our journey. I keep a journal where I am more minute than I can be in a letter and that shall be read when I return to you. Begin by spreading a map of France before you and follow me if you can from Paris (where I gave poor dear Louisa the slip and set off at eight o'clock). We got to Melun, where we dined and slept; we were stopped by an accident or should have gone further. From Melun to Villeneuve le Roi along the beautiful banks of the Yonne, a delightful day's journey of about 60 miles. Next day to Avallon, through a barren hilly country, thence through a most beautiful romantic country to Dijon where we spent a

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day. Dijon disappointed me. The Musée, once celebrated, is in a ruinous neglected state, and contains nothing but *Rubbish*, with the *single* exception of an exquisite Holy Father by Carlo Dolce. I saw nothing at Dijon which much amused me ; we left it on Thursday morning and reached Poligny that night, a long and not very pleasant day's journey. Poligny is a small town at the foot of the Juras. We slept here at a detestable inn and the next morning we began to ascend the Jura Mountains. I say nothing of the scenery ; all description must fall short of reality. We pursued a road which wound along the sides of the mountains, on one side deep ravines and tremendous precipices clothed with forests of pines ; on the other rocks and cliffs almost perpendicular. Every little valley we peeped into was well cultivated and scattered over with hamlets and cottages which looked very much like baby houses of cards when compared with the gigantic features of the scenery. We travelled this day over 40 miles in ten hours, hard work too, at length descending a tremendous declivity which made Louisa¹ shut her eyes, we arrived at Morey, a most beautiful little town, quite enclosed in stupendous mountains and traversed by a rapid torrent, as clear as crystal. We slept here at an excellent little inn where they gave delicious honey and strawberries for supper and breakfast. We left Morey at eight yesterday morning and continued to ascend the mountains till near three o'clock. I walked nearly six miles this morning, up hill and scrambled over cliffs. We were almost tired of screaming out to each other to admire, when lo ! having reached the highest point of the Jura, or rather

¹ . Louisa Rowles.

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of the road over the Jura, turning round a cliff we came suddenly upon a scene which I cannot find words to describe. It overwhelms me even in recollection. An immense valley was spread out below ; we looked down upon the Lake of Geneva, which though nearly 30 miles off seemed at our feet. The back-ground was the magnificent Alps, glittering in the sun, while we stood in the shade ; light fleecy curling clouds, white as snow, rested upon the sides of the dark mountains ; between us and distant mountains of Savoy, towering over all, rose Mont Blanc. When I have told you such were the objects we saw I have said all I can say. The Panorama of Lausanne if you remember it will give you a better idea of the *effect* than any words. We had great difficulty in procuring even a night's lodging and were very wretchedly off. This morning we have removed to a very tolerable hotel, where we have good accomodations. Unfortunately it has poured rain ever since, but as we have had heavenly weather ever since we left Paris we have no reason to complain. The continual excitement of the last few days has left us all a little ennuyé and fatigued, more in spirits than in body. The children are greatly provoked by the wet weather, for an open calèche and a laquais de place wait our orders to take us somewhere or everywhere and I see no prospect of a gleam of sunshine to-day. I pray most earnestly for a fine day to-morrow. I go in the close carriage with the children early in the morning while the air is chill ; about eleven there is a general *turn out* and the servants turn in. I go either in the barouche with Mrs. R. or on the box with Mr. R. Louisa and I take this seat by turns. The scenes which occur sometimes at the

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little inns where we *munch* are the most amusing you can imagine. We seize upon the people's eatables, take possession of their frying pans, lift up their *pot-lids*, open their cupboards, while the astonished natives stare with open mouths. At St. Laurent I remember we came to a wretched auberge where we found an empty kitchen without a fire and were told that there was *nothing* to eat. In half an hour we had *cooked* and eaten an excellent dinner of fresh eggs, ham, fried trout, and sweetmeats. Mr. Rowles is an excellent Chef de Voyage and pays well for all the fuss he makes.

I hope I shall hear from some of you while I am here. I am quite well and in good spirits.

Ever your most affec^{te},

ANNA.

Anna Murphy to Eliza Murphy.

GENEVA,

September 27, 1821.

. . . These Alps make me ill, almost they suffocate me. All the descriptions I ever heard or read give me but a faint idea of the magnificent reality. We cannot visit Lausanne this time as we could not spare three days out of six which we spend here—I am much disappointed but it will only be deferred. We rode on the lake one lovely day—it is as clear as Crystal, and as blue as heaven; the pebbles are distinctly seen at the bottom where the water is at least sixteen to twenty feet in depth—the reflection of Mont Blanc (60 miles off) is seen in the lake. Yesterday we drove to Coppet; it was a delightful

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day. The Château is in itself beautiful and you may imagine with what reverence I visited every room ; there is a most beautiful statue of Necker in the library and many other things worth seeing—a picture of Madame de Staël, when young, exhibited a figure and countenance the most striking and expressive I ever beheld. I talked a good deal to the woman who showed us about ; she had lived 15 years with Madame de Staël and was very intelligent. It is well-known that Madame de Staël was married a second time, a few years before she died, to M. Rocca, but it is not generally known that a son exists by this marriage, now a fine boy about ten years old. She is accused of neglecting this child and I fear with truth. On our return from Coppet—it was a most glorious sunset, such a sky as you never saw in England—the summits of Mont Blanc and his compeers were lighted up with crimson and a soft *rose-coloured* vapour floated over the hills and lake ; but description is nonsense ; you never saw anything so lovely, so magnificent.

To-day we go to Ferney ; Saturday morning we set off for Italy. We expect to reach Milan in five or six days, travelling leisurely ; we ascend the Simplon one day and descend it the next. I would wish all my letters to be directed to “Soin de Mr. Rowles, Poste Restante, Florence, Italie.”

I am quite well—the children better since the measles ; they are excellent travellers. I am afraid I am the worst traveller of the party and suffer most from fatigue though I will not allow it. I am quite *knocked up* every evening but it affects neither my health nor spirits. Geneva is not in itself a pretty

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town ; the houses have all projecting roofs supported by beams of wood and forming a sort of *portice*. Between the houses and middle of the streets run rows of covered stalls or shops which give the streets a narrow crowded appearance. The river Rhone rushes out of the lake with a rapidity which makes me giddy to look at it ; the current of the river through the lake is not visible, but perceptible when you are in a boat. The boatman who rowed us was with Lord Byron in that storm which he describes in the 3rd canto of Childe Harold between Meillerie and St. Gingolph ; he was nearly lost. Lord Byron is well known here, and has excited great interest.

I keep an exact journal every day which I hope will afford you all some amusement. Mrs. Rowles is very kind to me—Mr. Rowles very tiresome—a complete wet blanket. Adieu my dear Mamma and Papa. I shall write from Florence where I hope to find a letter from you. God bless you all. I left with Louisa a draught on Rothschild for her next quarter. Adieu once more. Heaven prosper you all.

Ever your affectionate

ANNA.

CHAPTER II

ITALY

Anna Murphy to Mrs. Murphy.

MILAN,

Saturday, October 6, 1821.

. . . We quitted Geneva on the 29th and travelled along the south banks of the lake—the *dear* lake (for I have fallen in love with it and shall never, I think, behold anything to equal it), to St. Gingolph near which place the Rhone falls into the lake. The scenery I cannot attempt to describe—and when I have told you that we had the lake with deep blue transparent waters at our feet—and Lausanne, Vevey, Clarens and the castle of Chillon before us—and mountains of every variety of hue and form around us, you may form some idea, not of the scene itself, but of the pleasure it imparted. We pursued our course along a narrow valley along the banks of the Rhone to St. Maurice where we slept. The next day we still pursued our course through a narrow mountain valley enclosed by tremendous mountains capped with snow, which had fallen a few days before; the scenery wild beyond description. We slept this night at the Tourtemagne—the next day we arrived at Brieg at the

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foot of the Simplon, with eight horses. I walked four or five miles this day (as the slow motion of the carriage fatigued me) until excess of fatigue rendered repose grateful. When we reached the highest point of the road, the snow lay on the ground and the icicles hung on the rocks around us ; the cold was bitter and the wind roared through the chasms of the mountains with a violence that terrified my Laura who was in the caleche with me. We had been delayed behind the others by an accident which happened to our dray chain. At last we reached the village of the Simplon, where we slept ; the next morning we descended the mountain to Domo d'Ossola. I know not what to say of the Simplon ; it has astonished me more than anything I ever saw or could have imagined. The descent on the Italian side is marvellous and such wild terrific scenery, such perpendicular rocks, fathomless abysses, torrents, cataracts, bridges and galleries cut through the solid rock—but description is nonsense, it is impossible for words to give a just idea of what I have seen. . . . At Domo d'Ossola we spent half a day. We ascended a beautiful romantic hill covered with groves and vine-yards and sat down under the treillage to eat grapes and figs which we gathered ourselves. This was the first place where Italian was spoken and which looked like Italy ; we had left winter in the Simplon and by the time we reached Domo d'Ossola we were panting with the heat. The next day we reached the banks of the Lago Maggiore where we sent on the carriage and servants to Arona and embarked in a boat to visit the Borromean Isles ; to describe these would be an endless task. We continued our journey in the boat to Arona where

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we slept. From the boat we had a view of the famous colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo, which is seventy-two feet in height, besides the pedestal which is thirty-six. At Arona I first saw the beautiful Milanese costume which is universal here; a white or black veil fastened on the top of the head and the two ends brought down before; it is the most elegant picturesque dress I have yet seen. They all carry a fan in their hand and a little work-bag on the arm. The peasantry wear silver pins in their hair like the little drawing I made for you, but their hair never looked nice.

Last night we went to the Theatre of the Marionettes where we saw a tragedy, a divertissement, a Ballet d'action and a farce all acted by puppets, the whole most ridiculous and the effects really wonderful—such dancing is only to be seen at the Opera and we all laughed till we were tired—for *once* it is worth seeing. To-night we go to the Opera, or at least Mrs. Rowles goes and I have some hopes of going too.

FLORENCE,

November 1, 1821.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—

. . . I must now give some account of myself—and first assure you my dearest Mamma that I am much better than I have been for some time past and am beginning to grow fat and “well-favoured.” I shall live to return to England in spite of prognostics and astonish you all with the wonders I have seen. My letter to my Aunt brought me down to the 23rd of Oct. at Venice; we left Venice the 26th—we were there too short a time, it interested me more than any

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place I have yet seen. I shed tears on losing sight of it, though I left nothing behind to regret but itself, so deep was the impression it made on me. In a few years Venice will be no longer Venice, so rapid is its decay. Mr. Hoppner is Consul there and as he is very intimate with Mrs. R. we saw a great deal of him ; his wife is a pleasing woman, a Swiss full of animation and good humour. From Venice we went to Padua again, a dull, disagreeable place. At Ferrara we visited the cell in which Tasso was confined under pretence of his being mad ; 7 years confinement in such a place was enough to make him so. At Bologna we spent one day and saw nothing worth seeing, except the opera there ; after leaving Bologna we began to ascend the Appennines which extend almost to Florence. The scenery amongst the Appennines is not so wild and striking as the Alps, but very beautiful ; such lovely sunny vallies ; such skies !—all that I ever heard or read of Italian skies fall short of the reality. I know not how to describe in the compass of a letter all the beauties I have seen ; no one has seen the moon and stars who has not beheld them from the mountains—they seem to shine between us and heaven and it will give you some idea of the climate when I tell you that to-day I really suffered from the heat and felt the shade a grateful relief—in November ! What are you doing in foggy old England ? I must confess that the mornings and evenings are chill but so clear, so brilliant ; this country is a paradise—in ruins. I have been impressed at every step with a mingled feeling of delight and melancholy and though I have been disappointed in many of my projects of pleasure

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and improvement, that is not the fault of the country but of the situation in which I am placed.

We slept one night at a little Inn among the mountains and the next day we descended into the plains of Tuscany and arrived at Florence just as the sun was setting in a cloudless sky and the *purple* light of evening (no poetical exaggeration) floated over the valleys and over the distant hills. Florence is a most cheerful-looking place; our Inn is Schneider Hotel—the best here—it looks out upon the Arno between two beautiful bridges and we are nearly opposite to the house which belonged to Alfieri and which is now inhabited by the Countess of Albany.¹ Our accommodations are almost princely; I must say for Mr. R. that he does not spare money, but I hate the parade and fuss with which we travel.

I keep two journals—one contains merely notes of the places we stop at and everything we see—the other, which I always keep under lock and key, contains an exact and faithful account of my own impressions with all the little anecdotes, sketches of character etc., which I pick up from my own observations and those of others and also descriptions of scenery taken down on the spot. I have been very careful to be exact and accurate and *true* in every respect; if my lively imagination makes things appear to me in more glowing colours than to others, that is not my fault. I describe as I see. . . .

I have not seen much of Florence yet; I have not even paid my devotions to the Venus de Medicis. I

¹ The Countess of Albany, Princess Louise of Stolberg, widow of Prince Charles Edward Stuart (1752–1824).

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visited the Church of Santa Croce yesterday alone—it is the Westminster Abbey of Florence.

I will write to you again before I leave Florence; if you write the beginning of next month direct so in de Rowles, Poste Restante, Roma—if before, direct here as before. I have not laid out one penny idly since I left Paris, but have resisted all temptation. I must buy myself a new gown, and alas how much I regret my cloth pelisse; it would be a treasure here, for I am told that the winter, while it lasts, is particularly cold, especially here. . . . Mother—sisters—all I love—I promised Mr. Jameson I would write to him on a certain condition. I have written twice from Paris and from Geneva; tell him so.

Anna Murphy to Louisa Murphy.

FLORENCE,

November 4th.

. . . When we were in the north of Italy between Milan and Venice the vintage was going on. While travelling along the road bordered on each side by vineyards in which they were gathering the grapes and where the vines were elegantly trained in festoons from tree to tree, we used to meet “red waggons” loaded with grapes and at the doors of the houses men treading the grapes or walking about with their legs stained half way up of a deep purple red. The country seemed fertile beyond description, yet the people looked miserable and ugly.

We heard a good deal of music at Venice; one night I was awoke by a serenade, and such delicious music I should have thought it a dream, if everybody had not

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been as much enchanted as myself. Venice struck me more than anything I have seen on this side of the Alps—it was so unlike anything in this world but itself that I know not to what to compare it; it is a very melancholy place, decaying rapidly and yet so magnificent in its decay that our wonder and compassion arise together. I was not there long enough to be tired of it and left it with a regret almost painful. I stood upon the Bridge of Sighs and I wished to have visited the celebrated dungeons, not from a vain curiosity or love of horrors, but from a wish to impress a real picture on my mind from which I might paint in words at some future time. I could not accomplish this—for I nearly fainted at the entrance and was obliged to be brought out. . . . I sat down on the steps of the Giant's Staircase where Marino Faliero was beheaded. . . .

We crossed the Apennines in two days; they are not to be compared to the Alps, but the scenery was beautiful—our carriages were drawn up by oxen, so steep was the ascent in some parts. The weather was cloudless and brilliant but cold and windy on the summits. The descent to Florence I cannot describe; the city embosomed in woody hills crowned with castles and convents, the Arno winding through the valley, the rosy sunset, the beautiful little moon shining *out* of the sky, but all this is words, and words cannot paint nature. *We* have not been to the Gallery yet, but *I* have *on the sly*; my impatience would not wait. I saw the Venus and only the Venus; I would not, after looking at her, efface or weaken the impression on my imagination for worlds. I cannot describe her, I can only say that my mind was *satisfied with beauty*; those were the expressions which first occurred to me when

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I could speak of it. No statue no cast or copy would ever give a perfect idea of it. One thing struck me, that in all the casts the position of the head is stiff, but not so in the original—the whole is perfection; had she walked off her pedestal I should have been delighted, but scarcely astonished. I bought as much silk this morning as will make me a very handsome winter dress and I paid twenty-three shillings English for it—fifty-four paoli—this is cheap, is it not?

Anna Murphy to Camilla Murphy.

FLORENCE,

November 12, 1821.

Florence is a delightful place; the Arno runs through the middle of it, just in front of our Inn; on each side there is a broad paved way and the opposite side is the Rendezvous of the common people on Sunday, when it is as crowded and gay as Hyde Park—all Canaille, but the Canaille here have a look which is not vulgar. The women of the lower classes wear beaver hats something like men's hats with large plumes of black feathers stuck upright in them, and when four or five meet together and talk with all the gesticulations and animation peculiar to this people, a spectator would take them for so many tragedy queens. I wish you had seen the mantua-maker kiss Mrs. R.'s hand, most gracefully to-night, after trying on a gown; but there is no end to the amusing things we see here. . . . In Florence the chief attraction is of course the celebrated gallery. I have been there six times and can truly say that I have not seen the half of what I wish to see; ✓ I have scratched a sort of plan of it. You walk between

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rows of fine antique statues and busts, round the narrow gallery, which opens into rooms containing the pictures, gems etc.; the room in which the Venus de Medicis stands is called the "Tribune"—it is paved with mosaic of marble and the walls are mother-of-pearl, lapis-lazuli, and other precious materials. A few exquisite pictures hang round—four of Raffaele's; but I cannot particularize. I have seen, since I came to Italy, such exquisite pictures by painters one hardly hears of in England! I saw two pictures lately of Carlo Dolce's, a Magdalen in the Gallery, and a head representing *Poetry* in the Corsini Palace. I shall never see again such pictures; the most brilliant and at the same time the most delicate colouring, fresh as if just taken from the easel, and with that peculiar sentiment and expression which belongs only to Carlo Dolce. To "*Poetry*" he has given *red* hair, literally as red as mine, and it did not strike me as ugly. But these are things not very amusing to you perhaps; in books of travel they puff off a few chef d'œuvres, of which one hears till one is sick of them. I have been most pleased with the very things I never heard of before.

Laura has got a nice little horse and a stylish hat and feathers, and she is the admiration of all Florence; she looks the picture of health and loveliness; the Grand Duke, whom we meet every day at the Cascine, always notices them and gives them Sugar plums. I hope to find a letter from Rome, and as our stay will be short write directly. I believe I have no more to add except that I love you all extremely, a piece of news which will at least please from its novelty. God bless you and prosper you all—

Ever your own affectionate

ANNA.

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Anna Murphy to D. B. Murphy.

FLORENCE,

November 29, 1821.

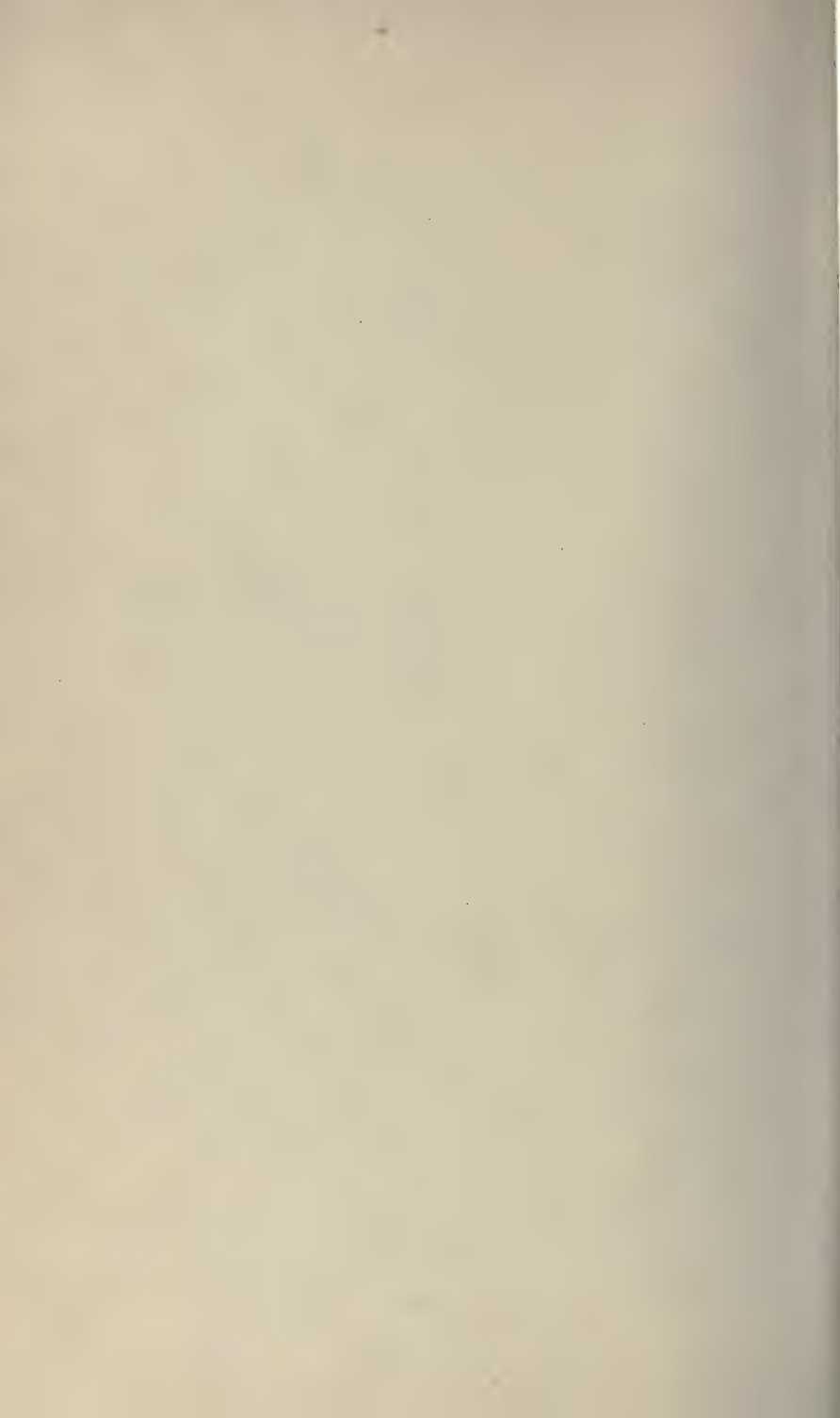
. . . I continue better in health and have reason to be grateful for it; I have suffered so very much, I cannot well bear fatigue, but I take care never to utter the least complaint and to be as cheerful as possible; no one can enjoy more than I do the beauties around me or seize with more avidity the advantages presented to me. My attachment to Mrs. R. makes me happy to be with her; though real pain of heart has a good deal damped my natural disposition to excitement and enthusiasm, I like to keep my mind tranquil and my imagination free and alive to all impressions of pleasure. I do not think any of the objects presented to me, whether beautiful, wonderful, wild or amusing, are lost upon me. My only extravagance (if such it can be called) is having an Italian master regularly, and this I think you would like me to do, as it is not only a great advantage to me now, but will be of the greatest use to me hereafter. . . . I denied myself a winter dress that I might have an Italian master. Mrs. R. has made me a present of as much beautiful velvet as will make me a Spenser, so in that respect I shall do very well. . . . It is in Italy that one most feels the influence of the fine arts. I think the climate and the scenery, by exciting the imagination, prepares it to be more sensible to the beauties, the ideal beauties, which are presented to the eye in painting and sculpture; for here (as some author says) the loves and the graces have descended to inhabit the hard marble and to dwell in the presentments of lights and shadows. The common



D. BROWNELL MURPHY.

After a drawing by F. L. Chantrey, R.A.

To face p. 48.



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people here seem more susceptible to the impressions of beauty than elsewhere, but of the inhabitants I shall never speak because I have no opportunities of associating with the better classes, and with the lower classes I have little to do. The tradespeople are most egregious cheats ; not among themselves I believe, but they seem to consider the English as fair prey. I always offer the half, and generally pay the half, I am asked for an article ; you may have everything cheap, if you know how to set about a bargain. I have endeavoured to make one or two little sketches while I have been here. . . . Nothing can be more beautiful than the woody hills round Florence, intermixed with singular looking buildings and tall cypresses *looking* over the groves and vineyards now somewhat changed by the approaching winter. From the walls of Florence to the foot of the Apennines, it is all one vast garden, interspersed with villas and villages. In Florence the palaces of the nobles look much like fortresses ; these are huge square buildings of massy stones and through the whole city you trace vestiges of a proud republic, distracted by cruel factions within, even when most formidable without. The best description of Florence I remember was in *Corinne* ; Madame de Stael has seized the most striking points and thrown them together like a painter. I could myself describe some scenes to you which would seem very like romance, for here every day, to one who is a quiet looker-on like myself, presents something strange and the common objects, the air, earth, and skies, are *romance*. I went on Sunday evening to hear Vespers in Santa Croce and staid till it was almost dark ; while one end of the church was dimly lighted by the tapers which were round the glitter-

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ing altar, the other was lost in the blackest shade. I could just distinguish through the gloom the white marble tombs where Galileo, Michel Angelo, Alfieri and other great characters reposed. The chanting of the *via Crucis* from a little chapel in the cloisters, now and then fell upon the ear and the whole scene was, I think, the most solemn and touching I ever experienced. I write hurriedly and carelessly, or I might put all this into better language, language at least which would better convey what I felt ; but I have no time for description. The common people in the streets here swear by Diana and Bacchus—and sometimes by the *devil* and capers ; they all look animated and industrious and I believe the Tuscan states are the best governed in Italy : in the northern parts of Italy, Lombardy and Venice, the people looked wretched and depressed. I have not quite recovered my regret at leaving Venice—if ever I revisit the Continent it will be to see that place again. . . . The house of the Countess of Albani is the general Rendezvous for the English ; she is, you know, the widow of the Pretender and the widow or *something else* of the celebrated Alfieri whose house is just opposite to us. She is described to me as very like an old Cook maid in her appearance and gives herself, they all say, the airs of a princess. I should like to see her, but this is impossible ; my dependent situation cuts me quite out of society and I have felt it more abroad than anywhere, but I am well content as it is and think myself fortunate in the opportunities afforded me of beholding these objects of which I have *dreamed* from my very childhood.

Saturday, Dec. 1st.—I hope to-day will bring me some letters ; it is not fair only to write to me once for

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every two or three letters I send home; my last letter was dated October 15th. Everybody seems to hear oftener from England than I do and I feel very anxious. I went out yesterday by myself to visit one or two places I had only seen once, going first to the Church of San Lorenzo; it was a *mezza festa*, a kind of holiday, and a huge crimson curtain was suspended from the arched roof over the altar and hung in loose folds on each side. The mixture of drapery and architecture, which I often see in the Italian churches and palaces, has a very beautiful effect; while the organ was playing in bursts of harmony and the acolyte was flinging about the incense, I stood in a little chapel and made a sketch of the fine sarcophagus in which rest the bodies of the famous Lorenzo de Medici and his brother Giuliano, who was assassinated by the Pazzi. I called at Morghen's to see his engravings and I shall walk to Fiesole before I leave Florence, if possible; then I shall have done all I wish.

My dearest Father, I have now filled my paper; I daresay you and Mamma expect more amusing letters than I write, but I feel confused with the variety of things I would wish to dwell upon. Adieu, all I love; I shall write to Louisa when she deigns to take notice of my last two letters.

Ever yours,

ANNA.

Anna Murphy to Eliza Murphy.

ROME,

December 17, 1821.

MY DEAREST ELIZA,—

. . . We arrived here on Sunday the 11th, and Mr. R. after fluctuating and hesitating a long time,

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has taken the Palazzetto Albani till the 6th of February. It was his first intention to spend the Carnival at Naples and I am not sorry that he has altered his plan; I would rather see Naples in the spring than in winter. Though we have been here so short a time, I have visited, in a cursory manner, most of the principal objects and some more than once. I rather think Rome will be a melancholy residence to me, though it interests me so very much; perhaps for that very reason. Mr. and Mrs. R. detest Rome at present—but I think they will like it after a while. Mrs. R. has just been introduced to some of the first people here and will find the society extremely good, both foreign and English. In the meantime I shall poke about these old ruins and make myself quite a learned antiquarian. I have visited St. Peter's three times, the Vatican twice, the Pantheon, the Capitol, the Coliseum, the Forum, the pillars of Antonine and Trajan, the Borghese, the Corsini, the Barberini Palaces, and last of all the Pope in his pontifical splendour in the chapel of the Quirinal Palace—*a good week's work* as Mr. Rowles calls it. St. Peter's is, in splendour and beauty, all it has been described to be, but it does not strike and please more the second time than the first; it is the first coup d'œil which fills the mind; in the details it does not interest and except to hear the anthem I should not be very anxious to go there again. . . . It is a fine theatrical scene to stand at one end of the central nave and see the various groups of figures, standing, kneeling, telling their beads—and walking about like little mice—and the pilgrims in various costumes, some of them fine savage Ruffian looking wretches, kissing the shrine, or prostrate round it, while the most profound silence reigns unless now

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and then the measured voice of a priest reading prayers in one of the chapels just falls upon the ear. No pews, skreens, or divisions break the noble effect of the architecture—these are unknown in Roman Catholic churches. But if I go on prating of St. Peters, I shall leave myself no room to mention any other object. I have not seen at Rome anything which has struck me so much as the splendid Museum of the Vatican ; all the chef d'œuvres of sculpture are arranged with such a magnificent taste and such a regard to the *effect* of the whole, that I have not words in which to describe the surprise and delight I felt on my first visit, though I merely walked through the galleries. The Apollo does not charm me like the Venus de Medici, though it strikes more. The collection at the Capitol is not large, but fine and select ; the best pictures, however, are in the private collections, which are numerous. On the whole, Rome would furnish amusement for many months—but this is not the best time of year. The weather though very unlike English weather, is rather too cold and damp to admit of rambling about at one's ease—and the days are too short to allow of any excursion in the neighbourhood. I have given up my Italian master until I am more certain about money, as I wish to secure the £15 due to Madame Aubert on the 27th of January. Where will you spend your Christmas this year? I shall think of you all and I am sure you will think of me and look at my *effigy* and wish for me. I found a letter here from Mr. Jameson, which, by reviving that struggle in my heart which I thought I had subdued, has rendered me rather unhappy ; but we must suffer in this world and whether we suffer from one thing or another makes no difference. I wrote to him

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—I do not know whether he will like my letter or answer it.

I know not anything more I can say of Rome which would amuse you. Our journey from Florence, which we all left with regret, was through a paradise of a country—you can trace our course on the map. We slept the first night at Arezzo—where Petrarch was born. The next day we travelled through the Apennines and by the famous Lake of Thrasymentum, where Hannibal defeated the Romans, to Perugia where we slept. From Perugia, through the vale of the Clitumnus, through Spoleto and Foligno, to Terni where we slept. Next day we visited the cataracts of Terni where a river is precipitated three hundred feet. I can give you no idea of this magnificent scene. That night we slept at Civit  Castellana—and the next day arrived at the *gates* of the Eternal City which we entered in the midst of a heavy rain, the first day of rain we had had for five weeks. The beauty of the country through which we passed, exceeds all power of words to describe—a succession of romantic hills, fertile valleys, classic streams, cities perched like eagles' nests on the declivities of mountains. I have myself seen a soft white cloud floating between me and a town and resting, as it were, on the towers of a convent, while the whole heavens around were as serenely and brightly blue as in our midsummer. The olive trees were in full foliage and fruit, the orange trees loaded with oranges; the other trees not more stripped than in our October. The Inns were bad and we travelled with such a large party that it was difficult to procure accommodation, the beds were sometimes bad, but I expected more dirt and fleas; in the latter the season was in our favour. On the

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whole, I was much delighted ; a few little privations are no great punishment to me. . . . We go to-day or to-morrow to the Studio of Canova, he is one of the principal persons here ; not to know Canova, not to have been introduced to him, argues yourself unknown ; the *Marquis* Canova,¹ he is always styled. A great enthusiasm for the fine arts prevails here, even the lowest classes of people venerate the antiquities and point out to strangers the remarkable sights or objects with a sort of pride. Camillo, our lacquais de place, is a great antiquarian, talks of Livy and Sallust, etc., and told me the other day that he had been studying Rome for thirty years. It is the same with the waiting maid who, when we are walking, never fails to point out all the beauties and monuments we meet.

Your affectionate,

ANNA.

Anna Murphy to Charlotte Murphy.

ROME,

January 19, 1822.

. . . A few days ago it was the feast of St. Antony, the patron of horses and cattle and it is the custom in Rome for the owners and drivers of all horses, donkeys, oxen and other beasts of burthen, to take them to the Church of St. Antony to be blest by the priest. To-day I saw several of these animals pass by with their heads and tails fantastically decorated with knots of dirty ribbon, red, blue, and yellow, and old feathers and I was tempted by the ridiculous sight to walk

¹ Antonio Canova, 1757-1822.

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up to the Church, which is not far from us, to see what was going forward. You must imagine, if you can, the façade of one of the finest Churches in the world (S. Maria Maggiore) with the flight of steps leading to it, a noble *place* (piazza) in the front with a noble Corinthian column and fountain in the centre and a little beyond it the Church of St. Antony, a small mean building but now the great object of attraction. To-day was a holiday, and I suppose not less than five or six thousand people were assembled within, around and before Santa Maria Maggiore, and in front of the Church of Sant Antonio. Horses and carriages with elegant harness, strings of donkeys, mules, were moving in a line to be blest in order. Several horse guards were employed in keeping a clear space. There were stalls, puppet shows and a ceaseless motley ever-renewed crowd of people in every kind of costume, in dresses which I should in vain attempt to describe, for our language has no names for the many parts of which it is composed. Then there were mendicant friars, smart peasant girls, wearing their stays outside their gowns and stitched over with knots of gay ribbons, well-dressed women in the last Parisian fashion, ruffian-looking men lounging about with their dark sinister faces and picturesque cloaks hanging about them; in short I should in vain attempt to enumerate all the strange sights I saw, the least of which would be a nine days' wonder in England, but did not so much strike me except in the aggregate, having become tolerably accustomed to strange sights. I made my way through this assemblage to the door of St. Antony's Church, where stood a priest with a basin of holy water at his side into which he dipped a brush like a small hearth besom, and sprinkled

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the animals with it as they moved by, muttering a benediction, in the name of St. Antony, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. . . . Several paid money, particularly those who went in their own carriages, and received in return a detestable print of St. Antony, like nothing human or divine, and a little cross of blessed efficacy. . . . Of the multitude of novelties which meet my eye every day and hour of the day, I know not what to select, my dear Charlotte, to amuse you. A list of old temples and monuments certainly would not delight you, for though very picturesque in reality, I am afraid they would not look picturesque on paper. A few days ago I was present at a most magnificent ceremony at St. Peter's. There are only four days in the year on which the Pope *assists*, as they call it, at Mass at St. Peter's. He was carried in a grand procession up the central nave of the Church, on the shoulders of twenty bearers, preceded and followed by a train of Cardinals and dignitaries and, as he advanced, blessing the people as he moved along, all the military and spectators sank on their knees. There were about four thousand people present and the Church would have held with ease three times, or rather ten times, the number. The music when the Pope is present, is purely vocal without any accompaniment whatever and the finest voices in the world are selected. The only music I have heard in Rome has been sacred music, as I never go out anywhere either to the theatres or into society. I have heard some serenades, but at this season they are not frequent.

Claude lived in a small house at the end of our street and Poussin close to him. I never pass by their houses without looking up at them. The Banditti are

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so formidable on the road to Naples that I fear we shall not go on. Mr. Rowles, who is no hero, seems inclined to give up the scheme. An Austrian Colonel was taken by them about a week ago and since then all Rome has been in movement ; twenty thousand crowns have been demanded for his ransom. The Austrians, they say, will take this insult up seriously and a considerable body of troops have been sent to Cisterna to surround the robbers in the mountain, but the event is not known. I believe I shall keep my letter open for a few days that I may tell you more. If the brigands are exterminated we shall go on to Naples, but such is the incredible imbecility of the Government, that little hopes can be entertained of a favourable result ; the very Ministers, they say, are in the pay of these robbers.

At all events, we leave Rome about the fifth of February—but whether we go north or south I know not. I shall grieve at leaving Rome. Everybody is tired of it but me and I am still in the first fervour of enthusiasm, not having exhausted half the subjects of curiosity and reflection I meet at every step.

Jan. 28th. I can, at length, after some days of suspense, inform you that our journey to Naples is now decided on, and we shall leave Rome next Friday and reach Naples on Sunday. The Austrian has been liberated and the banditti have had a good fright. The road is considered tolerably safe, but it is all chance—they may take a fancy to us and if we are seized and carried up into their mountain for a few days (the worst that can happen to *me*, for Mr. R. will I hope ransom me among the rest) it will be a very romantic adventure.

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NAPLES,

February 13, 1822.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—

. . . Now for news and Naples—my dear Mamma how I wish you were here—how you would enjoy these glorious scenes, and this delicious climate. I never *felt* Italy till after we passed Terracina, then we began to feel the influence of the South ; the burning suns, the Orange groves, the myrtle hedges, the Palm trees and aloes, the blue skies and bluer seas all breathe of an enchanted land, for such it is. I wish for dear Papa and other dear people whom I will not *individualize*, who would truly feel and enjoy it all and help me to enjoy it more than I do.

We left Rome on the first of February ; I was very sorry to quit it, it contained so much to occupy and interest me. The road was well guarded by the Austrian troops and we felt no alarms ; it was at Terracina that we first came close to the shores of the Mediterranean and it was at Terracina that the land of the south opened upon us in all its glories and in all the imaginary splendour of classical and romantic interest. At Mola di Gaetà, where we slept the second night, our Inn was close to the Ruins of Cicero's famous Formian Villa, where he was murdered. It was within a dozen yards of the sea which formed the most beautiful bay (very like the Bay of Naples on a small scale) ; to reach the shore we walked through a thick grove of orange and lemon trees loaded with fruit, their boughs literally bending over the sea. This scene, lighted up by an Italian moon, exceeded everything I have imagined of natural beauty ; even the Bay of Naples has not so much delighted me, splendid

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as it is. I think Naples, for those who are rich, idle and happy, must be a charming place ; I do not like it quite so much as I expected—for the inconveniences and disadvantages are precisely those which I most feel, while its advantages and pleasures are almost out of my reach. Here I cannot walk the streets, for though you know I have no weak timidity and am accustomed to walk the streets of London, yet I can give you no idea of the streets of Naples ; to pass through them in a carriage is the most amusing thing in the world, but when I attempt to walk out by myself I am so stunned, so astonished, so pushed, so frightened, that I lose my presence of mind and am glad to run home like a frightened bird. Thus I am quite dependent on the carriage, not being able to afford coach hire ; and the city being of immense size, all the principal objects are at a great distance and as for the environs, which are replete with beauty and interest, I dare not venture upon them—the shoals of beggars, loungers, and ruffian lazzaroni exceed all belief and all description ; in short I am here a kind of prisoner, which does not at all agree with me. I have no doubt, however, that Mrs. R. seeing this, will generally take me with her when she goes to see anything very interesting, and with this I must be satisfied, the more easily because I do not feel much curiosity. The scenery is the charm of Naples and from my balcony, which is close to the sea, I have a prospect which ought to satisfy any one not absolutely unconscionable. We have been to the famous Opera House of San Carlo, which I do not think equal to the Scala at Milan ; it is however very splendid. The Opera is not good ; nothing but Rossini's music is to be heard in Italy

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and I am tired of it ; the ballets are beautiful. At present the Carnival reigns here, but masking is only allowed twice a week—Sundays and Thursdays—and on those two days Naples is like a vast puppet show, the people drive about pelting each other with sugar plums. Our carriage, when we came home yesterday, was whitened over with sugar plums and we had ourselves expended five or six shillings worth ; they came down upon us from the balconies sometimes like a shower of hail. The whole is extremely ludicrous and some of the masks are very amusing. We are to go to Pompeii I believe some time or other—and (I hope) to Vesuvius, but I am not sure. I have not been well since I came to Naples and the children have all been indisposed—particularly the youngest—yet nothing can be more pure than the air or more delicious than the climate. I have received a hint from Mr. R. that Mrs. R. wishes to have a French governess for Laura when we are at Paris ; that sounds very inconsistent with all the professions Mrs. R. has always made me, but, however I may feel it, I shall take it all as a thing of course, and we shall part very good friends.

Before leaving Naples Anna had an opportunity of ascending Vesuvius during an eruption ; she wrote a vivid account of her adventures to her sister Eliza.

MY DEAREST ELIZA,—

. . . I can hardly imagine a more glorious and wonderful spot in the world than the whole bay and neighbourhood of Naples. I had an opportunity of witnessing a most magnificent spectacle, an eruption

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of Mount Vesuvius and ascended the mountain during the height of it, in company with Mr. Rowles and Mr. Copeland. I was exposed, at one moment, to imminent danger from an immense red-hot stone which came bounding down the mountain, and saved myself by an exertion of presence of mind, which (though I say it that should not say it) was hardly to be expected from a woman at such a moment. I was then within fifteen yards of a stream of lava, which, glowing red-hot or rather almost to a white heat, rolled along like a cascade of fire. There were six distinct streams, the longest reached about two miles. The explosions of fire followed each other with incessant rapidity every half minute ; the column of flames from the centre rose to a quarter or the third of a mile high, and the stones, which flew up like thousands of rockets, were projected with such amazing force that they seemed suspended in the air—sometimes at a height of a mile and a quarter. I do not tell you this from guess or hearsay. Of the terrible magnificence of the whole scene, of the intense darkness of the night, I can give you no idea. I have reason to rejoice that the mountain was so obliging as to give us this reception during our short stay. . . . From Naples to Rome we have had the most resplendent weather and (excepting through the Pontine Marshes) the most lovely scenery in the world.

We are here for ten days or a fortnight in the best hotel in Rome and in excellent quarters altogether. I have managed my money matters with such rigid economy that I have six guineas to receive on the 26th. I had a wish to buy a coral necklace at Naples, which I manfully resisted ; not that it

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required much self-denial, as I do not much care about those things, but I thought you girls would have liked it amongst you. The best shoes and gloves I have met with are made at Naples ; the most expensive and fashionable shoemaker charges five shillings a pair for shoes and the best gloves are tenpence a pair ; washing and all the necessities of life are very cheap. The lower classes lead a kind of animal life ; they seem quite careless of the future. When hungry they labour just enough to procure food for the present necessity, when satisfied they lie down in the sunshine or lounge about in all the luxury of indolence ; but the indolence of Naples is not the solemn indolence of Rome—the people, though idle, always seem to enjoy life, and waste their spirits in talk and noise and merriment. Rome seems dull after Naples—but I do not dislike it—or rather I should hate to see old Rome turned into such a Bartholomew fair and inhabited by such a merry Andrew set of ragamuffins. The silence and solemnity which reign here become the place. . . .

The Rowles spent Holy Week in Rome and Anna writes to Camilla describing the solemn service of the Miserere, which she witnessed in the Sistine Chapel :—

The Sistine is the famous chapel painted by Michael Angelo. I was seated opposite to the “Last Judgment” and while they were chanting the tiresome service which precedes the Miserere, I had time to consider it at leisure—but all my *consideration* would not persuade me to like it. The colouring is so damaged and bad and the mind so distracted by the

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multiplicity of the figures ; this is very bad taste of mine, but it is the truth. During the chanting, the tapers were gradually extinguished, the shade of twilight closed around us and at last, after a solemn hushed pause of several minutes during which not a breath is heard, the Miserere begins. I had heard that people fainted and fell into Hysterics etc.—I was not so powerfully or so painfully affected, but such music I never heard. When the finest voices in the world, blended in perfect harmony, began in the softest plaintive minor key, *Miserere mei Deus !* (Mercy O my God !), the effect was indescribable. No organ is allowed in the Pope's chapel and these heavenly voices, unassisted by any accompaniment, seemed to fill the air around ; such is the Miserere. After hearing it we walked into St. Peter's, where a cross was suspended from the dome lighted by two hundred lamps—notwithstanding its immense size it looked small and insignificant, but the effect of the strong light and deep shadows on the gigantic pillars, statues and on the assembled people, was excessively fine. About three or four thousand persons in every variety of costume, from the Prince in his stars and ribbons to the beggar in rags, from the lady habited in the last Parisian fashion to the peasant in her white veil and scarlet petticoat, from the robed and ermined cardinal to the pilgrim with his staff and cockle shell, wandered about with as much ease and as much space as if they had been in Hyde Park—such is the prodigious extent of this glorious church. I never could have imagined so extraordinary a scene as the whole presented, and perhaps I was the only person of our party who observed it in this light. They all fixed their eyes

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on the cross to criticize its size, without seeing the strange effect it produced and we remained but a short time. On coming out of the church, the moonlight on the silver fountains and the colonnade in front—but all this, as I write it, seems nonsense. I wish you could have seen the reality. As I have never failed noting down exactly and sincerely in my journal the impressions of every day, I think I shall be able to amuse you all, dear girls and Mamma and Papa, with some of my *scribbles*. I have always a note-book and a journal ; in the first I merely put down dates and occupations of the day ; the other, which is secured by lock and key contains all my remarks on the characters, scenes and incidents I meet with and this I never trust out of my hands to any human being—no one has ever looked into it. I have filled one note book and half another and have quite filled two thick journals, securely locked up, and have just bought a third, so I am not idle. I have collected material which, if I live and Heaven grants me health and that peace to which I have long been a stranger, I will turn to good account. . . . I should suppose we go by Leghorn and Genoa over Mont Cenis according to our present plans which, according as the wind changes, may change to-morrow. How glad I shall be to see you all again ! how very glad ! I believe I shall be in London the latter end of June ; so at least I calculate. In your letter, mention all friends—Mr. Jameson and everybody. Dear Mamma, has not written to me once since I left Paris ; I sigh for one of her maternal letters. I shall bring home no presents to anybody ; that I feel rather a disappointment, but it cannot be helped. I wish to

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purchase the Madonna for Mr. Jameson which he commissioned me to buy—but the finest, which I long to get for him, the Dresden Madonna—is beyond my reach in point of price. I shall leave Rome with great regret. I have got acquainted with it as with a friend and it contains so much of interest that I shall leave many things unseen for want of opportunity, for I cannot be so absurd as to suppose that I am abroad merely to walk about where and when I like, instead of performing those duties which belong to my situation ; but all I could see and learn, I have seen and learnt. I never read anything but Italian, not having any French or English books, except Shakespeare. We go to Florence by Sienna ; we shall stay a week or ten days at Florence and then set off for Pisa and Leghorn. God bless you my dear Cam and Eliza and Louisa. Best love to dear Papa and Mamma, wherever they are and to all I love and who love me.

Your ANNA.

CHAPTER III

MARRIAGE AND AFTER

WHEN Anna returned home she found that her parents were still absent at Leeds, where Mr. Murphy had gone on business connected with his profession. She seems to have had much at heart a project to set up a school, aided by her sisters, but want of capital prevented its realization. She ultimately accepted a situation as governess in the family of Mr. Littleton of Teddesley Park, afterwards Lord Hatherton. It is evident that she was still undecided in her mind with regard to Mr. Jameson ; she encouraged him indirectly, resented any criticism offered by her family and yet declined to give him any definite hope. She wrote the following letter to her mother from London, soon after her return from the Continent :—

Anna Murphy to Mrs. Murphy.

Saturday, June 15, 1822.

. . . Louisa is going on delightfully, Cam as usual, and they are both dear Girls ; Eliza is the best

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sister in the world. I am a great torment to her, as she will tell you if she tells truth, for I am not very merry or very talkative, though I intend to be so very soon and acquit myself to general satisfaction. . . . Mr. J. is very unhappy and persevering and vehement, and makes me uncomfortable without meaning or wishing to do so. I do not change without cause and I cannot change again ; it is not my nature or character.

Note by Eliza.

MY VERY DEAR MAMMA,—

Anna having persuaded me that I ought to add a few lines to this as well as to finish it, I take up her pen, but really on reading what she has already written I find she has said all there is to be said. Her spirits, I am sorry to say, are not what they used to be, but she is resigned and thoughtful. She seems satisfied with all I do for her and that will keep me up till she is engaged as governess to some *quiet* and amiable person. I wish Papa would write to her ; I think one of his nice letters would do her good. She has made up her mind never to see Jameson again, which I believe is a sacrifice, and is chiefly the cause of her present lowness. I am in hopes that, in a few days, she will be better able to give me an account of her travels, which as yet she has very slightly mentioned.

Your affectionate

ELIZA MURPHY.

This fragment of a letter was evidently written by Mr. Murphy to his wife :—

Marriage and After

MY EXCELLENT CREATURE,—

I write to tell you that I have nothing to say.

A letter came from you this morning without a date, so I can't tell when it was written. I am a little uneasy about a ten pound Warwick note which I sent you on Wednesday last—if you have *not* received it, let me know immediately.

What you say of Anna and Jameson, I had anticipated and wrote to Camilla about it. I should have spoken to Jameson long ago but Anna herself prevented me. I am quite sure he is all honour and affection . . . but why should we urge these *young* people to marry and get into want and perplexities and ill-humour? We must at all events wait until Jameson speaks for himself. . . .

Anna Murphy to Mrs. Murphy.

August 19, 1822.

. . . I owe my dear father an answer to his kind but rather melancholy letter ; tell him I am sanguine in my hopes of success. I have purchased a good reputation in the world, am now rather well known ; if I were to head an establishment with my sisters, aided by them, I should perhaps succeed. Papa has *settled* everything between Mr. Jameson and myself rather too hastily—in the first place I do not like to hear him called *poor Jameson*—in the next place, we are on just the same terms. I have the firm conviction that there exists a disparity between our minds and characters which will render it impossible for me to be *quite* happy with him, and yet I think that he will have me simply because I

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shall not, in the long run, be able to stand out against my own heart and his devoted affection, which is continually excited by the obstacles and the *coldness* which I throw in his way. There exists not a more amiable, excellent being ; I hear within these two days that he has been chosen by the Parish of Mary-le-bone to execute some legal business for which his fee will be 250 guineas, besides the advantages of such a connection.

TEDDESLEY PARK,
August 17th.

. . . I have sent Mr. Jameson my phiz ; by the by, were you sorry to part with it? and my little MS. book of Rhymes to which I added those written abroad. He has sent me a beautiful etching of his own performance. I hope you have seen it ; I thought it was beautiful before I knew it was his. He writes delightful letters and shows his character and feeling in *them*, more than in his conversation. . . .

TEDDESLEY,
September 20, 1822.

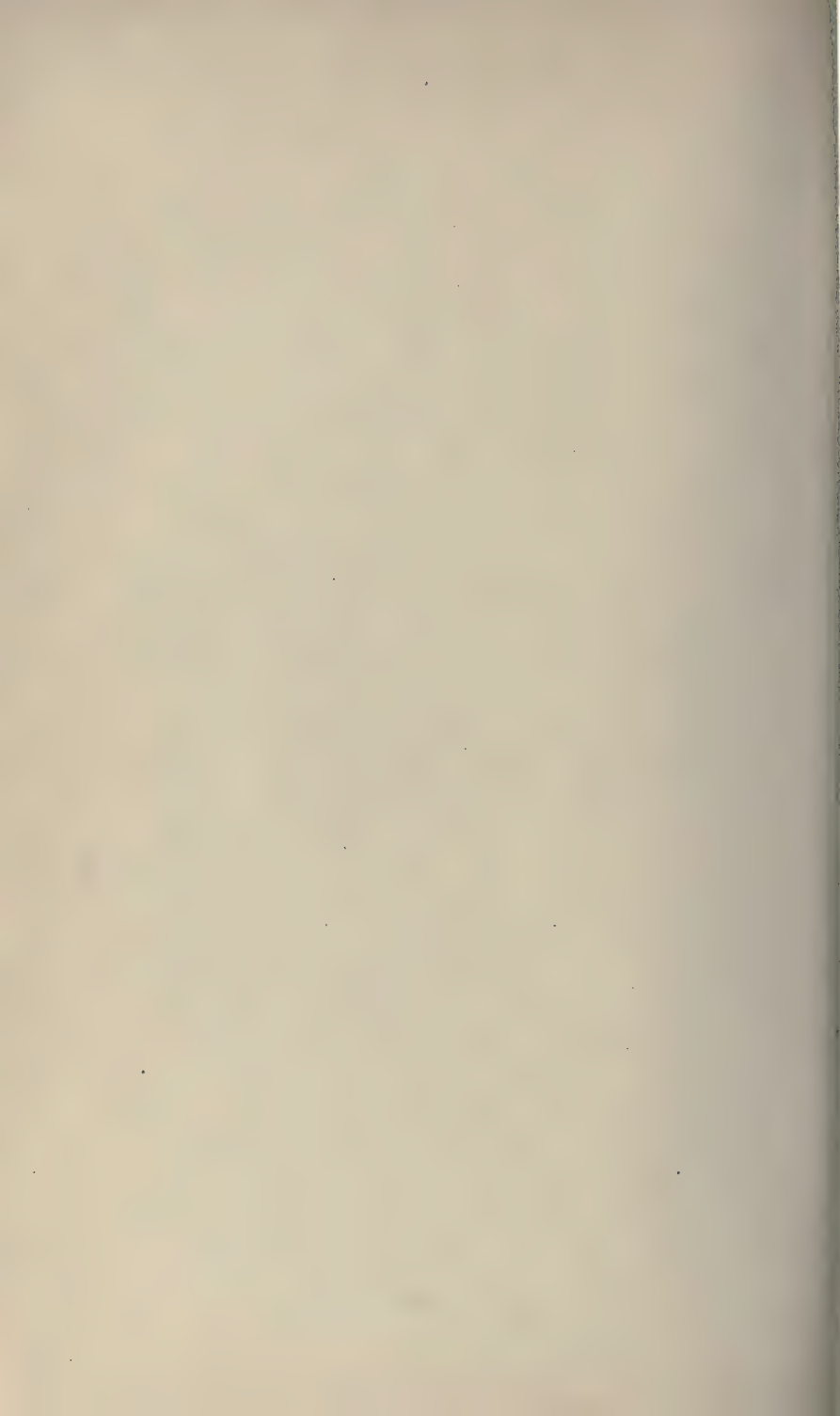
Forgive me, my dearest Mother, for not having written to you before ; you would if I could tell you all the cross things which have prevented my writing. Mr. Littleton's absences, the many letters I have had to write home about business when I could again procure franks and the consecration of many of my short evenings to a little literary attempt made at Jameson's request and which he wishes to publish in the London Magazine. I have finished it, and it is by this time in the hands of Barry Cornwall ; it was



ROBERT JAMESON.

After a miniature.

To face p. 70.



Marriage and After

almost all written at Rome and Florence in the form of notes and now re-written, connected and corrected. I do not know what success it will have, nor do I hope for much.

The year 1825 was an eventful one in the annals of the Murphy family. In this year the third sister, Louisa, for whom Anna had made arrangements in Paris, and who had since obtained a situation as governess, married an artist, Henry Bate, whose family she had known from childhood ; in this fatal year, Anna made an end of her hesitations and doubts and married her constant admirer, Robert Jameson. Never before had two people reversed the old proverb more successfully and married at leisure to repent in haste.

The young couple settled in lodgings in Chenies Street, Tottenham Court Road ; an anecdote related in Mrs. Macpherson's biography of her aunt¹ shows in what manner Anna Jameson's married life began. The wedding took place on Wednesday : " On the Sunday Mr. Jameson announced his intention of going out to the house of some friends with whom he had been in the habit of spending Sunday before his marriage. The young wife was struck dumb by the proposal. ' But,' she said, ' they do not know me ; they may not want to know me. Would it not be better to wait until they have time at least to show whether they care for my acquaintance? '

¹ "Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson," by Gerardine Macpherson.

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‘That is as you please,’ said the husband, ‘but, in any case, whether you come or not, I shall go.’ The bride of three or four days had to make up her mind. How could she intrude herself upon strangers? But supposing, on the other hand, that any friend of her own should come, any member of her family, to congratulate her upon her happiness, how could her pride bear to be found alone and forsaken on the first Sunday of her married life? Accordingly, with an effort, she prepared herself and set out with him in her white gown, forlorn enough, who can doubt? They had not gone far when it began to rain, and taking advantage of this same white gown as a pretext to escape from so embarrassing a visit, she declared it impossible to go farther. ‘Very well,’ once more said the bridegroom, ‘you have an umbrella; go back by all means, but I shall go on.’ And so he did, and though received, as his astonished hosts afterwards related, with acclamations of bewilderment and consternation, calmly ate his dinner with them and spent the rest of the evening until his usual hour with perfect equanimity and unconcern.”

It is quite evident that this was not an isolated instance of Robert Jameson’s coldness of temperament and disregard of his wife’s feelings. Anna had always realized that they were unsuited to each other, but she had evidently formed a high opinion of his moral and mental qualities and she had deceived herself in thinking that the true man was

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shown rather in his well-expressed and expansive letters than in his actual intercourse. She was not long in discovering that these same letters, which continued to be charming and even affectionate long after they had separated, were no true index to his character. Her love of art and the necessity of making some effort to secure her independence and to help her family, then as always in financial straits, helped her through this sad time. The following letter was evidently written to Louisa on her wedding day :—

Anna Murphy to Louisa Bate.

TEDDESLEY.

I would not, dearest Louisa, disturb the solemn happiness of this day by putting you in mind of us poor exiles, did I not know full well that you will think of us without being reminded—that amid many feelings the absence of your sisters¹ will not be *unfelt* and that the assurance that our hearts are with you, that we think of you, feel for you, that our fondest wishes, prayers and love attend upon you, will add a little mite to even your vast sum of happiness ; yet, after all, the wedding day is not perhaps *in itself* the happiest day of a woman's life ; whether it is to be considered so or not depends on the future. May you, dear, dear Louisa, ever look back to this day as the happiest of *your* life because the commencement of an era of happiness. May you & Henry and all who love you, have reason to remember it with delight, tho' now it seem

¹ Camilla was staying at Teddesley at the time.

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too serious for joy ; this is the prayer of your absent sisters.

Adieu—God bless you dearest Louisa & make you happier than I can tell.

Ever your affectionate,

ANNA.

“The Diary of an Ennuyée,” first published anonymously as “A Lady’s Diary,” laid the foundations of Anna’s fame as a writer. Since her marriage she had made this little record of her travels and of her broken heart into a story, which ended with the death of the heroine.

Published through the friendly offices of an eccentric bookseller, an acquaintance of Mr. Jameson’s, the “Diary” achieved immediate success. It is true that the writer only received a Spanish guitar for her share of the profits, but the publication brought her instant recognition and opened the door to further efforts. Disappointed and embittered as she was at the outset of life, Anna took up her burden bravely, and there is no doubt that, in spite of her private griefs, she began to enjoy her position and to appreciate the warmth of her reception in literary society, both as a woman and as a writer.

One of her earliest friends in the literary and artistic world was Mrs. Basil Montagu, in whose house she met many people, including her daughter, the charming and accomplished wife of Bryan

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Procter, better known as "Barry Cornwall."¹ Here, too, she met Fanny Kemble² in 1828, who describes her as "sitting on a sofa in a very becoming state of plumpitude," quite unfitting for the heroine of "The Diary of an Ennuyée."

In this hospitable house Anna made the acquaintance of Edward Irving,³ who reproached his host for introducing him to a living "Ennuyée," whose burial in a convent garden he had just been deploring: "Sir, I cannot forgive you," said he; "you have robbed me of my honest tears."

With the Procters Anna struck up a friendship that meant very much to her in her uncomfortable position. Mr. Procter became her legal adviser and helped her through all her differences and difficulties with her husband; Mrs. Procter became her firm friend and counsellor, and their daughter Adelaide,⁴ then a baby, spoken of in the letters as "Poppet," was destined to be one of the younger generation whom Mrs. Jameson collected round her in later years.

Mrs. Procter to Anna Jameson.

9, GERMAN PLACE,

Thursday, June 26, 1827.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

I cannot tell you how very much obliged to you I was for your letter. First, I like a letter very

¹ Bryan Procter, 1787-1874.

² Fanny Kemble, 1809-1893.

³ Edward Irving, 1792-1834.

⁴ Adelaide Procter, 1825-1864.

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much, then I like Medea and, above all, I like a letter from a kind friend like you. I rejoice to hear that you were not disappointed and only wish that I had been there also. Your account gave me a great deal of pleasure and revived my recollections of her acting, enough to bring the tears into my eyes.

I am getting better, which I am very glad of, for nothing can make me happy away from Mr. Procter. We have never been separated more than two days. I have not seen him since Friday morning nor shall I until Saturday evening—we have a nice house with a view of the sea and I really like Brighton much better than I ever did before.

Poppet is growing quite a little Ball and is happier than I ever saw her. She is out the whole day and she is with great difficulty brought home even for her dinner “a man! a man!” is her “perpetual cry.”

I lead a truly royal life; we merely live to please ourselves. We breakfast, walk, look at the sea, and read novels until two, when we dine, walk, ditto ditto until tea, and with great difficulty keep our eyes open until ten o'clock, when we all go to bed. I wish I had you here, you should be gloriously idle. I would throw pens, Ink and paper into the sea; we would not recollect ever having heard Colburn's name and when you behaved ill, as a punishment, you should sing a Song to the guitar.

When do you go into Devonshire? . . . pray write to me or I shall think that, like many ladies, my letter has lost me *my lover*; don't laugh at my vanity in giving you that name, for that is really what you are to me. I never had but two before; one I married and of course lost, and the other I did not love and

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therefore lost. You have all the faults of one . . . you spoil me, encourage my vanity, for I say really if Mrs. Jameson, who first of all is very sensible, then has a great deal of taste, has known so many agreeable people &c. &c. &c. &c., likes me, I must be charming. . . .

My dear Mrs. Jameson. I do not think this, I only think that I have more enjoyment in your society than in any one else's and I am very grateful to you for sparing me so much of your time. Tell me when you write, what you are doing and about everything that interests and pleases you.

It has been raining for four hours and the Sea is magnificent. I never have seen anything like a storm before.

Pray do not wait for a Frank

Your very affectionate

A. B. PROCTER.

how are the Beauties?

Mrs. Montagu to Anna Jameson.

August 25, 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I waited two or three days after the receipt of your kind letter until some event should occur worthy of recording, for to tell you that I was thankful for your recollection of me and pleased and interested with your account of all around you, seemed a sorry return for your very agreeable communication.

What then shall I say to you? that Poppet is every day wiser and more delightful and that she inherits all her mothers quickness of talent and something of

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her quickness of temper ; that she rings the bell for her maid, when her friends grow tedious, and says "take away Poppet"—and when she is treated with a dry biscuit demurely signifies that "Poppet will take wine too." All this is diverting enough, and done with much gravity, but woe to you if you should laugh, for her pride takes the alarm, and "they laugh at Poppet" is always followed by a flood of tears. We are left here in London like some unfortunate fishes, upon the shore, and appear to be all waiting till the tide shall set our way. Mr. Montagu, who professes to like quiet, set off this day in a steam Boat to Margate to return on Monday. We, who profess to like gaiety, remain in Town and hear a Hackney Coach twice a day (the only sounds we do hear, for the Dust-men and the Old Clothes men are at Margate too), and count the houses with closed windows, as they did during the plague, and calculate how long it will be, with favourable weather, before the grass grows in the streets. I detected a Gentleman's carriage last night in Portland Place, but the people seemed so ashamed of being found in the act, or "caught after the manner" as the Lawyers, with their usual happy perspicacity term it, that delicacy obliged me to look another way ; in short, we are obliged to be civil to each other, to enjoy the society within doors and to keep ourselves awake by writing nonsense like this. In all this time I have not said one word of what is nearest my heart ; when you have picked up the feathers and straws that float on the surface, dip deeper and find the under current of my true feeling for you ; for your kind opinion of me you have my best courtesy, for that is a mere matter of taste, for your reposing,

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confiding love and friendship; you have my best affections and constant anxious wishes. I do not say "dear Mrs. Jameson" or "Sweet woman" or "talented creature" or any of those glib sentences which slide so easily off the tongue that one shrewdly suspects they are only to be found where deep waters take their course silently, while the inch-deep brook babbles to every passer-by and talks loudest when it has a hard and rocky bosom. You gave me a charming portrait of your Mary Ashworth, for so I think your fair relation is called, and to-day you have sent us a lovely Landscape which forms a delightful background to your figures; there should have been only one, for so lovely a Claude, but you put a swing between the Elms and made a Watteau of it at once.

Your sincere affectionate friend

D. B. MONTAGU.

The Jamesons appear to have lived together until the year 1829, when he obtained an appointment as puisne judge in the island of Dominica. Soon after her husband's departure, Anna and her father accompanied Sir Gerard Noel and his daughter on a tour abroad. Mr. Murphy had suffered a great loss in the death of Princess Charlotte,¹ and in the refusal of Prince Leopold² to buy the copies of the "Beauties" on which he had been so long engaged. They were eventually bought by Sir Gerard Noel, and Mr. Murphy then made an effort to utilize

¹ Princess Charlotte died in 1817.

² Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (afterwards King of the Belgians), 1790-1865.

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his work by having the paintings engraved and published in a book, the letterpress of which was written by his daughter. "The Beauties of the Court of King Charles II" had a literary and artistic success, but brought no pecuniary gain.

Anna tells us, in her "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad,"¹ with what feelings she watched the shores of her native country recede for the second time in her life : "I thought, not without gratitude, of the contrast between present feelings and those of a former journey. To abandon oneself to the quickening influence of new objects, without care or thought of to-morrow ; with a mind awake in all its strength, with natural health and cheerfulness, with sensibility tamed, not dead ; possessing one's soul in quiet, not sinking or shrinking from excitement ; not self-engrossed nor yet pining for sympathy ; was not this much ?" "We travelled *à la Milor Anglais*," she says later on ; "*a partie carrée* ; a barouche hung on the most approved principles, double-cushioned, luxurious, rising and sinking on its springs like a swan on the wave ; the pockets stuffed with new publications, maps and guides *ad infinitum* ; English servants for comfort, foreign servants for use ; a chessboard, backgammon tables—in short, surrounded with all that could render us entirely independent of the amusements we had come to seek and the people we had come to visit."

¹ Published 1834.

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Anna Jameson to her mother and sisters.

BRUSSELS,

August 9, 1829.

DEAR GOOD PEOPLE,—

This letter being intended for the public benefit, as I have not time to address you individually, I desire that (like a bill in Parliament) it may be read in a Committee of the whole house, with the exception only of those who choose to be excepted. We have reached this place, one of our chosen stations on the journey, and I am quite delighted with what I have seen of it and pleased with all my travelling companions, but most of all with Sir Gerard, who is really very amiable and very interesting—and Harriet Jane and I get on capitally together. She is a good little creature, with some of her father's caprices, much of his talent and more of his real benevolence. As to Papa, he is in excellent spirits and desires me to tell you that he behaves very well. He goes wandering about and admiring everything he sees and he has bought a pair of spectacles for ten pence which are the best in the world and a pair for Mama and a lantern for Edward to send up at his kite's tail, with other invaluable things, too many to commemorate, and I think I never saw him so happy or look better. I cannot say the same for myself. I was the greatest sufferer during our sea-voyage; others were more violently ill, but I fainted away continually and being laid on the deck and exposed to the air (which alone kept life in me) my face was blistered all over and, besides the general derangement of the whole system, I caught a feverish cold and have been ill ever since; I am still *very* poorly

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—I hate it and am inclined to repine, particularly as they are all going to a pleasant party to-night, and I cannot stir. . . . We left Ghent yesterday morning and reached Brussels about 3 and had the felicity of changing all our garments and making ourselves comfortable ; we all turned out to dinner like Snakes which had cast their skins. Papa and Sir Gerard sat to their wine and Backgammon and we went to a Café in the Park and eat ices and drank coffee. I was so ill I was fairly *done for* and had just strength to get into bed and got no sleep when I was there ; to-day I remained at home when they all dispersed different ways and then ordered myself a little open carriage (the hackney coaches are Barouches) and drove out quietly thro' the principal streets, squares and promenades and then went into the park to hear the royal Band play the most delightful music out of all my favourite operas. The park, by the by, is not at all like an English Park ; it is more like Kensington Gardens, but not so extensive. There was a crowd of elegant people, all in their best, (being Sunday) seated in groups or walking in a circle round the Pavilion in which the band was stationed. The dresses were superb, the sun shone bright and the whole scene was inexpressibly gay. My bedroom window overlooks these gardens, so you may imagine how well we are situated—our Hotel (La Belle Vue) is in fact a Palace. . . . God bless you all—how I wished for you this morning ! Do not omit to write ; whether you have anything to say or not, it would be a comfort to hear from you

Ever your affecte.

ANNA.

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Anna returned to the house of her sister, Mrs. Bate, after this short trip abroad and resumed her usual life.

Robert Jameson's letters from Dominica show that he was the same clever, cynical being that he had shown himself to be in former years, with the old trick of expressing on paper an affection that he seemed quite without in actual intercourse.

Robert Jameson to Anna Jameson.

DOMINICA,

November 6, 1831.

MY DEAREST ANNA,—

Thank you for all the solicitude you express about me. My situation has indeed long been as uncomfortable as unprofitable, and such appears to be the state of affairs at home that my long cherished hopes of amendment have almost subsided. I am startled at the thought of your coming here as at something suicidal, though your society would make even this place happy to me, though the only object of my coming out here was that I might hereafter live in comfort with you. I dare not think of such a thing. I must return to England, or get a better appointment. Had I even a thousand pounds in my possession, I should be tempted to quit this country ; anything rather than this wearisome banishment. For a short time, however, I must wait and see what are the intentions of Government ; either place or compensation in England, I fear, is almost unattainable, however small. Your domestic intelligence is upon the whole consolatory.

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I think I *did* acknowledge the receipt of the Box of books—They arrived I think on the very day I was writing to you—15th January. The Wordsworth is still upon my table in all its pristine purity—for no one except myself has ever opened its leaves ; other readers who have seen it are satisfied with the perusal of the label, but the two novels are literally nearly worn out having been read by every person in the town who directly or indirectly could borrow them. The “Manners of the day” clever though it be in many parts is one of those artificial ephemeral things which excite little sympathy in me, but the “Collegians,” which I have read several times, is one of the most powerful and masterly things I have for a long time met with. I would rather have written the scenes on the Lake of Killarney—in house of Barnaby Rudge, the cottage of Phil Naughten and Cudde Clinte, than all the trash of Mr. Bulwer and not a few of the later novels of Sir Walter Scott. Was it in contempt of the flimsy affectation of the Almack’s family of novels, that the author enlisted such doric names as Cregan and Clinte and Kyrle Daly? Besides these and “The Inheritance” (which I read three times a month) I have read scarcely anything unprofessional except Shakespeare and a few of those good stock books which every young gentleman is expected to have read when at school and which nobody even looks into afterwards. I have also been re-reading your own two books of late oftener than I can tell and with more admiration than ever ; I have still the greater affection for your Diary, for there I am ever with you : in the company of its more brilliant successor I have not the same sympathy or companionship—except indeed with Dante during his occasional

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visits to Hell—which I have no doubt very much resembles Dominica morally and physically. We have for the last three weeks had a rapid succession of young Earthquakes and the ground is still very tremulous, but no mischief has been done. Then the springs of boiling sulphur, which are very numerous here, have been vomiting forth their Stygian blasts to such a degree as to be hardly endurable ; everything of Silver is kept as black as coal. Still, I should not object to the brimstone nor to the Earthquakes, nor to many other small nuisances, if the place were peopled by Christians. The moral atmosphere of this Colony continues much the same, or rather thickens towards a perfect state of brutality. Whether the Governor's arrival will make any difference is questionable. I do not think there is good enough in the country to save it. To live in such a spot without being worn, either in body or mind, is quite impossible ; that both are impaired is the most probable.

I hope this will reach you at Teddesley—and that you will be enjoying the delicious frost and snow of England. After three years roasting I apply the epithet seriously. Do not think me querrulous and discontented. I have borne much very goodtemperedly hitherto, but it cannot be wondered at that I am not satisfied to go on thus, year after year, separated from you and all who are dear to me, a sot, contented to live and die among those whose most refined pleasures are eating Turtle and drinking punch and Madeira. . . . I hope you will write frequently and tell me all the news you can, either family or political. If a letter be a matter of interest to you in London, surrounded by your family and friends, what must it be

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to me in my solitude here? I will write every packet. Remember me in the kindest manner to all at home. I would ask a thousand questions about others, but it is sickening to think of the months that must elapse before they could be answered. I shall therefore rely upon your telling me what you know will be a matter of interest. Would to Heaven that before such answer could arrive, I might be on my way to England! The most tempestuous passage across the Atlantic would in itself be delightful, if it led to such a conclusion; in short, I am as sick *for* home as *of* the West Indies. Have you heard anything of Alma of late? I should like much to hear that he was prosperous. You have never told me whether your miraculous Baby be a gentleman or a lady, so that of course I am in your countryman's awkward predicament of not knowing whether I am an uncle or an aunt.

The gun has fired a summons for the letters to be taken on board, so lest mine should lose its passage, I must conclude.

Being ever your most affectionate,

R. S. J.

While Robert Jameson was lamenting his fate in Dominica, Anna was becoming much more reconciled to life in London. She was incessantly active and had published "Loves of the Poets" in 1829 and "Celebrated Female Sovereigns" in 1831; she had written the letterpress to the unfortunate "Beauties" in the same year, and a letter from Cecilia Siddons, in August 1831, alludes to an

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article that she wrote after the death of her celebrated mother.

Cecilia Siddons to Anna Jameson.

23, WINDSOR STREET, EDINBURGH,
August 22, 1831.

DEAR MADAM,—

It cannot, I think, be unacceptable to you, to learn the gratification you have given me, by your Article in the new Monthly Magazine relating to my most beloved Mother,¹ which I have only seen within the last three weeks, and I have withheld my thanks only till I knew your address. It would be saying very little to tell you how far it is superior to any thing else that has yet been said on the subject, for almost all besides, have had rather a tendency to wound, than to soothe, feelings that must be deep and tender in proportion as their object was intimately known! but I trust I say what will please you more, in regretting that you were not better known to her, since one who could judge her so well, must, if known, have been appreciated by her.

I make no apologies for bringing myself to your notice, but remain, Dear Madam,

Yours very gratefully and sincerely,

CECILIA SIDDONS.

Another acquaintance made about this time was

¹ Mrs. Siddons (Sarah Kemble), 1755-1831.

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the accomplished Geraldine Jewsbury, who encloses a poem in one of her letters :—

Maria Jane Jewsbury¹ to Anna Jameson.

6, POLAND STREET, MARLBOROUGH STREET,

Friday Noon.

(Postmark 1830)

DEAR MADAM,—

Had I not heard from my friend Mrs. J. C. Hall, that you had done me the honour to mention me with much kindness, I know not whether I should have ventured, as I do now venture, to request your acceptance of the accompanying volume, recently published, but which may not have reached your hands. I have another reason for so doing ; immediately after finishing the first story, I met with a sentence in the preface to “Loves of the Poets,” which gave me the painful yet gratifying conviction, that on one subject, (that of female authorship) we agreed in opinion. I exceedingly wish for an opportunity of discovering in conversation that we agree on others. I have also one or two compliments to communicate, that considering the source, I cannot but think it would gratify you to know have been paid to your writings. I say this on the supposition that you venerate Wordsworth’s poetry ; for myself, I have long since forgotten the poet in the friend. I wish I dare hint, that I am stationary here till next Thursday or Friday, and that I should be most happy to receive, or *make* any call, that would facilitate a pleasure alluded to in the earlier part of this note. I have the greatest possible respect for etiquette, and the least possible liking, when it

¹ Maria Jane Jewsbury, author of several books and some verse ; elder sister of Geraldine Endor Jewsbury, 1812–1880.

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interferes with the attainment of a favourite object ; but lest I should swell the note of a stranger to the letter of a troublesome acquaintance, permit me to remain with much admiration of your accomplished mind,

M. J. JEWSBURY.

6, POLAND STREET, *Thursday.*
June 18, 1830.

MY DEAR MADAM,—

As I find it will not be in my power to take the chance of finding you at home to-morrow, and as I really think that two visits in one week are trespasses sufficient, I send the songs I should have brought, requesting that you will not be in any haste to return them. Indeed the longer you do me the favour to keep them, the surer I shall feel of the prospect of renewing our acquaintance, and I speak but the *English* truth, when I say this will give me unfeigned pleasure. As you expressed a desire to know my opinion of Mrs. Shelley,¹ I will take the present opportunity of saying, that I rarely, if ever, met with a woman to whom I felt so disposed to apply the epithet “bewitching.” I can of course merely speak of appearances, but she struck me in the light of a matured child ; a union of buoyancy and depth ; a something that brought to my remembrance Shelley’s description of Beatrice in his preface to the *Cenci*. To those she loves her manners would be caressing ; to a stranger they are kind and playful, less from a desire to please, than from a habit of amicable feeling. Her hilarity, contrasted with the almost sadly profound

¹ Mary Wollstoncroft Godwin, second wife of the poet, 1797–1851.

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nature of some of her remarks, somewhat puzzled me. It is not the hilarity assumed by worn minds in society,—it is simple—natural—and like Spring full of sweetness, but I doubt her being a happy woman, and I also doubt her being one that could be distinctly termed melancholy. Looking over the *best* part of the writings of her father, mother, and husband, she is the kind of woman for them to love and describe. She reminded me of no person I ever saw, but she has made me wish the arrival of the time when I am to see her again. She is not one to sit with and think ill of, even on authority.

I hope I have not wearied you—if I am fortunate enough to give you five minutes pleasure I shall feel gratified—because

I remain dear Madam

Your's with much interest

M. J. JEWSBURY.

THE WORLD'S MASQUE.

I am not old, not very old,
My hair perchance is grey,
But there's a spirit in my heart
That keeps old age away,—
'Tis love—that like an angel guards
Life's fountain from decay.

I look upon my fellow men,
To me they are a book,
And oft my fancy rightly spells
Their thoughts by word and look,—
Ay—many a proud and weary wight
Who searching ill would brook.

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For this I seek the haunts of mirth,
And those that mirth haunts least,
None fear me—for they deem me one
With whom life's love hath ceased ;
They slip their visors—and I see
The spectre at the feast !

When others praise the lute and song,
The singer and his shell,
I gaze upon each listener's face
That can deep histories tell,
Seeking the one for whom alas,
The singer sang too well !

I follow in the track of fame,
The path her crowned ones tread,
Others behold their glittering eyes,
But I their brows instead,—
And the momentary look that asks
For rest—if with the dead.

And when I see a placid face
That speaks the heart asleep,
While others on its beauty dwell,
I—turn aside and weep,
For all that, ere a year be past,
May there plough furrows deep.

The man, the man of quip and jest,
Whose heart hath long been dry,
A fountain whence no water flows
But weeds instead wave high,—
Others may hear his courtly wit,
I—but his smothered sigh !

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O fellow men ! how often grief
Is on me for your sakes,
And yet I would not love you less,
For the sorrow that love wakes
Makes my soul prayerful for you all,
And happy while it aches !

M. J. JEWSBURY.

The "Characteristics of Women" ¹ was very well received. The title was not of the happiest, and Fanny Kemble, to whom it was dedicated, appears to have suggested a better one, showing that it was the characters of Shakespeare's women that were delineated ; for some reason Anna kept to her first choice.

From time to time Anna still received affectionate letters from the exile, whose whimsical humour must often have amused her in spite of herself.

Robert Jameson to Anna Jameson.

DOMINICA,
January 5, 1832.

MY DEAREST ANNA,—

So strangely have the winds trifled with us that the two last packets have arrived so long after their time that one had been several weeks abandoned as lost and the non-arrival of the other become a matter of wonder. They came at last and your two last letters (20th Oct. and 15th Nov.) have arrived almost

¹ Published 1832.

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at the same time. I have nearly been deprived of the power of acknowledging them by this mail—which will be here this evening—for the night before last I was seized with a slight fever and lay twenty-four hours rolling on my bed, sympathizing most feelingly with Kehama and the other red-hot gentlemen who are said to support the throne of Siva. The fiend has left me, but weak, muddle-headed and as full of acute pains as if I were the very genius of Gout. Luckily I refused to have any medical attendant, or I might, instead of being quite well to-morrow, have been confined three weeks to come in recovering from their remedies. Your letters are painfully interesting, but, even in the pleasantest parts, not calculated to *tranquillize*, but, on the contrary, to stir up a tumult of hopes and wishes which I can hardly write of at this moment with proper coherence. I expect daily to hear matter of importance from England by the hands of our Governor, who has been, like the packets, kept back by contrary winds. The Government have promised, in the strongest terms, in consequence of things that have taken place here, that we shall immediately undergo a thorough change and I have reason to expect that I shall not be overlooked. At any rate, I will not be long separated from you, but I think it will be in England that we shall first meet again. I do not look with much complacency to any appointment in the West Indies. It is a dismal, vulgar, sensual, utterly unintellectual place to spend the best years of one's life in. There are no retiring pensions attached to these high sounding offices, as there are in the splendid East ; and by the time a man can save enough to buy him an annuity of £25, for the remaining

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seven years of his miserable life, he is a poor old yellow unserviceable thing that has left its liver behind it. . . . Farewell, for the present, my dearest Anna and believe me ever entirely your affectionate,

R. JAMESON.

MY DEAREST ANNA,—

The delay in the arrival of the Mail Boat gives me an opportunity of adding a P.S. ; and, in consequence of what has taken place since last night, it will be in all probability detained here some hours when it does arrive. I was awakened out of a capital sleep this morning by the intelligence that the Governor was within a few miles of the shore. Things were arranged with so much propriety that, just in the most burning part of the day, he landed. We conducted him to Government House, where two or three hours were spent in a manner most agreeable to a man in delicate health and wearied with a long voyage ; that is in reading his Commission and swearing him in to his office. Of course I have seen nothing yet of either him or Miss MacGregor, but his appearance is extremely interesting and I cannot but augur well from his manner. He is very like a pale Charles Kemble, but seems to be sadly cut to pieces in war, writes with his left hand etc. I am to meet him at dinner an hour from this time. I suspect, poor man, he would rather spend the evening in a cool, quiet room with his daughter. . . .

In 1833, Mr. Jameson returned from Dominica in quest of a better appointment, which he soon

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obtained through his wife's influence. He was only a few months in England before leaving for Canada to take up his new appointment as puisne judge in the province of Toronto. Soon after his departure, Anna set out for Germany.

CHAPTER IV

GERMANY

ANNA had visited Germany in 1829, when she and her father had been the guests of Sir Gerard Noel ; she had, ever since that date, longed to return to a country with which she felt herself much in sympathy. Italy was still the land of her dreams, but Germany was the land where the intellectual life was the most alive ; moreover she had inexhaustible treasure to study in the galleries, and she probably realized that she would find many a subject for her pen in the manners and customs of modern Germany. We have only to refer to Carlyle's Preface to the first edition of his translation of " Wilhelm Meister " to realize how little was known of German art and literature in this country ; in the intervening nine years—he wrote it in 1824—he had done much to throw light on the subject, but it was still far from popular.

Anna found the Germans extremely cordial. The men, she says, seemed to her more original than her own countrymen and the women more homely than their English sisters. Their habits were more

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domestic, sometimes disagreeably so, as when a *grosse wäsche* prevented her from seeing a conscientious friend. The men were too careless in their dress to please her, a circumstance which she put down to the universal habit of frequenting "taverns"; otherwise she has nothing but praise for her new acquaintances.

She might well have been flattered at the reception she received. Madame de Staël, whom she adored and to whom in her heart of hearts she at times likened herself, was treated as a negligible writer whose celebrated work "L'Allemagne" was already out of date, but her own works were known and appreciated and a German edition of the "Characteristics of Women" was just about to be issued at Leipzig.

Besides the advantage of her literary reputation, Anna brought with her many letters of introduction, notably some from Mr. Robert Noel and his German wife, by means of which she made acquaintance with many interesting people.

The following letter is from her sister Charlotte, who accompanied her to Germany, returning to England alone after a short stay in the Fatherland.

Charlotte Murphy to Mrs. Murphy.

WEIMAR,

June 27, 1833.

DEAR MAMMA, PAPA, AND ELIZA,—

We arrived here on Sunday evening from Gotha; I did not intend to write again so soon but

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Nina has changed her plan. We do not stay here longer than to-morrow, when we set off for the Rhine. The reception here has been quite delightful; Nina has been received with open arms. Madame von Goethe, in particular, she is much charmed with; she is the daughter-in-law of the poet, a most lively and delightful person, so very delightful that she is the cause of our departure. We accompany her to Bonn, where it is Nina's present intention to stay for some time. You will be pleased, as well as very much surprised, when I tell you that the first news that we learnt at Weimar was that a German translation of the "Characteristics of Women" will appear soon; it is published at Leipzig; unfortunately from the first edition. . . . We have, as yet, travelled mostly with English people, many of whom came over in the packet from London with us; we had delightful people who now make themselves agreeable until I leave for England; and it is probable that some of them may go as far as Rotterdam with me. We are to be at Bonn under the care of a Madame Schopenhauer,¹ a writer of German romances. I forgot to tell you that we have not seen Mr. Noel but he is spoken of in the highest terms by everybody. At the Table d'Hôte, which I have found very pleasant, Nina and I amuse ourselves head-ifying "à la Burlowe"²; I feel such constant excitement that I find it quite impossible to fix my attention to write to you. I have so many things to say I know not where to begin. My head feels quite confused with the constant variety of places and persons I have seen during the last journeys. . . .

I am most affectionately yours,

CHARLOTTE MURPHY.

¹ Johanna Schopenhauer, 1766-1838.

² Henry Burlowe (or Behnes), sculptor, died 1837.

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Anna Jameson to her sisters.

WEIMAR,

June 27, 1833.

MY DEAREST LOUISA AND CAMILLA,—

. . . My reception here has been very cordial, my name is well known, for the English editions of some of my books are sold at Leipzig and a German edition of the last is announced; fortunately, I have just arrived in time to have some alterations made and to send the translator a copy of the last Edition. Madame von Goethe is a charming little woman full of talent and vivacity and I have accepted her invitation to accompany her to Frankfurt and the Rhine for several reasons, partly to improve my acquaintance with her and partly to be introduced, under her auspices, to the best society at Frankfurt and Bonn, which is of great consequence to me; she has interested herself in all my plans and has contrived to interest me particularly. She knows every distinguished person in Germany, France and England. . . . We are most anxious for letters; how do you go on amid foreign and domestic broils? How is dear sweet Baby? How does the bust go on? Apropos—you must thank Harry Burlowe for my reception here, for I owe it in great part to his friend Noel. Pray tell him so; Mr. Noel is very much respected. . . .

Farewell and once more God bless you.

Your affectionate

ANNA.

Carlyle had called Saxony the Attica of Germany and Weimar its Athens; although the greatest

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names had passed away, there was still much literary activity and the memory of the giants of the intellect was over all. Anna met here Madame von Helvig, the friend of Schiller, and Madame de Wolzogen, his sister-in-law and biographer ; with Ottilie von Goethe,¹ the widowed daughter-in-law of the great poet, who still lived in his house with her two sons, she struck up a lasting friendship. With her she wandered over the now historic house, visiting the room where Goethe had worked, lingering beside the old chair in which he died, and finding a "melancholy propriety" in the bas-relief that hung over the door leading to his apartments, on which was represented the empty throne of Jupiter with an eagle cowering at its foot amongst spent thunderbolts.

Ottilie von Goethe was a very remarkable character. She had managed to live in Goethe's house for fifteen years, in constant intercourse with his master mind, without, in any way, sacrificing her own individuality. She was a child of nature, egotistic, erratic, bright, with a deeper side to her character which only added to her charm. In earlier days, she used to preside over the poet's tea-table, where she entertained Thackeray among other English people, and her new friend found her

¹ Baroness Ottilie von Pogwisch married August von Goethe, who died in 1830. Her two sons were Walther Wolfgang, b. 1818, composer of operettas and songs, and Wolfgang, b. 1820, jurist and poet.

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conversation "the most untiring thing I have ever enjoyed." Ottilie used to read Plutarch's *Lives* aloud to her father-in-law, and he delighted in her companionship; but it is evident that she lived her own life, indolent, self-centred, careless even to the extent of leaving the great man to wrestle with domestic difficulties unaided by feminine tact. She had a real regard for Goethe, however, which she proved by nursing him through his last illness, when she sat by him, hour after hour, with his hands in her own; she was one of those who heard his last cry "Light, more light!" and it was she who placed her finger on her lips to signify that he slept, when the poet had sunk in death. Anna tells us that she afterwards refused a "splendid" offer from a publisher to write an account of his private life. "He told the world all he chose the world to know," she said, "and if not, is it for me—for *me!*—to fill up the vacancy by telling what, perhaps, he never meant to be told—what I owed to his boundless love and confidence? That were too horrible!"

Through Ottilie, Anna made acquaintance with Adèle Schopenhauer¹ and Sybille Mertens Schaffhausen, her two most intimate friends. It speaks much for her capacity for making herself loved that she became, in a very short time, the trusted friend of all three. Adèle Schopenhauer was the daughter of the novelist, a lively old lady who refused to live with her son Arthur, because his pessimistic theories

¹ Adèle Schopenhauer, 1793–1849.

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kept her awake at night ; mother and daughter were now living at Bonn, where their house had become a literary centre, much as it had been during their residence at Weimar. Adèle was the author of several novels, but her chief talent lay in the art of the silhouettist.¹ In her novel " Anna " she is supposed to have portrayed herself, Ottilie, and some other of her friends.

Anna Jameson to her Parents.

Bonn,

July 30, 1833.

MY DEAREST FATHER AND VERY DEAR KIND MOTHER,—

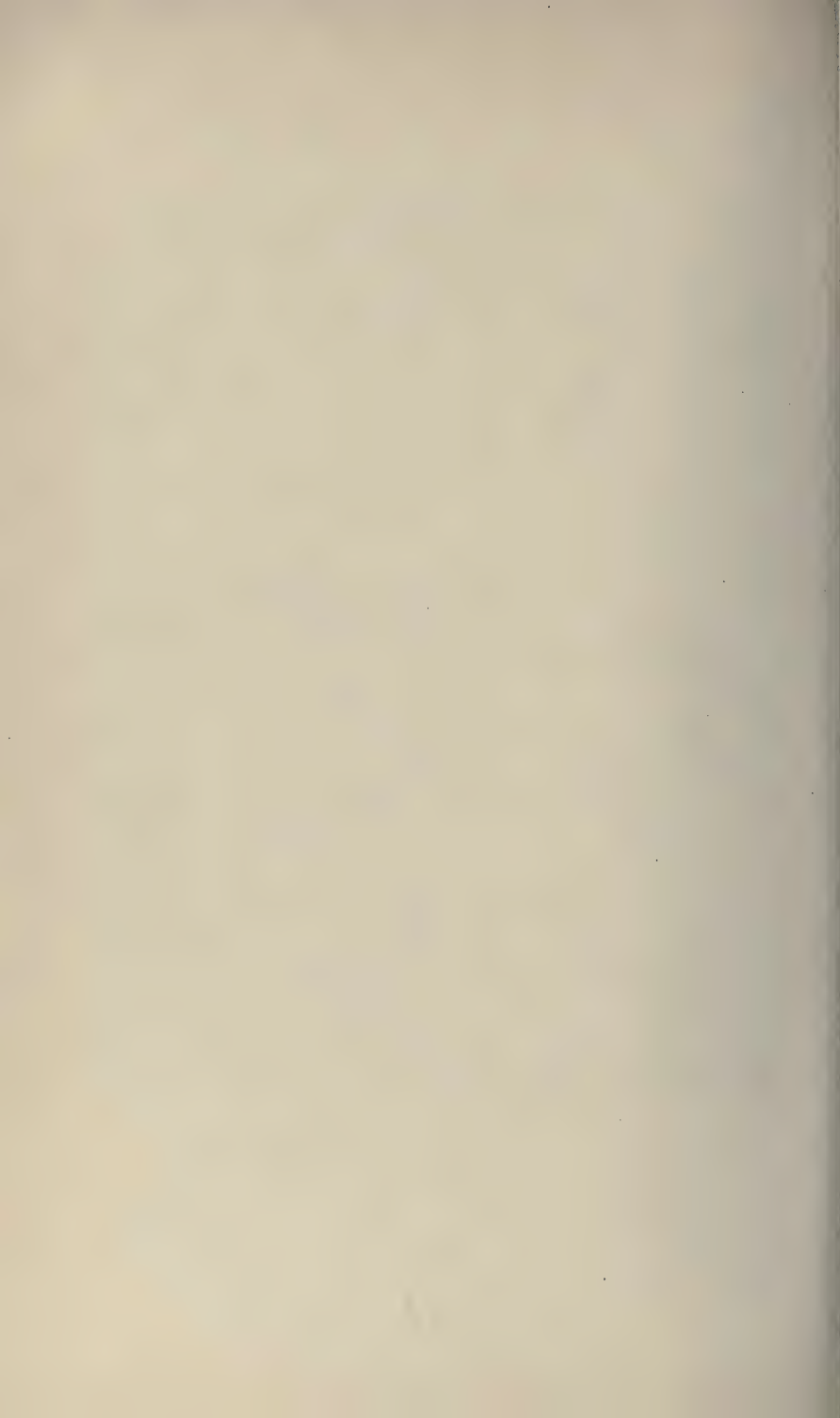
. . . I left Frankfurt with much regret on the 19th ; it is an expensive place and I could not afford to stay longer, so I broke through all its fascinations, left my dear little friend Madame de Goethe and came here to be very quiet and studious for three weeks. I have an excellent German and work sometimes four or six hours a day ; till I have mastered my German Grammar, I could do nothing and I am determined not to be repelled or diverted from my German studies. I take all the fine, or rather the affectionate, compliments of my dear Father as they are meant ; to be touched with them and to believe them sincere, is not to believe them true. I am not Madame de Stael, but would be well content with half her greatness. I will confess, however, that though I have often dreamt of fame and sighed for it, I never knew before what it really is ; its advantages and its disadvantages. It is gratifying to find that I am no stranger in this foreign country,

¹ A number of these have been reproduced recently, edited by Kroeber.



CUT PAPER DESIGN BY ADELE SCHOPENHAUER.

Genius gathers flowers on earth and throws them heavenwards, where they become stars.



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that my name and the opinions and sentiments I advocate are well known even to those who have not read my little books; everywhere I find friends and people anxious to talk to me and to inform me on subjects of art and literature and to know in return what I think of them and their country etc., and all this is very pleasant. At a party given by Madame Mertens, one of the principal people here, (at her country house which is just opposite to the glorious Drachenfels) I met the celebrated Schlegel,¹ who was brought up to be introduced to me; when Mrs. Trollope² was here he avoided seeing her and the Germans generally seem quite afraid of her, as of a woman who is come, as they express it, *to make a book*—but I see with pleasure that there is a kindly feeling toward me which I should be a wretch to abuse. My principal friend here is Mdlle. Schopenhauer; you must ask Charlotte about her, and about every thing else; she will tell you more in half an hour than I could put into a volume.

We have just returned from spending a pleasant day at Petersdorf, the country house of the Mertens. There was the beautiful little hill of the Gottsberg, crowned with its ruins, and opposite the Drachenfels and the Rhine, like a beautiful lake spread out between them and bounding the garden and vineyards in which we walked. . . .

It will give you some idea of the simplicity of manners yet prevailing here, when I tell you that the other night I supped en famille with Madame Mertens, who has one of the most beautiful houses here, 2 carriages, servants in proportion, etc., and her two eldest daughters laid the cloth, handed the wine etc. . . .

¹ August von Schlegel, 1767–1845.

² Frances Trollope, novelist, 1780–1863.

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FRANKFURT,

September 5, 1833.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—

I have the opportunity of sending a letter free; I hope it will reach you safely and soon. I found at Manheim a letter from Canada; as usual, very well written, very cold and very vague. I do not think he is disappointed in his office; he has seen the Almas who are flourishing, he has stood godfather to Emily's youngest son. His books and papers have been shipwreck'd, which is a real misfortune and no small expense; he has not seen the falls of Niagara; there is a party against him, but the popular opinion is for him, being considered a *Whig* official. No Solicitor General is yet appointed, so that a double weight of duty falls upon him and he was just going the circuit (of more than 1,000 miles); he says he will write to Henry Bate, when he knows more about the settlers—this is an Epitome of his letter.

Now of myself—a few words; when I left dear Charlotte I returned to Bonn, but the voyage was horridly fatiguing and disastrous—we struck on a sand bank in the middle of the night and were eight hours in jeopardy—I mean the vessel—for it was the danger of shipwreck without the possibility of being drown'd. It was ten o'clock on Saturday night before I reached Bonn. I found my friends in great alarm about me and Madame Mertens, whose lively imagination pictured me as dying of the Cholera in some Dutch village, was on the point of sending off expresses to Dusseldorf, Nimeguën and Rotterdam, to enquire my fate. I remained at Bonn (with her) for some days longer than I intended. . . . I became more intimate with Schlegel who was very amiable and entertaining and the attention

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and friendship of Madame Schopenhauer and Madame Mertens seemed to increase daily, so that I could with difficulty get away at last. . . . I had been four or five days at Manheim and was going to start for Munich when I received a letter from Madame de Goethe which brought me here. She has been extremely ill; I am now staying with her. Tell Charlotte I found two letters from Madame de Goethe at Bonn, and she is the same amusing, affectionate *little frisk* that we found her; she has been obliged to nurse me here for I have been much indisposed ever since my arrival and have not yet seen either the Johnstones or Madame Koch. My purpose is to return to Manheim as soon as I can get away, Monday at farthest, and thence I shall be off to Stuttgart and Munich as soon as possible. Madame de Goethe prefers me to spend the winter *with her* at Weimar, but I have not accepted the invitation, though I believe I shall return thither before my return to England. I regret very much that I did not see Lady Morgan¹ and Mrs. Trollope who have both been here during my absence. I have read Lady Morgan's last book with pleasure. It has amused me very much while I have been ill here. The Germans are rather afraid of Mrs. Trollope, whom Madame de G. describes as *vulgar* in manner and appearance. "If you write your travels in Germany" said Schlegel to me at parting, "speak . . . whatever you may think." Could I do otherwise than think well and speak well of the Germans? I should be most ungrateful, for I meet friends everywhere and if my mind were quite at ease about home I should be really very happy; not a day passes in which I do not learn something new.

¹ Lady Morgan, daughter of a strolling player, author of "The Wild Irish Girl," etc., 1783-1859.

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On board the steam boat coming up the Rhine, I met a benevolent looking old gentleman to whom I paid some disinterested attention, though I thought him a little prosy and something of a bore—and see how my virtue was rewarded ! it turned out to be Mr. J. who wrote a learned book about the production and consumption of the precious metals, who is an M.P. and is now travelling on some mission from Government. We became such good friends that he gave me a note of introduction to Munich—to one of the most distinguished men there—Dr. Martius. I shall take with me ten or twelve letters altogether, so that I expect to pass my time very pleasantly. At Stuttgart I shall go to see old Dannecker¹ and I take a letter to the Ambassador Lady Disbrowe. I assure you, dear Papa, that it is much more amusing to travel as I do, than as we did with Sir Gerard Noel; though I must think of his kindness with gratitude and pleasure. I write in such a hurry to send my letter to the bag to-night, that I have omitted much I have to tell you, but wait a while, you will see what pleasant evenings we shall have, and what materials I shall bring for eternal talk. . . .

Your affectionate child who loves you,

ANNA.

Schlegel became very amiable before I left Bonn, and they tell me it was a complete conquest—pity I am married ! for certainly his stars and his ribbons are very becoming—and as for his wig, I think he only wears one in imitation of his Jupiter; in short, he

¹ Johann Heinrich von Dannecker, 1758–1841.

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talked of Madame de Stael and Bernadotte and Sanscrit till I fancied him quite captivating. . . .

Ottilie's description of Lady Morgan and of her French address is amusing :—" Ach mein Gott ! if she would have said to me ' *Cushlamachree* ' I would have embraced her ! " Walther is much improved and desires his compliments to *Miss Charlotte*. I believe he will go to Heidelberg with me, and then he and his mother return to Weimar to keep Wolf's birthday. . . .

D. B. MURPHY, Esq.,
9, *Bruton Street*,
Berkeley Square,
London.

At Stuttgart Anna visited the sculptor Dannecker in his studio, and was grieved to find how aged and altered he was, since she had first seen him three years ago. At that time, he had been engaged on the tomb of the Queen of Wurtemberg, and he had said musingly : " I grow old ; I have carved the effigies of three generations of poets and as many of princes " ; now he seemed sunk into a state of coma, except when he roused himself to talk a little about Schiller.

Anna Jameson to D. B. Murphy.

MUNICH,
October 15, 1833.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—

Munich is the most beautiful city I ever saw except Florence, but I have suffered so much here that

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I shall leave it without regret. Dr. Martius tells me that almost all foreigners do, more or less ; the cold is so intense, at times, and the air so oppressive, that I long to fly across the Alps. In three days I could be at Milan, in four at Venice ; the very idea of sunning myself under an Italian sky, though only for a few hours, is a great temptation, but all my plans and pursuits carry me to the North and I shall set off for Dresden in a few days, where I am told that I shall be *fêtée*, that is, welcomed like a princess. You can follow me on the map from Munich to Salzburg—to Linz—to Prague—to Dresden.

In "Visits and Sketches" Anna has much to say of Dresden. "Tieck¹ is the literary colossus of Dresden," she writes ; "perhaps I should say of Germany." Besides making acquaintance with the famous critic who annotated his copy of her "Characteristics of Women," a book that she afterwards tried to buy when his library was sold, she struck up a friendship with the artist Retzsch,² whose outline illustrations to the works of Shakespeare and Goethe she admired so much that she afterwards assisted him to have them reproduced in England. "I consider my introduction to Moritz Retzsch as one of the most memorable and agreeable incidents of my short sojourn at Dresden."

In spite of new scenes and new faces, she was much taken up with Ottilie's love affairs which

¹ Johann Ludvig Tieck, 1773-1853.

² Moritz Retzsch, 1779-1857.

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began to give her grave concern. The tongue of scandal was busy with her name and she gave it only too good a cause, her liaisons being apparently an open secret.

Anna Jameson to Ottilie von Goethe.

DRESDEN,

November 9th.

“Your letter dearest Ottilie which I found here on my arrival, has given me that mixture of pleasure and pain which you seem born to bestow on all who love you, in every form and in every degree. . . .

“As to N. . . . I certainly shall not meddle with his intentions or his sentiments in any way—and be assured that I shall tell him nothing about le Capitaine. If that penchant is happily past, let it be buried in *that* churchyard among the others and for Heaven’s sake dig the grave deep enough. I will come and help to sing its requiem, or I feel inclined to turn it into a *Jubilate*—forgive me! . . .

And blessings on Mr. Hayward, sent I am sure by an especial providence, to make a diversion in favour of reason and common sense! When I see him in England I shall certainly feel inclined to embrace him. And Monsieur le Capitaine has his congé? Really? tout de bon? . . . I love you dear Ottilie for that *abandon*, and would almost add that *inconsequence* where yourself are concerned; I respect and esteem in you that delicacy towards your friends which I do not often meet in others. My own nature is so reserved, that discretion is in me scarce a virtue, for my mind and heart—though always full, too full—seldom over-

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flow, but were I to place confidence in anyone I would trust in you. Thank you for writing in English; if you sometimes fail in grammar, you never fail in grace and colloquial propriety of expression. . . .

Torment your lovers as you will—torment yourself, if you must—but spare your friends. . . .”

CHAPTER V

OTTLIE VON GOETHE

ANNA returned from Germany sooner than she had intended, owing to her father's sudden illness. During her stay in England she lived in her parents' house in St. John's Wood, and seems to have been busily occupied. Notwithstanding her father's illness and the extra responsibility which then fell on her to provide money for the home, she went a great deal into society. "For myself," she wrote to Mr. Noel, "I am leading that most abominable life—a life of laborious dissipation. I have suffered myself to be entangled in the machinery of society and am whirled round as if I were bound upon the wheel of a steam engine. But it shall not last! Shall I whisper something to you? I indulge a hope of visiting Germany in the spring."

"Visits and Sketches" came out in 1834, and Anna was also busy arranging for the publication of Retzsch's outline drawings in England; this year was also memorable as the one in which her friendship for Lady Byron¹ began, a friendship that was to prove one of the most epoch-making in her life.

¹ Lady Byron (Augusta Milbanke), 1792–1860.

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The autumn found her in Berlin, whence she writes an amusing letter, giving a description of her visit to the Grand Ducal Court at Weimar.

Anna Jameson to Louisa Bate.

BERLIN,

September 15, 1834.

. . . I have a long letter from Eliza, who certainly has, *par la grace de Dieu*, the talent of writing most admirable letters. Her account of home is, on the whole, satisfactory, but I fear those dear girls will have a hard struggle thro' the winter; they must keep up their spirits and all, I am sure, will in the end be well. It would go much against my conscience if, while they were toiling at home, I was indulging in extravagances abroad, but so far from it, my expenses are much *less* than when in England. For instance, I am here at Berlin, a great City and one of the most expensive places in Germany; I am in one of the most beautiful streets, bearing the same relation to the best part of the town as Bruton Street in London. I pay 14 shillings a week (4 Thalers $\frac{1}{2}$) for my lodging (a bedroom and a sitting-room including attendance) 4 gros. (or 6d.) every morning for my breakfast of coffee, cream and cakes, and 18d. for my dinner, including a glass of wine; my principal expenses consist in sight seeing, fees, and now and then coach hire; but altogether I do not spend more than £2 a week. When travelling of course *that* is more, but upon an average I spend less than in London. . . . Well, now to talk of myself, for Charlotte is very curious to hear of my proceedings at Weimar, as she knows the place and

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people and perhaps it will amuse you all. I am not afraid of playing the egotist when I write to dear Home. You must know that when the Grand Duchess¹ returned from Carlsbad, she sent me an *invitation* to appear at Court. I did not ask to be presented, nor much *wish* it. I was afraid I should have been nervous; not from *mauvaise honte* but because there was considerable curiosity excited on my account and several persons present who were fond of me and anxious I should please. Before I set off, Ottilie (who was keeping her bed from indisposition) examined my dress, approved and dismissed me with her last instructions: "Now Anna, remember that she is *Imperial Highness* and *talk*, TALK, TALK!! do some credit to your own celebrity or I shall scold you '*fürchterlich*' " (terribly). Madame de Pogwisch went with me and Countess Henkel von Donnestomarch, as Grand Mistress, presented me and, as I am a great pet of hers, it seemed to be with peculiar pleasure. When we were assembled in the saloon of the Palace—there were few persons, for it was *not* a Court day—I was the only person presented except an English gentleman. There were present the Countess Fritsch, first lady of Honour, the Maids of honour, the Grand Chamberlain, the Mareschal de Cam, the Grand lawyer or Master of Horse and Baron von Linher—I forget who else; when we had waited about 10 minutes, the Grand Duchess entered and Countess Henkel immediately led me up to her and introduced me. Then began the usual royal common places as how I liked Germany? hoped Weimar would be agreeable to me, that she would have the pleasure of seeing me often and so forth; then some questions

¹ The Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar Eisenach.

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about England and my journey; all the conversation was of course in French. I said I understood her Imperial Highness spoke and understood English perfectly, but she said she would not venture to speak English with me; she is rather deaf and speaks very quick and inarticulately, so that I was under much disadvantage. However it seems I made a favourable impression; I was kept to dinner—the Grand Duchess seated me next herself and I did not find that this propinquity to an Imperial Highness took away my appetite, for I was extremely hungry. After dinner we returned to the Saloon first, the Chamberlain and Mareschal de Cour leading the way, then her Imperial Highness, alone, then we all followed. After some conversation, the Grand Duchess curtsied to us and retired and we all went home. I was told afterwards that my French was particularly approved of; this was on Friday the 29th, I think. On Sunday I was asked to an evening party to meet the Duke of Cambridge; on Tuesday to dinner; being ill I was unable to go and I wrote to the Countess Henkel afterwards to express my regret and say I was to leave Weimar on Saturday. The Grand Duchess sent me a dinner invitation for Friday, which I accepted. I should tell you that my note was shewn to her Highness and she insisted on keeping it; it was in French. On bidding me adieu she kindly urged my return and said she regretted I should not see her children (*ses enfants*) at Berlin—alluding to her Daughters, one of whom is the wife of Prince William and the other of Prince Charles of Prussia. So ended my court Honours, but I should tell you that this Grand Duchess is really a distinguished and admirable woman, active, benevolent, and extremely

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accomplished; she must have been, in her youth, very nearly handsome, if not quite so. She is more like her Mother, the late Empress of Russia, than any of her other children.

I came to Berlin for the sake of seeing the annual exhibition of pictures, but am unable to make any stay, as I have promised Ottilie to go to Vienna with her and we are to set off from Weimar the 25th. I am working away here to get thro as much as possible, for fear some accident should prevent my return, and I am so dead tired I can scarce write this—so you must excuse all faults and omissions.

Farewell dearest and God bless you. Kiss darling for me.

ANNA.

Anna Jameson to Mrs. Murphy.

ÜBER ROTTERDAM.

VIENNA,

December 31, 1834.

A letter from you my dear sweet Mamma is indeed a favour! with what delight and gratitude I read it is not to be expressed. I do not know what may be in the Edinburgh Review, but what is all the fame and all the praise in the world, or that the world could give, compared to the first few lines of your dear affectionate letter! All day I carried it in the bosom of my gown and I would not have exchanged the sensations with which it warmed my heart, to be Madame de Staël herself in all her glory. Thank you for all the news you send me, you mention everyone who is interesting to me. I thought of you all on Christmas Day and joined the pleasant circle round dear Frank's and

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Camilla's hospitable table. Madame de Goethe and I took compassion on a few agreeable English who are here and gave them an English Christmas dinner, as well as we could manage it. We had excellent Ragout-soup, Carp from the Danube (baked) a turkey roasted (not bigger than the wing of a Norfolk turkey) with sausages—but sausages without Saur Kraut being a thing inconceivable to a German cook, the Saur Kraut came up accordingly. Then we had an excellent tongue, and a capital dish of mixed fruits en compote, but alas ! no plumb pudding ! Xmas day is not the great day in Germany, but the evening before, when it is the custom to exchange sentiments and presents, and this to an extent you can scarce imagine. The presents which Madame de Goethe had prepared for her children, family, servants on that evening cost her at least 150 or 200 florins. The custom is to display these gifts on an illuminated table, with a fir-tree planted in the middle, to which are suspended abundance of wax lights, sugar plums and little toys and trinkets. Noel, who was at Prince Metternichs that night, says that the presents etc. which covered the table were worth at least 10,000 florins. Madame de Goethe gave me a beautiful head of her father in law, engraved on a fine cornelian, which had been done from life and a gift from him to herself. This of course pleased me exceedingly. After leaving her safe in bed (for she is a miserable invalid at present) I went to hear the midnight Mass at St. Stephens, which is perhaps the finest Gothic church in the world ; it was illuminated with thousands of wax lights, crowded with thousands of people and the Christmas morning was ushered in with a peal of grand music from a full orchestra, the

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great organ swelling above all the rest and rolling through the aisles like thunder—all the people crossing themselves and falling on their knees. A pretty considerable degree of love making goes on upon these occasions, as I have been told ; but I cannot speak from experience. I stood by the tomb of Prince Eugene and watched the scene with great interest.

I have not, however, enjoyed my stay at Vienna, nor am I likely to do so. Ottilie is obliged to return to Weimar the 1st of February.

VIENNA,

February 2, 1835.

MY DEAREST MOTHER AND DEAREST FATHER AND
DEAR GOOD PEOPLE ALL !

I have been meditating a letter to you for these three weeks, but my plans were so uncertain that I deferred writing to you from day to day till I could speak of the future ; all I can now say is, that I have no intention of leaving Vienna during this month, but about the 4th or 5th of March we commence our journey northwards. At present we find that it is utterly impossible and I confess I do not feel any wish to leave Vienna yet. The weather has been horribly severe and I caught cold going suddenly out of the heated rooms into the air ; so that during this last fortnight I have kept my room almost constantly. I have been out only twice. I am making here many interesting acquaintances and you will perhaps be amused to hear that my most intimate friend is a sovereign Princess—the Princess of Hohenzollern, who was a princess of Courland ; another of my most intimate friends is Madame d'Arnetti, once a celebrated

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X actress of Vienna, now a happy wife and mother ; a woman of excellent reputation and full of talent. Another of my friends is Caroline von Pichler,¹ one of the best of the German female writers and a dear good old woman ; her mother was chamber-woman to Maria Theresa, and a friend of Metastasio, so that I am in the very midst of all I want—only I am in despair that I have not the Memoirs of Maria Theresa with me, that I might make some additions and alterations.

. . . I feel like a sponge, drinking in all around me ; the worst is, the want of money, or rather the want of *money enough*—a very general complaint. I have just enough to live and go into society and visit the Galleries ; enough for my daily expenses but nothing beyond and this is very hard, when I am surrounded with many things which I may never again be able to obtain—for instance, only to mention one thing, the beautiful Bohemian Linen. I long so to bring some to Mamma—*very fine* at a florin an ell—a florin is (here) two shillings. It is quite certain that in the midst of my travels and all the amusement and excitement I enjoy, I learn self-denial and many hard lessons besides.

I was present the other day at a very striking scene—the marriage of an Englishman with a young lady of Vienna, the Countess Julie Szechenyi. There were present about 50 persons of the first Austrian and Hungarian families. I was with the Princess Hohenzollern and the Countess Zichy ; the Bridegroom was Mr. Parry, one of the sons of that Mrs. Parry whom I liked so much in England. Another curious scene was a Bal-masqué at the Court and another of a

¹ Caroline von Pichler, 1769–1843.

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different sort was a Ball of the Bourgeoisie, which I must say appeared to me both the merriest and the most desirous of the two. I have not lately visited any of the Galleries in consequence of the extreme severity of the weather, but at the Bourg-Theatre (which is the Court Theatre of Vienna) I had a great treat the other night—the representation of one of the famous German Tragedies, Schiller's *Don Carlos*, given in a style of which we have no idea in England ; the people were dissatisfied because *one* character was not well played ! On the whole Vienna pleases me. One thing which renders it most striking to a foreigner, is that it has remained stationary, while all things have moved around it ; the people go on just as in the reign of Maria Theresa and they are apparently a very contented, good-natured set of people as you can imagine. The old Emperor is exceedingly beloved. Every night that I go to the Bourg I see him and the Empress and some part of their family in their box and, turn which way I will in the streets, I see nothing but Placards announcing that a *Ball* will be given in such and such a place, or some similar amusement and besides Sunday which is here a real holiday, there are at least five or six other Holidays in a month when all shops are shut, all business suspended, all theatres open and nothing thought of but amusement. The Government is strict beyond conception and there are no disorders, no open violations of decorum ; though I am told and believe that this is the most dissipated capital in Europe. . . . At the same time the degree of depravation at London and Paris, is here quite unknown.

Now God bless you my dear dear Father, Mother and sisters. I am always the same, your affectionate

ANNA.

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Anna Jameson to D. Brownell Murphy.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—

I have just heard from Strangways that a comice will probably leave Vienna to-night or to-morrow, so I seize the welcome opportunity to scribble you a few lines. I am glad you have been amused by anything in my letters ; I wish I could send you some more amusement, but at present my life is so quiet. Vienna is empty and I am working so hard, that no amusement comes to seek me and I have no time to go and seek amusement. I had, however, what Frank would call a *bit of a lark* yesterday. I went with a party, not indeed very fine or elegant or titled, but very goodnatured, to try the ascent of the Leopoldsberg—my greatest undertaking since my illness. You must know that the Leopoldsberg is a high precipitous hill, or rather a little mountain (as we should think it, being perhaps four or five times as elevated as Highgate) which is to the North west of Vienna ; it is celebrated in the history of the country, being the ancient stronghold and seat of the old Margraves of Austria, God knows how long ago. We drove in carriages to the foot of the hill and then ascended on Donkeys ; as we ascended, the most glorious view broke upon us, sometimes seen through breaks between the hills, sometimes lost and then opened again in another direction, varying at every moment. When we had reached the highest point, the whole splendid Panorama was before or rather around us ; the Danube dividing into numerous branches loses here much of its size and grandeur, but forming hundreds of Islands of every possible size and form, it assumes

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a singular and characteristic appearance. To the North we had Moravia and then the last of the Carpathian hills running eastward to the castle of Presburg in Hungary ; the Monatberg and Town of Kloster-Neuburg, washed by the Danube ; to the South East the Great City with its vast suburbs and the spire of St. Stephens piercing the heavens—then beyond, the Danube uniting its divided waters and rolling through the field of battle of *Asperne* and lost in the plains of Hungary, and to the south, the Styrian and Corinthian Mountains, the Schneeberg, snow topped, bounding the landscape. It was altogether a splendid scene, splendid in itself and splendid to the imagination, and I wished for you and thought of you, my dear Father, for you would have enjoyed it ; to add to the *effects*, there was a thunderstorm gathering on one side, while the moon was reigning on the other, but pale as if afraid of being swallowed up in the wild sulphurous clouds which were gathering round her and in truth we returned home in the midst of the most vivid lightning and most tumultuous hurricane I can remember. You know I am not afraid of lightning and never was, but last evening it seemed to run along every nerve, brought on a slight relapse of those spasms which are now my horror and made me faint away. To-day I am better, but not allowed to stir from my Sopha (I would get out of bed to write to you) so that I am painfully warned of the necessity of Prudence until I am stronger. I remain here, in my little lodging, to write quietly and as soon as I have my MS in some order, I will set off for Weimar, and thence to England.

The Countess Thun has been here with all her family --I am sure you remember Franz Thun whom I brought

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one day to see you? he has two brothers almost as amiable as himself and two sisters of whom I do not know much as yet ; but with the lady mother I am *charmed*, she seems so full of heart and kindness. They have been to me full of attentions and while the young men were here they came out to me almost every day. I am asked to spend part of the Summer at their old Castle of Setchen—you will find the spot between Prague and Dresden—and as it is not far out of my way to Weimar I intend to go there at least for a few days ; it is an aspect of German life I had not yet seen and, if it were otherwise without interest, I like them all so much that the idea gives me pleasure. Pray my dear Father, can you form the most distant guess at the reasons of Jameson's conduct? it is near three months since the date of his last letter !

I hurry to a conclusion because I wish to write to Mr. Stephens, the under Colonial Secretary. So farewell my dear Father and all that home circle who live in my heart.

ANNA.,

I have received dear Camilla's letter—if possible I will answer it by this packet and if not I will find some other opportunity. Countess Fuchs has just arrived from Bohemia and wants to take me to Ischel with her ; it will cost me nothing and I feel much tempted—it is the very Bath to which my doctor ordered me and everyone says it will do me good. You will find Ischel on the map to the east of Salzburg. How does this burning weather agree with dear Mamma? I fancy her panting in her garden, looking like one of her own roses. How have the holidays

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gone off? have Eliza and Charlotte had any amusement? and have you not been happy to see more of them? I can get no English books. Fanny Kemble's journal I have not read—I am anxious to see why every one is so angry.

Anna Jameson to Mrs. Murphy.

TRAUNKIRCHEN

(A little village on the Gmunden-See),

August 17, 1835.

This little villainous sketch, done by candle-light, is an attempt to give you an idea of the spot in which I write now, this 17th of August, your Birthday my dearest Mamma and dear good Sister Eliza! a day, which I shall ever and every where *keep holy*—God bless you both! I know very well you will think of me to-day and you will *feel* that my heart is with you as indeed it is, but that you may understand something of my movements I must tell you some of my history. I was ordered to the mountains for a few weeks to do nothing but keep quiet, and take cold baths; so I came to Gmundan on the Gmunden See. If you look on the map of Germany for Vienna you must imagine me travelling from Vienna to Linz; at Linz I took a little carriage with one horse which brought me to Gmunden, just 42 miles to the south of Linz, at the head of a beautiful lake. I found that an English gentleman I knew at Vienna was at Traunkirchen, a little wild picturesque village on the west shore of the lake, about 6 miles farther. I took a boat to pay them (that is Banfield and his wife) a visit; I found near them a little deserted cottage, which I got furnished from a

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little Inn and hither I came bag and baggage. I have two nice little rooms, a good bed, a little garden with a summer house, and attendance from the Inn, all for 30 Kreutzer or about 13 pence a day ; my eating and drinking cost perhaps as much more, so that I am really living in a kind of earthly paradise for half a crown a day, all expenses included, except boating, in which I am rather extravagant. Just behind my cottage, which is on the very edge of the Lake, there is a little nook where I plunge every morning and frighten the fishes ; I then take a little walk among the rocks and try to sketch now and then. I have made some scratches which are not so very bad and will serve to give dear Papa an idea of the sort of scenery about me. The lake is about 9 miles in length and about 2 miles in breadth, but the mountains around are on such an enormous scale that the lake looks sometimes as if one could throw a stone across it. The water is clear as chrystal ; it is subject, like the other mountain lakes, to sudden storms and then it looks magnificent. I rowed across the lake yesterday, with the Banfields, to visit a waterfall on the opposite side ; just as we had re-embarked we saw one of these tremendous storms rolling down the valley (which you see behind the village in the background) while the lightning seemed to dart from cliff to cliff and glided along the surface of the lake—we ran our boat in a hurry under a rock and ran up to a miller's cottage where we found shelter. In another moment the waves were white with foam, the wind rushed over the lake as if driven by some tremendous power, the thunder echoed from mountain to mountain and the lightning falling on the summit of a mountain

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opposite, the Sonnenberg, set fire to the pines which smoked for some hours afterwards—it was altogether a splendid scene. The fury of the storm was soon over, but as the rain continued, we amused ourselves with the miller and his wife—rummaged all their little cottage, made them sing for us and had, in short, a good deal of amusement. The people, though primitive, are not rude, nor very poor, not sordidly so ; everywhere the cottages are clean and neat, but the women, spoiled by hard work, are prematurely old and their dress hideous.

I have often mentioned to you in my letters the Countess Zichy as one of my kindest friends—she is at Ischl which is nearly 20 miles from this ; on hearing of my intended arrival, she wrote to Banfield (who had been her English master) to desire he would see I wanted nothing and wanted to know my plans about going to Ischl. I wrote to her to thank her, but declined going to Ischl (which is the Cheltenham of Vienna). I feared being drawn into some expense but I said that I would meet her at the other end of the lake on the road to Ischl. The day after she received my note, she set off at 7 in the morning and, with her Sister-in-law Countess Françoise Szechenyi, came over here to see me. I had bathed in the lake and was sitting among the rocks in my dressing gown, never dreaming of such visitors, when Banfield came scrambling up to me. I had the key of my cottage so they could not get in and he had stationed them in my little summer house, with some fruit and bread before them, till I came. Down I ran and I shall never forget the countenance of the good Zichy, as she stood on the steps of the summer house,

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with her arms extended and her countenance quite radiant with pleasure, affection and every kindly feeling. Then began caresses and reproaches about staying here alone and so forth. They were so amused by my little cottage and all my arrangements and make-shifts, that to fine ladies in search of a new sensation it must have been “une bénédiction.” I have promised to go once to Ischl on my way to Salzburg, spend two days with them and be taken about to see the magnificent lakes in the neighbourhood and I go on Wednesday or Thursday. I cannot say I have yet gained much strength with all my boating, bathing and scrambling, but it will come, for my spirits are better—only I cannot eat yet ; bread and milk and a little fruit are the only things I taste with appetite. I began my letter in the morning ; when I went out I found my new friends, the Banfields, had prepared a little *fête* for me in honour of Mamma’s birthday. A boat was ready, the awning hung round with large garlands of flowers mingled with boughs of the mountain ash ; another boat followed filled with the women of the village in their holiday dresses, who sang in chorus the national songs such as you have heard the Tyrolese sing in London, but sounding very different when heard in the open air, among the rocks and mountains and accompanied by the dash of the oars ; it was really delicious and made me almost shed tears thinking of you all and feeling so alone on such a day. Thus we paraded in a sort of triumph to Ebensee, about 4 miles off, and there set off to visit a romantic lake among the mountains. I have no room to add more than another “God bless you all, amen !” Direct to Weimar. I hope Henry has received my last letter

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enclosing one for Jameson. Let me have a long letter giving me an account of the 17th and how you spent it and how dear Papa is and Louisa and *all* !

Anna had been two years in Germany when Robert Jameson wrote asking her to join him, as soon as possible, in Canada. The summons, so long expected, filled her with despair. Her life in Germany had been extremely happy ; she had been made so much of that she frequently declared her head was turned. In Weimar, where she went after leaving Traunkirchen, she was the guest of Ottolie, who treated her like a " pet sister " ; and here, amongst other distinguished people, she met Alexander von Humboldt. The thought of exchanging foreign travels and the congenial society of London for existence in the unknown wilds of a strange country, appalled her. Her motive in obeying the summons was probably more connected with a desire to regularize her financial affairs than with any idea of building up a family life in Toronto.

It must have cost her a real pang to leave Ottolie, for whose child she had stood god-mother, and for whose well-being she was trying to use her growing influence in Weimar. " Everything to Ottolie's advantage has been spread by us under the general expression, ' Mrs. Jameson has written it, ' " wrote one of her correspondents while she was still at Vienna. It is evident that Ottolie had become very

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dear to her and that she was willing to give up much for her sake.

Anna Jameson to Ottilie von Goethe.

LONDON,

June 27, 1836.

You are an angel sometimes and I love you when you justify my love for you ! and how I pity you ; outwardly in a false position, inwardly devoured by a malady, a madness, I can call it nothing else : consumed, not by *love*, there would be some sense in *that*, but by the desire to be loved, the appetite for exciting and being excited. . . . Forgive me, forgive me, my own O. but when I read your letter in which you begin by showing me how far you are from reason and composure, when I find not one word of any of your children, and a great deal about those horrid men who have destroyed your happiness and mine,—I see there is no hope—what pain, what fear, what shame overpowers me ! *L'amitié et* [sic] *bien fade après l'amour.* . . .

If I must give up the world, let the world go—it is not necessary for me, you are ! It does not need me, you do ! If I find there is a possibility of living with content in that place [Canada] and if the world treats you hardly, if you find difficulties about your child, will you come to me there ? If I can arrange the means and a home for you with me or near me ? And if the contrary should happen (as is most likely) and I find that I cannot stay there, will you patiently wait for me some months and take care of yourself till I rejoin you ? Which I will do if I live !

CHAPTER VI

A NEW WORLD

IN September 1836, Anna set sail, with many misgivings, for America. The start was not auspicious.

Anna Jameson to Mrs. Murphy.

OFF ST. HELENS, ISLE OF WIGHT,
Wednesday.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—

It seems almost a selfish thing to write to you in the state in which I am, but after the dreadful gale on Saturday and Sunday last it will be a satisfaction to you all, I believe, to know that I am at least *safe*; we came on board on Friday night (the 7th) and next morning sailed with a side wind—we were then off St. Helens—it came on a violent gale *ahead* as the sailors say. We were buffeted down the channel and then buffeted up again and after two days and nights of horrible suffering we were again off St. Helens and there we have remained. I have suffered dreadfully and do not get over it like the other passengers, who have all been very well since we have been at anchor; till yesterday evening I have never touched food since Friday morning last and am of course very much exhausted and so low and dejected

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that it requires the strongest effort not to go ashore with my letter and return to you all ; so much do the thoughts of all I have left, and all to which I go, oppress my mind. However I suppose I must go through with it. There is nothing in the society around me to console or interest me for a moment. There is a large family of Jews, rich people from the Minorities, a mother, three daughters, a son and a son-in-law (and the daughters sing duetts) ; five children from 2 months old to 5 years ; in all 23 people who eat, drink, chatter from morning to night within a few feet of my bed ; there is apparently much good nature but nothing else ; that however is something and, in the very weak state I now am, I felt its value when I left my berth for the first time yesterday evening. . . .

Pray write to me soon—it seems an age since I left you—if you see Mrs. Procter tell her I have just taken out her beautiful work, but as yet my weak dazzled eyes cannot do much—my best love to her. Is it not hard to have suffered so much before the voyage is even *begun*, for no one considers that it is even *begun* till we have passed the Lizard lights. God bless you my dear father and my dear mother—and dear sisters all—I hope you will receive this but am not sure, so I omit many things I could wish to say ; once more, God bless you.

We are to make an attempt to sail to-day, wind *South West* ; most contrary.

OFF THE MOTHERBANK, PORTSMOUTH,

Friday, October 14th.

I tremble to think, my dearest Father and Mother and sisters, that you may have heard of the disasters

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which have occurred along the coast and are in anxiety about my fate. Thank God, I am safe. I wrote to you a few lines on Wednesday to be put in the two-penny post, but luckily they will not have reached you. I told you, in that letter, that we had embarked on Friday evening and on Saturday morning (the 8th) attempted to proceed down the Channel, but were driven back by the gale and anchored on Monday morning again at St. Helens. During all this time I was almost insensible to every thing but intense suffering ; I think one could hardly suffer more and live. I wrote you this on Wednesday and added that the Captain had resolved to sail again that evening—luckily, most providentially, the captain was overruled by the Pilot on board ; he had sufficient candour and caution to give way—the same evening came on the most furious gale we have yet experienced. It was perfectly tremendous ; though at anchor, we were pitched and tossed like a nutshell and the vessel was in imminent danger of breaking from her moorings, so the Captain confessed to me yesterday but that even in such a case though the vessel might have been damaged or lost we should have been saved. I was dreadfully ill all night and yesterday suffered from exhaustion as much as ever—to-day the weather is more moderate and I am better, only weak, nervous and giddy ; several vessels have perished, and one (I shiver to think of it) about six miles from St. Helens, was dashed to pieces ; she was returning from the West Indies with passengers on board and all perished with the crew ; only 3 sailors escaped. You may imagine how thankful we were that on that dreadful night we were in comparative safety ; there is no cause

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for apprehension on my account, for I see that the Captain is cautious as well as skilful and will not again attempt to sail till the weather is settled and the wind changed, of which there are indications already. As to the society around me, all are *respectable* people, but of the commonest class ; there is a Jewish family, apparently Shopkeepers, going out to Cincinatti, a Jewish Bride and Bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Moses, the wife of the son of Saunders (my bookseller) a pretty little woman with her two infants, the eldest not 18 months, 3 other children under the care of a maiden aunt—one of which, a delicate mismanaged boy, begins to scream and shriek every morning about five or six o'clock and screams perseveringly till his father gets up and whips him—we have this scene *regularly* ; of the other people I can say nothing except a fat goodnatured woman from Quebec, very like Mrs. Glover in some of her characters. To be thirty days (at best) with this society appears to me sometimes worse than seasickness, storms or anything in the world and to think that in 24 hours I could escape all this ! and be with you safe and well ! the temptation almost makes my head turn ; yet why give myself airs with people on whom I am to descend for any particle of comfort and sympathy I am to expect for the next six weeks ? All treat me with civility and respect and with this I must be content ; sometimes in the midst of all, a sense of the ludicrous and the grotesque comes across me and I could laugh if I were not too utterly miserable. Last night Mrs. Solomon Moses and Miss Matilda Levy got my guitar and amused the company by playing on it ; my poor guitar !! Well, I believe I must stop, for my head will bear no more stooping. . . . Every-

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one on board has some appurtenance—mother or sister or husband or relation or friend ; I am quite *alone* among them in every sense.

May God bless you all and send me once again to you in safety to find you all well. Believe me I will not again in a hurry trust to these unstable winds and waters.

I kiss you a thousand times and bless you from my heart.

ANNA.

A little note written to Ottilie on her birthday shows how often her thoughts must have turned to her during the tedious voyage across the Atlantic. She had been occupied with her friend's concerns even in the midst of her preparations to leave England, having brought over to London her sister, Baroness Ulrike von Pogwisch ; like everything that had to do with Ottilie, the arrangement had been one of mixed experiences. Ulrike was as lively as her sister, without having the latter's attaching qualities, and Anna was evidently at her wits' end to know what to do with her. Hayward, who had been an angel, was now a serpent, who gossiped when he should have held his tongue ; Ulrike was a headstrong young lady who insisted on having her own way. Anna had been a good deal vexed about the whole affair, but nothing changed her devotion to Ottilie. On October 31st she wrote : " I can only say that I love you and bless you and think of you ever, and if I were going to die and

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had but two pulses left to my heart, one would be for you, my own dear Otilie ! ”

Anna Jameson to her parents and sisters.

NEW YORK,

November 29, 1836.

MY DEAREST FATHER, MAMMA, AND SISTERS ALL !

You will be surprised to find I am still here and yet more surprised to hear that I have no tidings of Jameson—not one word. I am—just as I was writing these lines in came a letter from Jameson which had been sent to the British Consul ; it is like all his letters, very well written, very plausible, very kind, agreeing to everything. I shall set off immediately and have a world of business and packing up to be done. I had a short but sharp illness of three days, owing to the effects of my voyage and worry and suspense, but except this I have been well. The enthusiasm about me here is very great, even to a troublesome degree, for I have more engagements than I can possibly keep, more visitors than I can see and more devoted admirers than I can count. I have made an agreement about a new edition of the *Characteristics* which is likely to produce 500 dollars ; the two last copies which remained were sold by a bookseller here for 12 dollars each—3 times the original price—such has been the run after my books. I am dying for news from my dear Home and feel too truly and deeply that I am going to Toronto with far more distrust and fear than confidence and hope. If I could believe all that Jameson writes, I might suppose I was going into an Elysium ; but the puzzling thing is, to recon-

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cile his words and his actions, what he is and what he seems ; he is quite past my comprehension.

Charles Augustus Davis, the author of Major Downing's letters, and his very pleasing wife, are among my best friends. I dined a few days ago with the widow of the celebrated de Witt Clinton. She is quite a character and amused me exceedingly ; she gave me a wampum bag which had been a present to her from an Indian chief. In the way of presents, my table is covered with books—presentation copies—poems—and the Lord knows what. I had a long visit yesterday from Washington Irving¹ who has a most benevolent and agreeable countenance and talks well. I send dear Father some American newspapers which may perhaps amuse him ; this is all I can send for the present.

God bless you all.

. . . Write soon for God's sake !

TORONTO,

New Year's Day.

MY DEAREST FATHER, MAMMA, AND SISTERS ALL,—

May God bless you and me and grant that on this next year I may be with you ; may we prosper though separated, may we be all preserved to each other to meet again. I imagine you all assembled either round Mamma's or Henry's hospitable table and I know you think of me. . . . In this place all days are alike ; Christmas Day and New Year's day are only distinguished by especial dullness and gloom caused by the thoughts of home and the more than usual stillness, as all are making holiday who are so blessed as

¹ Washington Irving, 1783-1859.

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to have family and friends. Here I am as completely isolated as if I were in a *desolate* island, God knows where ; but I must give you some account of my journey from New York, only observing, *first*, that this is the first opportunity I have had of sending a letter and packet safely, and secondly, that I am in despair to have no letters, not a line since I left you from any one in the world that I care for. . . .

Well, but for my travels, which may perhaps amuse dear Papa ; I left New York on the 6th, very sad and with many misgivings, for Jameson remained still inexplicable and I had no letter in answer to mine written on my first arrival ; but I had also no money left and I thought the letter had miscarried, so off I set, accompanied to the last moment by every kind attention and every mark of interest. I had a convoy of 6 friends to the Steamboat, lingering till the paddles began to splash and loading me with letters, advice, comforts and kind words ; the enormous boat contained more than 400 passengers and the scene was very curious. Unfortunately there was no *day boat*. We set off after a glowing sunset and I sat or walked on deck as long as I could, to escape the stifling air of the ladies' cabin where 89 women were stuffed pell-mell—some in berths, some on the ground, on chairs, and with children sprawling about. I threw myself on to my berth in despair and slept while we were passing, in the dark, through some of the grandest scenery in the world, the shores of the Hudson and the Catskill mountains. I had taken my passage to Albany, but the Captain had stuck up a notice that he would only go as far as the ice permitted. When we got a little beyond Catskill and about 6 miles below Hudson,

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we encountered ice in great quantities ; it was now daylight, a bright but intensely cold morning. At length the expanse presented only an icy surface but the gigantic boat, armed for the purpose with an iron prow, kept on crashing her way through the ice which closed behind so as to scarcely leave a track a few yards from the stern ; it was a strange and beautiful sight. We reached Hudson at 9 and there were obliged to stop as it was freezing powerfully and the captain feared being frozen up at Albany. We and our luggage were tossed out without ceremony and I joined a party in taking a carriage on to Albany, with a waggon for my baggage ; we jolted the 30 miles in about 8 hours, through a fine country, but wintry looking and thinly inhabited. At Albany I met a person known to Mr. Jameson, a Mr. Percival Ridout, some distant relation of the Mr. Ridout who married Mathilda Bramley. This most goodnatured and goodlooking young man took me and baggage under his protection and proved a most efficient Cavalier ; he had not much cultivation or manners, but he had great activity and cheerfulness and was quite unassuming—though as for conversation there was none. From Albany to Utica we went by the rail road 90 miles in 6 hours, with 8 carriages each containing 24 persons. From Utica we came on to Rochester, in 36 hours. It was horrid travelling ; the Canal was frozen, the stage coaches are the most extraordinary clumsy, ill looking, mean looking things you can imagine, holding 9 persons, 3 in a row—but the coaches suit the roads, on which certainly the “ Tally ho ” or the “ Brighton age ” would have capsized in five minutes. Such a road I did never yet behold, or rather I was destined to see them “ before they were

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made." I recollect we were once 6 hours going 9 miles and with 4 horses, often for hours through half burnt forests, the blackened stumps of enormous trees just seen above the snow ; a dismal prospect ! I had various specimens of American manners which amused me. I remember once, in the middle of the night, as we went lumbering and jolting along in darkness, fear and misery, some of the luggage fell from the top (or as they call it the deck) of the coach. We stopped and a gentleman next me put his head out of the window, asking what was the matter? to which the coachman or driver replied : " Don't you stand jabbering there, you ! but come and lend a hand to heave these things aboard. I can't stand here in the road all night I guess." The gentleman, not discomposed, jumped out and lent a hand and on my expressing my astonishment at the indescribable insolence of the driver, he laughed exceedingly and said that it had not struck him, that the man was a very civil decent fellow, only a little cross with the cold and the road, which was quite natural. We did not sleep at Rochester, but hired a carriage and came on at once to Lewiston, 40 miles in 28 hours, crossed the Niagara in a Ferry in the dark and slept at Queenston, for I *could* go no further ; I was quite ill and done up. The next morning (Monday 13) we got two spring carts of the country for selves and baggage and just reached the town of Niagara in time to go by the steam vessel—our good luck was the greater as it was the last trip of the season, the bays and harbours beginning to freeze. I had written to Alma the night before, inviting myself to breakfast, but *that* was impossible. I just saw Alma for a moment on board the steamer ; he

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embraced me most warmly, he is not quite so juvenile in face and figure, but in other respects quite the same—the same good fellow, overflowing with genuine Irish heart and soul. From Niagara to Toronto by land is 100 miles and two days journey over horrid roads, by the lake 36 miles; the water was as rough as I have often seen it at sea. After an hour of very melancholy thoughts and feelings, I threw myself down quite exhausted and slept till I was told we were at Toronto. My reception was rather chilling; there was no one to meet me, though J. was in daily expectation of my arrival. I was still obliged to my Cavalier. On my arrival at the house, it was worse still; all looked cold, comfortless, the fires out, or nearly so, a bedroom had been half prepared for me, on the unmade bed, things were piled. The servants looked half surprised, half alarmed and I felt as miserable as possible. I put, however, a good face on the matter and when J. returned he seemed at least glad to see me.

The new house which he is building, from the plans I have seen, must be a nice comfortable little place. I remarked that there was no arrangement made for a friend—no place to put Alma and Emily if they came over, or any friend who might stray this way, but I thought the omission characteristic. Snow came on the day or two after my arrival and the whole country is one wild, white, flat, dreary waste—the sledges or *sleighs* coming in from all directions—for great is the joy when the sleighing begins—it being the *only* time when the roads are tolerably passable and wood and provisions cheaper. My household consists of a respectable widow Mrs. Scott, who is cook and housekeeper, but unluckily knows no more cooking than I do, but

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she is an honest good soul recommended by Mrs. Hepburn so I make no objections ; my maid is a tidy good-natured girl, the daughter of an emigrant farmer, who, she tells me, is living in the *Bush*, that is, has taken land in the forest to clear and settle about 8 miles off. Her name is Ursula—and there is a foot-man, a good sort of harum scarum lad of nineteen or twenty. They all seem to like me much *now* and look well satisfied with my government.

On my arrival the Governor sent his secretary with a polite message of congratulation, expressing his regret that Etiquette did not allow him to visit *in person* the ladies of the place, but he hoped I would find some grievances to complain of or petition to present, and so be induced to visit *him*. I did not like this at all, for, as far as I can judge hitherto, the only man worth knowing in the place is himself. . . .

I believe that I did not tell you that, when at New York, I entered into an agreement with Frederic Saunders to publish *another* edition of the *Characteristics*—for the American editions were exhausted and the people wild after it ; it was to be printed in one volume and he engaged me to make ten etchings for it that might be something peculiar. I brought the plates here to Toronto and set to work as soon as I was well enough and in 20 days finished eleven etchings—but behold there was no *press* to prove the plates and when I had finished all, as well as I could, with much trouble and anxiety, Saunders being in the greatest haste, I packed all up to go off to New York and then could find no conveyance which would be responsible for the safe carriage of the packet and no respectable person (who would take charge of them)

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was going—so the plates lie by me, the publication of the book is stopped. Saunders is in despair and the loss to him and to me will probably be considerable and all because through this half-settled, half-civilized country (I mean the neighbouring states), the roads, conveyances etc. are in a more barbarous condition than you can imagine. No sum that I could pay could ensure the safety of my packet, for, as they told me, nothing was certain but its *loss* ; it is as if one was out of the world.

I have been here at Toronto just *one month* and have been out of the house twice ; once in a sleigh to return visits and once a short walk to visit Mrs. Draper ; it is so difficult to walk on the snow and in that I was in continual danger of falling. The runners of the sleighs form a slippery path in the centre and on each side there is a more slippery and more dangerous foot-path—most people wear cloth or list shoes over their leather ones. Of the dreadful bitterness of the climate I can scarcely give you an idea and I feel it the more from the discomfort of the house in which we are lodged, which seems to let in the wintry air on every side. One morning I found the snow lying in a heap *inside* my window, and literally burying some books and papers which were lying there. When the snow falls here it does not fall in flakes, at least not in general, but in a kind of firm powder, like frozen mist penetrating everywhere unless the doors and windows are made absolutely airtight.

Now what shall I tell you more, my dearest ones? I believe I have said all I have to say but I shall leave my letter open to the last moment, I have just heard of the wreck of *another* vessel from England ; 108

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persons perished in sight of the shore and only a few miles from New York, by reason of the neglect of the pilots who are at present at feud with the civil authorities ! Is it not horrible? But to return once more to you all, how willingly would I undergo again all I suffered, and danger to boot—Goodnight and God bless you all.

Jan. 7. Since I began my letter I have had an attack of ague to which it seems this climate exposes all newcomers and I am told to my comfort that I shall suffer much more in the Spring. I am now better but rather weak from fever—in a day or two I am going to Niagara to spend a few days with Alma and Emily and for change of air. I shall also visit the *Falls* so that my next letter will contain a full account of all these wonderful things. . . . The day before yesterday Mr. Hepburn and Col. Gibbons brought three Chippewas Indians to visit me ; they came from the upper part of Lake Huron on a mission to the Governor. The chief was named the “White Deer,” his two attendants “The Beaver” and “The Great Buffaloe.” They were dressed in rude coats of blanket and caps of the same, they were quite unembarrassed and when I received them with a chain of wampum round my neck, they smiled and seemed pleased—wampum you know is the sign of peace and friendship. I gave them luncheon which they ate very tidily and prayed the Great Spirit to reward my hospitality. . . .

Anna could not reconcile herself to Toronto, which she called a fifth-rate provincial town, with

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aspirations to be considered a capital city. She describes it in "Winter Studies" as "a little ill-built town on low land, at the bottom of a frozen bay, with one very ugly church without tower or steeple; some Government offices built of staring red brick, in the most tasteless vulgar style imaginable; three feet of snow all around; and the grey, sullen wintry lake and the dark gloom of the pine forest bounding the prospect." The biting cold had probably a good deal to do with her despondency. The ink froze while she wrote, her fingers stiffened round her pen; a glass of water placed by her bedside was a solid block of ice in the morning. There was no society to amuse her, she was not suited to the life and was on no better terms with her husband than she had been before. The only bright spot appeared to be the prospect of his becoming Chancellor, a post which he afterwards obtained; he was subsequently Speaker of the House of Assembly.

The distracted state, politically speaking, of a country that she allowed to be "magnificent," though its climate and social conditions appalled her, called from Anna the following characteristic statement of her views: "In politics I acknowledge two parties, those who hope and those who fear. In morals but two parties—those who lie and those who speak truth; and all the world I divide into those who love and those who hate."

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Anna Jameson to her Parents and Sisters.

MY DEAREST PEOPLE,—

There is no news from this place—we are still snowed up and the thermometer was on Monday at 22 below zero 54 below freezing point. I see nobody and care for nobody; I occupy myself incessantly and *send* the time away. The Chancery Bill has passed and I am in hopes the appointment of Chancellor will follow quickly; the Salary of the Attorney General is 1200 a year including fees and contingencies—and the Salary of the Chancellor will be 1200 a year—*not* including fees, and so the income doubles or nearly so. Jameson will make an excellent Chancellor, he is just cut out for the office, so cautious, so inoffensive and so clever in Chancery practise. My hope is to be in Europe by next September or October; nothing can describe my detestation of this place—or to speak more truly, my perception of my own unfitness for it.

I saw last night 8 houses burned to the ground—I was so near that the heat almost blistered my face and I helped to watch the poor people's things; some of the Irishmen risked their lives in a frightful manner—God bless them! none like them in good or mischief. A poor woman, upon whose bedstead I was standing, was looking steadily and quietly at her house blazing. I said to her with compassion—"It is dreadful to stand by and look on thus and see all one's property destroyed." She replied very quietly "Yes Ma'am—but I dare say some good will come of it; all is for the best if we only knew it." What do you think of that for Philosophy? Luckily it was a calm night and the snow lay deep, otherwise I believe half the town would

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have been destroyed. There were some frightful accidents caused by the recklessness of the people and the want of police. As I came home, when all was nearly over, a sleigh passed me, gliding at full speed, a man lifeless upon it—I know not whom yet. Now I must stop—I am to-day not well and all my bones ache. God bless you all and keep you. I have only one thought, wish, fear, hope—*Home, Home, Home!* My best love all round.

CHAPTER VII

RAMBLES AMONG THE RED MEN

Anna Jameson to her Parents and Sisters.

NIAGARA,

January 30, 1837.

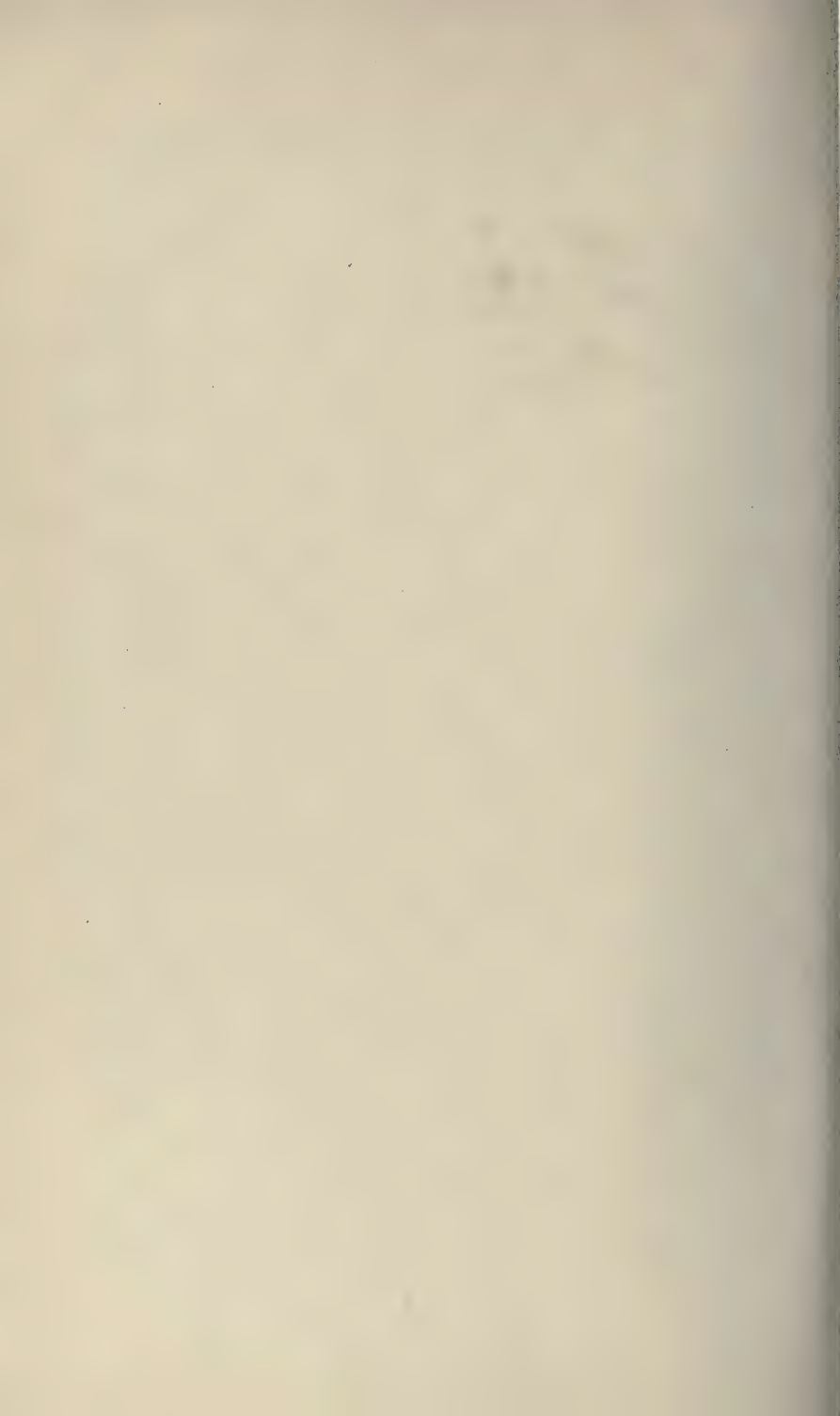
MY DEAREST MAMMA, DEAREST FATHER AND SISTERS ALL—this is the fifth letter I write to you since my arrival in these strange lands and as yet not one word from home nor indeed from any body! I know you have written to me, I feel sure of *that*, but is it not cruel that I do not receive a letter? I cannot describe to you my anxiety and impatience about *you all*; dearest Papa and how he stands the cold weather—and my Darling Babies—both of them; and then I think of the Holidays and whether the dear Girls have *kept it up* in Bruton Street and Mortimer St. and then I think and fear—till I can no longer bear my own thoughts. I would not live in this place were it a paradise; luckily it is altogether detestable. Now I must tell you where I am and what I have been doing—January 24 I set off in a very nice sleigh, with Mr. Campbell (Clerk of the Assize here) and came to the Almas, who had sent me a most hearty invitation to visit them—& go to see the falls. The distance in summer is 36 miles &



MRS. MURPHY.

After a miniature.

To face p. 146.



Rambles among the Red Men

you cross the lake in the steamer; in winter we have to make the circuit round the head of the lake—a round of 100 miles. The journey was very pleasant, not excepting an overset into a millrace filled up with snow. Alma met me with his sleigh at St. Catherine's and we arrived to dinner on Wednesday; Emily received me with the most affectionate joy and I find myself very much at home.

Saturday we drove over to the *Falls of Niagara*, which are 14 miles from the town. I must confess that the *first* glance disappointed me, for you see them first from the top of a high hill and looking down upon them they are *foreshortened* and part of the height lost; but, when I had been looking at them for a couple of hours and from different points of view, my mind began to open to their immensity and sublimity. The most beautiful effect was produced from the snow and ice around, the freezing of the spray on the neighbouring rocks and trees at some little distance from the main Falls; the water, oozing from the rocks, had frozen into great gigantic icicles of a pale green hue and the rocks lying in the river were similarly encrusted. I tramped about in the snow and on the ice until I became quite ill from fatigue, cold and excitement and all day yesterday and to-day my limbs ache as if I had been racked and I cannot even walk across the room. You must forgive this hurried letter. I send it off not to lose the opportunity which offers of sending it free. I will write again soon, and so God keep you all.

A more detailed account of this expedition is to be found in "Winter Studies," where the journey

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through white, snow-covered wastes and dreary pine forests is well described. It is always a picture of desolation. The thunder of the waters, unfrozen where the rapids keep them in perpetual motion, breaking on an iron shore, the sight of a great bald-headed eagle swooping down on to the topmost branch of a blasted pine-tree, arrest her attention ; and then all is monotony again. A halt at a village inn, where French fashions are framed on the walls and a copy of Don Juan is on the table, makes an amusing interlude and here, tumbling out of the mail coach from Hamilton, she sees some weird figures wrapped in bearskins, who turn out to be a party of Members of the House of Assembly on their way to Toronto.

Her bitter disappointment at the first sight of Niagara was only equalled by her disgust with herself for being disappointed. "What has come over my soul and senses? I am no longer Anna—I am metamorphosed—I am translated—I am an ass's head, a clod, a wooden spoon, a fat weed growing on Lethe's bank, a stock, a stone, a petrification—for have I not seen Niagara, the wonder of wonders ; and felt—no words can tell what disappointment !"

During her exile in Toronto Anna kept up a vigorous correspondence, not only with her own family but with friends in England and Germany. Her thoughts were, as usual, much with Ottilie, to whom she wrote on February 19, 1837 :—

Rambles among the Red Men

"Your life has been one of passion and suffering and intervals of *tranquility* have been to you intervals of *ennui*. When the storm of sensation and emotion is over, you feel as if your heart were dead, but it is not so and I will prove it to you one day. You say I do not understand you and I say I do understand you. I have felt sometimes when I have been sitting beside you and we have been talking together, that you have not always understood my words, and that I could not always explain to you what arose from a difference of language, habits and associations and national nature ; but always I felt that you understood me."

Anna Jameson to D. Brownell Murphy.

TORONTO,

April 27, 1837.

MY DEAREST DEAR FATHER,—

. . . To-day we have had the first spring day and the snow has almost entirely disappeared. I hope to be with you about the end of the summer. I will not make you melancholy by telling you of what I have suffered in this long and most miserable winter. Mr. Jameson is just the same and I am just the same therefore we are just as much and as hopelessly separated as ever ; he has done nothing to make the time tolerable to me, but this not from absolute unkindness, but mere absence of feeling ; he has no associates here and does not require them. Another winter would I think kill me—I do not say I should *die* literally, but my mind and all that is good in me would die ; as it is, the hope of being emancipated sustains me and I

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am so far from giving way that I try, as far as it is possible, to amuse and occupy myself. I have lately been to three great dinner parties—one given by the principal Banker, one by the new Attorney-General Hagermann and one by the Governor; the last was pleasant, for I sat (by right of office) next to Sir Francis Head—and he is admirable and converses admirably—the others were very dull, like most dinner parties. The cold narrow minds, the confined ideas, the by-gone prejudices of the society, are hardly conceivable; books there are none, nor music and as to pictures!—the Lord deliver us from such!—the people do not know what a picture is. You know that I am so far spoiled by meeting with love and approbation wherever I go, that the contrary must be a little painful. The women here express, vulgarly enough, an extreme fear of the “authoress” and I am anything but popular.

I wish you had seen the beautiful Aurora Borealis I saw the other night; it spread like a fan over the heavens; the lower point of a soft white lambent light, the upper diverging rays tinged with the *deepest* crimson—and so transparent I could see the stars through them—I never saw anything more beautiful and it varied in shape and hue every instant. As for this great Lake Ontario, the land is all flat around it; where there are not upstart towns, there are marshes and forests. The lake is so enormous, that it has all the monotony of the sea, without its infinitude and magnificence. My next letter will be dated from the falls of Niagara where I am going to spend a fortnight and then I hope to be able to send you some thing quite *sublime* and *beautiful*.

Rambles among the Red Men

Anna Jameson to her Parents.

TORONTO,

May 26, 1837.

MY DEAREST FATHER AND MAMMA,—

After a long period of dejection and anxiety I am to-day absolutely overwhelmed with letters; first dear Charlotte's, which with its hopeful and cheerful spirit, has quite raised mine, she and Eliza I do maintain to be perfection, at least, in my eyes, they are not less than the very best of dear good girls. We shall do well yet; indeed I think we do well considering all things. . . . I have a long letter from Otilie, full of tenderness and all manner of things; letters from her sons, acknowledging the waistcoats, which Walther says were so "*glanzend*" (brilliant) that the ladies cast down their eyes, unable to bear the splendour, also from her mother (Frau von Pogwisch), from Noel, from the Countess Hohenthal etc. In all 13 letters in one day; the effect has been to agitate me very much and make me hardly able to write. . . .

There is an end to everything, even to a Canadian winter, and spring brought new spirit to the weary woman whose health had suffered much from the rigours of the climate. "This beautiful Lake Ontario!" she wrote on May 19th, "my lake—for I begin to be in love with it and look on it as mine!" In June she started on an adventurous journey, bound for out-of-the-way spots never visited by European woman before, intending to visit the Indians in their wigwams and specially

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anxious to find out all she could with regard to the position of women amongst the natives. She stayed for a fortnight at Niagara before venturing further afield, and was now better able to appreciate one of the marvels of the world.

Anna Jameson to D. Brownell Murphy.

FALLS OF NIAGARA,

June 21, 1837.

I remember, my dearest Father, how often when I was a child you used to talk to me of these great Cataracts; and how I wish from my heart that you were here with me to enjoy the glorious spectacle they now present! When I saw them for the first time in Winter I was rather disappointed; in fact it is impossible for the mind to take them in at the first glance. I have now been here for three or four days and I *begin* to understand all their grandeur and all their beauty. They change their appearance every half hour; every alteration of the wind, the atmosphere, even the hour of the day, makes an alteration of form and colour, but I think that, on the whole, I have been more struck by the *rapids* above the falls than by the falls themselves; no description has ever done justice to them, none ever could. The ocean lashed into breakers, making its way through wooded islands, the foliage and the foam of the leaping waves mingled together and the splendour of colour and light over the whole, render it one of the most wonderful scenes I ever beheld.

I am staying here for some days previous to commencing a *little* tour which I have planned and shall execute if I have strength. At Toronto I was both ill

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and unhappy—every hour added to my aversion and my misery, without society or sympathy and always watching myself lest I should offend the people. I felt like one caged and fettered and quitted the place with a light heart. The same day I left, Jameson opened his Court as Chancellor and I hear there will be immense business.

I have just received your letter, my dearest Father, dated April 25th. It has made me very happy and I shall now begin my journey with some courage and cheerfulness. How much I shall have to tell you when we meet ! I trust in God that next winter shall be different from the last ; it has been a time of *general* suffering every way and apparently extending from nation to nation down to the humblest individuals. Disastrous changes of fortune, sickness, all manner of troubles have prevailed, and for my own part I never spent a winter so wretchedly ; it was all unmingled suffering. I do not doubt dear Eliza's virtue and benevolence, nor Charlotte's filial duty ; but may I not help them ! It must be, that they will have the happiness of doing more for your and Mamma's daily happiness than I can, but I must have my part too. I have not absolutely given up all thoughts of writing and, on the contrary, have a work in great forwardness ; but at present I cannot apply myself to scribbling. There is so much to see and learn that I must seize the opportunity of appropriating knowledge to be digested and applied afterwards. Now take your Map and lay it before you, and trace my intended journey. I am going from this to Hamilton—near the west end of Lake Ontario—thence westward to Brantford on the Grand River and thence to Blandford, where I stay a

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day with Mrs. Arnold—thence to London, thence to Port Talbot where I shall spend a day with Colonel Talbot of Malahide—he settled in this country 30 years ago under strange circumstances and has a beautiful property on Lake Erie; there I embark for *Detroit*—where I hope to meet Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray and go with them to their settlement among the Indians at the very extremity of Lake Huron. I wish to see, with my own eyes, the condition of women in savage life. Thence I come round the north west shore of Lake Huron with an Indian escort and by the Manitoulin Islands, Penetanguishene and Lake Simcoe back to Toronto; thence, after rest, down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec and then by Boston to New York—and thence *Home* to you. This is my plan but we can only propose and I hear of so many difficulties and obstacles that I begin to prepare myself for disappointment; only one thing is certain that if I live, I will be in London about October next. . . .

Your dutiful and affectionate Child

ANNA.

The journey, with all its difficulties and some dangers, was accomplished most satisfactorily, Anna being everywhere received with great kindness. While going up Lake Superior in a canoe she heard the news of Queen Victoria's Accession.

*Anna Jameson to the Honble. Amelia Murray.*¹

We hailed a schooner with "What news?" "William IV is dead and Queen Victoria reigning in his stead!"

¹ Published in *Reminiscences* by the Honourable Amelia Murray.

Rambles among the Red Men

We sat there silent, looking at one another and at that moment the orb of day rose out of the lake and poured its beams full in our dazzled eyes. Many thoughts came into my mind, some tears rose into my eyes, not certainly for that dead King, who, in ripe age and in all honour, was gathered to the tomb; but for that living Queen, so young and so fair.

As many hopes hung on that noble head,
As there hang blossoms on the boughs of May.

And what will become of them, of her? The idea that even here, in this new world of woods and waters, amid these remote wilds, to her utterly unknown, her power reaches and her sovereignty is acknowledged, filled me with compassionate awe. I say compassionate; for if she feels, in its full extent, the liabilities of her position, alas for her! and if she feels them not, oh! worse and worse.

I tried to recall her childish figure and features. I thought over all I had ever heard concerning her. I fancied her not such a thing as they could make a mere pageant of; for that there is too little without, too much within. And what will they make of her? For at eighteen she will hardly make anything of them, I mean of the men and women around her. It is of the woman I think, more than of the Queen; for as part of State machinery, she will do quite as well as another, better perhaps; so far her youth and her sex are absolutely in her favour. If she be but simple-minded and true-hearted and straight-forward, with a common portion of intellect; if a Royal education has not blunted in her the quick perceptions and pure fine instincts of the woman; if she has only had fair

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play and carries into business plain distinct notions of right and wrong, and the fine moral sense that is not to be confounded by diplomatic verbiage about *expediency*, she will do better for us than a whole Cabinetful of cut and dried officials, with Talleyrand at the head of them.

And what a fair heritage is this which has fallen upon her ! A land young like herself, a land of hopes ; and fair, most fair. Does she know, does she care anything about it ? While hearts are beating warm towards her and voices bless her and hands are stretched out towards her, even from these wild lake shores.

Anna Jameson to Mrs. Murphy.

TORONTO

*August 17th.*¹

I cannot let this most dear and memorable day pass over without writing to you my dearest Mamma and Eliza, to send you all my blessing and to congratulate myself and all the rest of us on its return. May we see it return many times ! and when it next returns may I not be so far from you all as I am now ! and so God bless us all ! I fancy you all assembled together at St. John's Wood and I know you will think of me, with the assurance that I am thinking of you. There is not a single soul here that I love sufficiently to invite them to drink your health or share with me in any feeling I now indulge towards you, but I wrote to Emily Alma yesterday and I am sure they will both sanctify the day, for they love

¹ Birthday of Mrs. Murphy and her daughter Eliza.

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Mamma dearly—as who does not, whoever came within the influence of her blessed presence? Now the rest of my letter is to Papa and Charlotte, they being the great family Geographers and they must interpret for you all. Gerardine must get the map of North America and now all is in order, I begin—but after all, now I think better of it, I cannot squeeze into one or even 20 sheets of paper all I was about to tell you ; therefore for the present I will only say that I am just returned from the wildest and most extraordinary tour you can imagine, and am moreover the first English-woman—the first European female who ever accomplished this journey. I have had *such* adventures and seen *such* strange things as never yet were rehearsed in prose or verse, and, *for the good of the public*, thinking it a shame to keep these wonders only to make my own hair stand on end, I am just going to make a book and print it forthwith. I went first to Niagara whence I wrote to you, then to Hamilton on Lake Ontario, then to Brantford Wood-stock, London, to Port Talbot, where I stayed some days with the great Colonel Talbot, then to Chatham on Lake St. Clair and down to Detroit, then in a steam boat up the St. Clair and up Lake Huron to the Island of Michilimackinac in the strait leading to Michigan and there I spent some days among the Chippewas and Ottawas, and thence I went in an open boat with a charming Indian woman and her two children to the Sault de Sainte Marie (95 miles)—and had a peep into the entrance of Lake Superior and thence down again in an open boat to the Mantoulin Island (about 200 miles) and there I met a congress of 3500 Indians—Chippewas Pottowollomies, Winebagos and Ottawas assembled to

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receive the presents sent by the British Government, and thence I returned in a canoe to Penetanguishene (about 250 miles) and round by Lake Simcoe to Toronto.

The people here are in great enthusiasm about me and stare at me as if I had done some most wonderful thing ; the most astonished of all is Mr. Jameson.

Long live the Queen !

Anna's departure was delayed by one reason and another, principally by legal business concerning her separation from her husband, which was at last arranged to her satisfaction, he undertaking to allow her £300 a year and to raise no objections to her living apart.

According to her usual practice, she made many friends whenever opportunity allowed, the chief of these being Miss Sedgwick¹ and Dr. Channing.² The American edition of "Characteristics of Women" came out during her stay in the States, and she re-dedicated it to Fanny Kemble, now Mrs. Butler,³ in these words :—

"I have particular pleasure, my dearest Fanny, in once more dedicating to you, by your new name in a new land, this little book, which in its progress you cherished and which, without you, would in all probability never have been published."

Amongst her correspondence of this date are two letters from Margaret Fuller begging for infor-

¹ Caroline Sedgwick, 1789-1869. ² Dr. Channing, 1780-1842.

³ Fanny Kemble married Charles Pierce Butler in 1834.

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mation concerning the Goethe family, she being at that time engaged in writing the poet's Life. Knowing Ottilie's sentiments on this subject, Anna did not feel herself justified in helping her.

The following letter is written from Fanny Butler's house.

Anna Jameson to Mrs. Murphy.

GERMAN TOWN, NEAR PHILADELPHIA,

December 6, 1837.

. . . The refusal of Otley to honour my draft upon such an excuse, absolves me from the necessity of returning to them as my publishers, if I can find a better offer in ready money. Captain Marryat,¹ has put me up to some of the publishing tricks—and shewn me on paper what I ought to have. He even offered to negotiate for me. He is a strange rough fellow but goodnatured and 'cute enough to match even a London bookseller. Keep up your spirits therefore—I am not losing any time but writing away as fast as I can and I shall probably make a good bargain *here* for my next book by publishing it in this country. That which does go to my heart is the delay of my voyage. I am homesick to a degree I never felt before, and you may fancy how strong the malady is upon me when I am suffering *here*, though staying with Fanny Butler, whose kindness and hospitality is just what I could most desire. She has a comfortable house fitted up in true English style—carriages and horses etc.—and if it was not that I am tired out in mind and pining for my home friends, I should be really

¹ Captain Marryat, 1792–1848.

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happy—as happy as I am busy and amused. Tell my dearest Father that my occupation is a sketch of the arts and artists in America, which I intend to include in my book, and which I think will amuse him. I have lately made a trip to Stockbridge, the beautiful little village which Harriet Martineau describes in her book, and where she lived with Widow Jones—thence to Boston where I spent some days very usefully and agreeably—was honoured by the friendship of Dr. Channing—and knowing Louisa's great veneration for him I brought her one of his works with his own Autograph in it. Alston, one of the finest painters *in the world*, resides at Boston and I saw much of him; but my principal acquisition lately is the acquaintance of Miss Sedgwick whose name you may have heard—who wrote "Home" and who is by far the most gifted and loveable person I have met on this side of the Atlantic. All your details of home, dearest Eliza, are not only of deep, but of vital, interest to me; particularly about dear Papa and my darling Children. To-day I was giving Fanny a long account of Gerardine and her sayings and doings. Fanny's child is a sweet little being, full of health and spirits, but so fair and cherub like and so unlike herself that, as she says, she goes about like a Gypsey that had stolen a child.

CHAPTER VIII

LONDON ONCE MORE

IN the spring of 1838, when Anna returned to London, society was in a ferment with the anticipation of the Coronation festivities. Adelaide Procter, the "Poppet" of earlier letters, who had been born October 25, 1825, was still only twelve years old ; she shows the precocity of her talent in the following verses, which have been preserved among the letters of that date :—

ON THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA, JUNE 28, 1838.

Sound the cymbals, Strike the lyre,
Spirit of Song our words inspire !
With the joy befits the day
Which we feel but cannot say ;
For so young and fair a Queen
In old England ne'er was seen.

Old England's boast, her joy, her pride,
On Thee all our hopes abide,
With the sceptre in thine hand,
The Nation bows at thy command ;
For so young and fair a Queen
In old England ne'er was seen.

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At thy word all swords shall start
From their scabbards and pierce the heart
Of their enemies or foes—
“ We'll guard and keep thee from all woes ” ;
For so young and fair a Queen
In old England ne'er was seen.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Anna's friendship with Lady Byron became very intimate now ; amongst her other friends the chief were Mrs. Austin and Mrs. Grote. After her experiences in Canada no doubt she enjoyed the charms of London society ; it is evident that she went out much, for many of her letters contain pressing invitations. Amongst these are some written in the minute handwriting of the Banker-poet,¹ to whose house she must often have gone :—

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

Pray, pray breakfast with me on Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

Yours sincerely,

SAMUEL ROGERS.

The letters from the Kembles, Macready, Ellen Tree and others of the theatrical world have little interest beyond their signatures. John Kemble²

¹ Samuel Rogers, 1763-1855.

² John Mitchell Kemble, 1775-1854.

Dear Mr Garrison

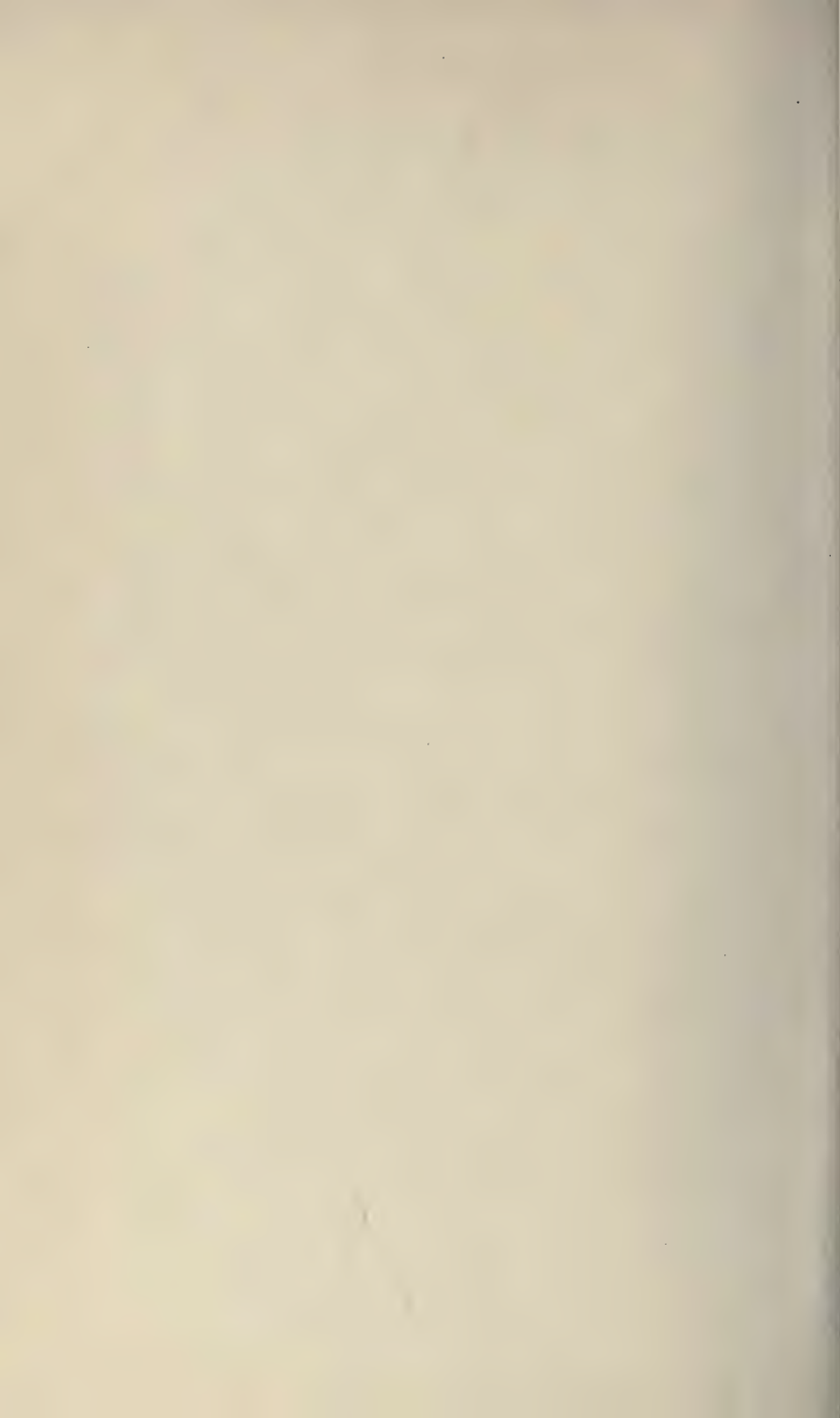
I expect a very few friends on
Saturday evening & if you should
choose to be in town you would give
me much pleasure if you would
join me with your ever loving, Chas.

Yours very truly

S Rogers.

Amos Love Brewster
Jan 10 -

FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM SAMUEL ROGERS.



London once more

encloses some translations from the Spanish in one of his letters, the best of which begins :—

In the shadow of thy tresses
Where they fall and flow,
My beloved hath sunk to slumber ;
Shall I waken him or no?

From Barry Cornwall comes the following :—

CHURCH-BELLS, HEARD AT EVENING.

O ! melancholy bells, who toll the way
To dusty death !
O ! damp, green, grassy churchyard—mounds of clay,
(men say)
Arched inwards by grey bones, which once
Were moved by breath !
O ! never seek I ye, when the summer day
Is past and flown ;
But rather do I wander far away,
Where'er kind voices sound, or children play,
Or love is known.
By some friend's quiet hearth, where gentle words
Unsought are won ;
'Mongst cheerful music sweet of morning birds,
Or list to lowings deep of distant herds
At set of sun !
Where nature breathes or blossoms—sweet thoughts
rise—
Or rivers run—
Where'er Life's sunny summer spirit flies—
There let me be, until my spirit dies
And all is done !

B. C.

Anna Jameson : Letters and Friendships

This fragment of a poem by L. E. L.¹ was apparently received in the year of her marriage, followed so soon after by her tragic death in South Africa :—

Thus we go on, hopes fade to fears,
Like fairy gold that turns to clay,
And pleasures darken into pain
And time is measured by decay.
First our fresh feelings are our wreath
They pass and leave a void behind ;
Then comes ambition with its dreams
That madden and pollute the mind.
We loathe the present, and we dread
To think on what to come may be.
We look back on the past and trace
A thousand wrecks, a troubled sea.
There is a hope beyond the grave,
On which the weary one may dwell ;
Oh mercy, but for that blest hope
Our life were a foretaste of hell.

L. E. L.

Of the quantities of letters that came from Lady Byron only two remain and these were written long after this date ; all the earlier letters were evidently destroyed when the unhappy quarrel in 1852 severed their long friendship. So much has been written about this enigmatical woman that it seems unnecessary to add more here, except that Anna

¹ Letitia Elizabeth Landon, 1802–1838.

London once more

Jameson conceived for her a passionate attachment. It was different to that which she felt for Ottilie inasmuch as she had an immense respect for Lady Byron's character and conduct ; instead of mothering her and trying to keep her straight, as she had done with the other, she was more inclined to look on her as a pattern and model for all to copy. As the years went on, Anna sacrificed others on this shrine ; even so steady and attached a friend as Mrs. Grote was conscious of this fact and has recorded it in writing.

Lady Byron, like Anna herself, and like so many other intellectual women of the day, was deeply interested in social schemes and especially in the advancement of women workers.

A line from Edward Trelawney shows the interest he took in the movement :—

PUTNEY HILL,
July 2, 1838.

We are living in a Cockney Villa a sort of cockney life—occasionally coming into town. Why do you not hoist your flag of independence and come to us? you will be received triumphantly and will find nothing but good men and true. We are earnestly at work on a work whose theme is divine, the '*Wrongs of Women*' which we have the audacity to imagine we can lighten, if not aid in setting to rights. You could and should lend us a hand.

Very truly

ED. TRELAWNEY.

Anna Jameson : Letters and Friendships

Mrs. Austin,¹ so well known owing to her translations from the German and other literary work, wrote the characteristic letter given below in a pessimistic vein :—

Sarah Austin to Anna Jameson.

Wednesday night.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

. . . I am delighted to hear that your little books are to be reprinted. I do not recollect any suggestions I can offer, & I have them not before me to refresh my memory. I think I take a stronger view of the prevalent neglect of private, in the pursuit of public duties than you do. I see plenty of women's duties *unperformed* in almost every house I go into & what is worse, I see those duties more & more *ignored*. Where are the young ladies or even the girls in middle life, who are competent or willing to go to market, to direct the management of food, to judge of quantity & quality of the various articles of domestic consumption ; to know how every thing in the house is cleaned, repaired, kept in order ; to cut out & make clothes ; to direct the washing, to wash & iron fine linen, lace, &c.? Where are the wives even who know & do these things? All of wh. we were taught to do, & made to do, & I don't think we are more ignorant & unlearned than our neighbours.

Also, why are our ladies running about after people to instruct, reclaim, &c. &c. while they remain in total ignorance of what passes under their own roofs? Why do they not exercise that continual vigilance wh. would

¹ Sarah Austin, *née* Taylor, 1793–1867.

London once more

preserve thousands of girls from temptation to dishonesty & to vice? I certainly see a great falling off, not only in the execution, but in the *conception*, of these duties. I see clergymen's wives tramping from cottage to cottage & their maids lolling & leaning at their gates. Surely our grandmother's views of duty were saner ; each tended her own flock. It is true that this does not apply to single women, who have neither house nor family, but many even of them wd be far better off, if they were less helpless & better managers. I am continually hearing of the helplessness of governesses about their clothes—how ill they buy, what they pay for mending &c.

I should be more zealous about finding women other channels & modes of usefulness, if I could see any thing approaching to a performance of what lies strait before us, and which we seem to me to be in great danger of overlooking, because it is obscure.

Have you seen an article on Woman in the last No. of the National Review? I agree with a great deal of it. I believe it is written by a young man of small income ; & all such now feel the insurmountable difficulty of marrying wives who are not qualified for the humble & laborious duties of such a station ; this is one fruitful source of celibacy.

Have you read Miss Shirreff's¹ last book? There are excellent things in that, in quite a different direction, but no less wholesome & true. I keep up my correspondence with the interesting & charming creature you introduced me to, who is bestowing all her fine qualities & exertions on the factory girls of Birmingham ; offering them a clean & comfortable home, the

¹ Emily Shirriff, 1814-1897.

Anna Jameson : Letters and Friendships

decencies of life, maternal care & kindness, & many other excellent things—for wh. they have not the slightest taste or desire. What they like & will have is *liberty*, liberty to be rude & filthy, to eat garbage, to dress in tawdry rags, to pig together & to live dissolutely. It goes to my heart to think of that charming, gifted creature bestowing her life so—

Well, the clock strikes ten, dear friend, & I must to bed.

All this business of *women's work* seems to me in a strange state & quite out of joint. They cannot & will not do their own work, & they want to do other people's. Why is this? And it is true of all classes.

Once more Goodnight & believe me with the truest affection & esteem

Y^{rs}

S. AUSTIN.

Harriet Martineau¹ to Anna Jameson.

28, ELDON SQUARE,

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE,

December 14th.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

. . . My brother James met the Sedgwicks on board the Antwerp packet in July, when he was on the way to bring me home,—very ill as I then was. He was by no means sure of finding me alive and, of course, could not but communicate some of his anxiety to Catherine. He promised to write her an account of me, but the address she gave him was at a non-existent place in Nassau—a mistake altogether about the name.

¹ Harriet Martineau, 1802–1876.

London once more

He and I have often since been uneasy at being unable to write to her. *Can* you tell her, with my love, that we have not forgotten her and give her the following account of me? It will greatly relieve my mind if you can. My complaint involves no danger to life, but it cannot be surmounted without very great suffering and it is as likely to be years as weeks before the crisis comes. For the present, I am under the care of my excellent brother-in-law, Mr. Greenhow, an eminent surgeon here. I do not suffer much and I enjoy a great deal,—on my sofa. I do not attempt to go out, or to see people, but am very happy in the midst of one of the most loveable families in the world. My sister and my precious niece Fanny, (as dear to me as Kitty to Catherine) and the little boys, are enough for a life time to any reasonable person; and then there is the kind care and the valuable friendship of my brother-in-law, so that I may well wait in patience and thankfulness for the issue of my illness. *Work* is out of the question, of course. I have a book in my head and heart; but when I may be able to write it, no one can say. Let me beg you and Catherine to have no uneasy thoughts about me. You *know*, and I *feel*, what are the benefits of such a pause in life as is now appointed to me and I trust you to be as well content with the appointment as I am. Having to say something of myself, it was right, (was it not?) to say thus much.

I often, very often, think of you and your doings, and always with pleasure and fresh heartening.

God bless and prosper you!

Yours affectionately,

H. MARTINEAU.

Anna Jameson : Letters and Friendships

In December, 1838, Anna paid some visits ; she intended to go to Miss Mitford,¹ but a fragment of a letter shows why she was put off.

Mary Russell Mitford to Anna Jameson (unsigned).

READING,

December 20, 1838.

Heaven bless you. Forgive this scrawl. I have not had my clothes off (except to change them) for a fortnight, and have more to do in packing and writing and a hundred odd matters than can well be imagined ; but I have stood it bravely and if it please God to restore my dear father. . . .

Anna Jameson to Charlotte Murphy.

LOVELL HILL,

(Postmark 1838.)

MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,—

Thank you for the letter dictated by dear father and the additions from yourself ; it gave me real pleasure. Papa's approbation is expressed with as much elegance as affection. Mrs. Procter writes me that the book is universally *relished* and says "a fig for reviewers !" The men, she says, are much alarmed by certain speculations about women and she adds "well they may, for when the horse and ass begin to think and argue, adieu to riding and driving." Her letter is very amusing and comical. I *was* going to Miss Mitford last week but had an express to say her father is seized with sudden and dangerous illness. I am afraid the good old man (who is 78) will certainly

¹ Mary Russell Mitford, 1787-1855.

London once more

die and as she has been his sole companion and support for years, I am very sorry for her.

Sarah Austin to Anna Jameson.

CRANFORD COTTAGE, RICHMOND,
April 15, 1839

I can hardly say I am ashamed, my dearest friend, but am sorry, truly sorry, that I have not written to you in answer to your kind letter. You will understand it all—a *déménagement*, my husband more and more sick in mind & body, people flocking round me because I was going, business to be concluded, Ranke to be kept going—last not least new pangs of maternity in the shape of a serious love affair of my poor child's already !¹ Well it must come, so you say, like death & it is come and there is but one objection to her very charming & lovable suitor ; want of money, combined with a title & rich & fashionable connexions which greatly aggravates the evil. Even now it is ostensibly not settled, but their own hearts have settled it & as he is 28 and as good as he is handsome & sweet tempered & singlehearted, *I* have not the heart to oppose it. I have placed before them in the strongest light the evils they are going to brave, & after that I think I have done my duty ; I know what your feeling will be. Pray don't hint at this to anyone, as Europe's now one vast mart of news & gossip. We shall talk it over. Meantime the dear child is going to Hastings for a few weeks.

Every pretty cottage that I see with an *affiche*, I call out "that will do for Mrs. Jameson"—so entirely

¹ Lucy Austin married Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, 1840.

Anna Jameson : Letters and Friendships

have I settled it that you come here. Seriously, dear, you cannot do better. It is accessible. We shall have the Berrys & Lady Charlotte Lindsay for neighbours & the Hortons, as you know, & this is enough. I am very hard at work on Ranke wh. at length is going on steadily and tolerably quietly. I rather enjoy my solitude, which is at present complete—& my hard work.

The great evil & burthen of my life, my husband's bad health & worse spirits, continues & in this seclusion I should sink, if it were not for *daily labour* so falsely called the primal curse. When do you return? Mr. Duer is here, as affectionate as ever. H. Martineau's novel is out. I hear it called dull. I dare say it is to pampered novel readers. . . . At the moment I write the debate is going on which is to decide the fate of the Ministry. It is thought they will not go out yet. I am grown indifferent to these things. Governments cannot or will not touch the great ulcers at the heart of society, and all the rest is but skin deep work. God bless you dearest friend,

Your ever faithful,

L. AUSTIN.

Henry Reeve, a nephew of Mrs. Austin, was another firm friend at this period. He was then on the staff of the *Times*, and was living in Chapel Street with Henry Chorley,¹ a contributor to the *Athenæum*, and an authority on music. A thorough cosmopolitan, it was to Reeve that Anna owed some of the introductions to literary people in other lands.

¹ Henry Chorley, 1808–1872.

London once more

Henry Reeve¹ to Anna Jameson.

DEELHAM, ROOKERY COTTAGE,
September 10, 1839.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

Your kind note has reached me under an avenue of tall trees, peopled with rooks : and I, like them, sit cawing in the last breezes of our short summer. If I had not devoted my sick London fortnight to the completion of two little literary tasks which I had much at heart—(the one was my maiden onslaught on the Slave Trade,) I should have challenged your kindness in my hours of confinement, but I was determined to burn the taper on a save-all ; and I corrected my proofs before I ran away. Here I am surrounded by the simplicity and ease of a country life and by what is not less unruffled, the kinsmanly regard of my own relations, dwellers wholly in the country : and I hope, before I return to my harness, I shall be quite strong again. On Thursday I go to Lowestoft to join my mother ; & we shall proceed to Norwich together—I wish indeed it were to meet you there, as I hope we shall meet Mrs. Austin.

I shall write to Chorley to-day to tell him of your kindness in mentioning — to Miss Tree. I hope they will bring out your play.

Adieu. Believe me always faithfully yours

HENRY REEVE.

The most lively of Anna's correspondents is unquestionably Mrs. Grote,² the wife of the historian.

¹ Henry Reeve, 1813-1895.

² Mrs. Grote (Harriet Lewin), 1792-1878.

Anna Jameson : Letters and Friendships

We can trace, in her letters, the whole history of Fanny Ellsler,¹ the dancer, famous even in the age that saw Taglioni ; we become acquainted with her whims and vagaries, and can but sympathize with the well-meaning woman whose efforts to steer her protégée's frail craft through troubled waters was not an easy task.

Harriet Grote to Anna Jameson.

B. BEECHES,

Tuesday, September 15, 1839.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

Two days of hurry skurry in London and *householdry*, two days of severe headaches here, on my return ; three days of hospitality to our French friends ; (who left us this forenoon). There is my history for the *last* week. M. de la Valette occupied many hours of my restricted time during the two days of the week previous I passed in town (Friday and Sat., the 4th. and 5th.) and subsequently prevailed on Geo. to bring him down to *B. Beeches* last Monday ! He was so earnestly intent upon procuring the aid of my exhortations upon Mdlle. Elssler, that he could not rest without bringing me her letters, which he had that day received, forwarded from Paris, to prove to me how imminent the case was.

I went up to town the next morning, Tuesday, for the express purpose of receiving M. le D. de Beauffremont and his son who came up from Berks : M. and Mad. Mallet, of Paris, also called and settled to come to us last Thursday ; but one of my terrible *accès*

¹ Fanny Ellsler, 1810-1884.

London once more

coming on, I was forced to adjourn their visit to Sunday and in the interim suffered grievously.

Our day's pleasure yesterday was woefully ruined by the continual rain, nevertheless we went to Dropmore and spent nearly two hours, with umbrellas and wet feet, in those Elysian gardens. This cottage was crammed, as you may conceive when I tell you we actually made room for six guests, who, with ourselves and six servants, all slept herein ! We are expecting Professor Thommesel and the De Beauffremonts. At the end of this month we are going to visit the Dean of Durham at his charming Rectory in the neighbourhood of Ripon, ere he quits it for ever, a sort of duty we owe to our estimable and loving friend ; and in the beginning of November we shall go to Pencarrow for a fortnight. As to my plague and torment, the lovely Danseuse ! whether she will be influenced by my exhortatory epistles, or be deaf to all save the charms of Plutus, I have no idea. If she come by Br. Queen, she will arrive on, or about, Oct. 15th., and I shall see her for a day or two and then—yes, and then—a long farewell ! I have warned M. de la V. that it will be impossible for me to receive F. and him under my roof together, so that if he comes over to receive her we shall have to share her society between us for the few days she passes in England. Should the Br. Queen return without F. E., M. de la V. has apprized her that he intends sailing in the Gr. W. on Nov. 1st. (or Br. Queen, I forget which) to New York for the purpose of fetching her to Europe. A mess, you see, is cooking of the first quality. Lavalette, being well-nigh frantic, sees nothing but the danger of losing his mistress, and will imperil his whole “*avenir*” to re-

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acquire his prize. I lament that Murray should still keep you in suspense, but you seem in "a cleft stick," and must submit. Keep up your courage, however, my dear friend, and work at your present task so as to do you credit and Murray must "come to book" methinks. I will readily lend you £100 on a pinch, upon the security of his bill, tho' *this is* not very marketable, I fear. Write me your doings and believe me, dear Mrs. Jameson, most sincerely yours,

H. GROTE.

RUE DE RIVOLI 22 TER,
(*au second*),
November 20, 1839.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

I am afraid lest your visit to Paris takes place too late for me to derive any profit from it, since I already know by experience that your position on the terrestrial globe is not to be predicted in the same way that the position of the celestial bodies is. Accordingly I write to you to beg, 1. that you will scribble me a few lines saying what you think will be your plans for the next six weeks, and that you will lend me your assistance to carry out my views of being serviceable to our *Pet*, F. E., whose welfare I have steadily at heart, and not less so since I have had further opportunities of conversing with and observing her. . . . I am getting a little "endways" in Fanny's good graces, and flatter myself she is becoming more disposed to unfold herself to me, but you cannot think how reserved I found her at first, and how ticklish a game I have found it to push our conversation farther than the neutral topics on which people, not on intimate

London once more

terms, commonly discourse. However, I consider myself now "en bon train," but as my stay here will be only a short one, (say till the 18 or 20 Decr.) I want you to aid me in forming a sort of plan (which I may lay before her also) for her to be made more happy and comfortable in America during the visit she has covenanted to pay them there in the spring. I shall strain all *my* little "canvass" to reach this object, and shall, for her, incur, or at least consent to incur, personal obligations to such of my American acquaintance as will hold out the hand of sympathy and good feeling to this gifted member of a debased profession, on her arrival at New York. . . . Now will you ask Fanny Butler and C. Sedgwick to take notice of her? Or are there any others you think you could influence favourably? . . . If you come to Paris before I go, (which I devoutly desire) we can devise better, together, our means than asunder, wherefore I pray you to try "to wind up your ends" and trot off to the Tower to embark your dear self for the port of Boulogne. We have only seen F. *dance* twice since we came. She never appears *more* than once a week, and seems to be in the highest possible favour at the "Academie!"

Last night, (I resume since yesterday, this letter) we saw her in the "Tarantule." I never admired her more, soit pantomime, soit dance—Farthermore I *laughed* to excess, as did my two female companions, Mad^{lle}. Comte & Mad. Wizley whom I took with me. As for W. G. he was so absorbed in his *divinity* that he *could* not laugh, but his attention was rivetted to her during every scena.

He pays her the most charming compliments, some of them even *extravagant*, which *she receives* with an

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entire calmness and indifference of manner, as tho' she were so used to incense that it made no sort of impression upon her ! He says he does not care for that, as he only utters them to "let off" the current of his own admiration, & not to ingratiate himself with her, which *I* believe to a certain degree. Paris is full, & we have nothing but English in this house, excepting au quatrième, (in the roof) where M. Alex. Dumas¹ has his gîte. Lord S. T. Cadogan & girls are "au premier," Lady Westmeath & Lady E. Dawson entresol—Lady Airy au troisième ; we look over the Tuileries gardens, & have a charming light & airy lodging—my own maid, English servant, & french "Domestique de Place" as steward, &c^{er} and our own Carriage in w^h we travelled from London. I only lack health ! but that alas ! I must do without, for the few years I am destined to pass on this planet.

Pray write to me at this address Rue de Rivoli and believe me, with sincere regards, dear Mrs. Jameson, faithfully yours,

H. GROTE.

Henry Reeve to Anna Jameson.

ISLE OF WIGHT,
January 21, 1840.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than the receipt of your letter. I got your note (without date) containing two shillings (for I know not what supposed debt) on Saturday ; & I was on the point of writing to Miss Murphy to enquire where you were to be found.

¹ Alexandre Dumas, 1802–1870.

London once more

I hope that I shall be able to obtain a French Passport for you, without your personal attendance. If not, the shortest way would be for you to get one from the French Consul at Dover ; and then apply at the Embassy at Paris for another, which you wd. have visé'd for Paris by the several Ambassadors there.

I shall have great pleasure in giving you letters. At Paris you will find Madme. Faucher, whom you very hospitably received in 1838 ; & John Simpson, a connection of mine who will be entirely at your disposal. At Marseilles you will have a home—if you please, at the Philip Taylors' : and at Milan I shall be happy to address you to the Marquise d'Azeglio, a relation of Manzoni's who is one of the most beautiful & amiable of women. At the other places I have no acquaintances.

I say this, however, with some heaviness of heart, because I cannot afford to lose you for so long a rambling. Before you left us for America, I had not had so much cause to miss you : but now, you know, that on very many of the subjects which I love to dwell on best, I am more sure of your sympathy in taste & purpose than of that of any one else—with one or two exceptions ; and with them the sympathy is not more sure, but only more easily come at. An omnibus passes their door, or they live in the next street—for our sympathies are alas ! in cruel bondage to the Directory : & now you are going to wander out of the Directory altogether. I could hurl the Blue Book after you. Of news I have little to give.

They talk of nothing but Breach of Privilege, or the Penny Postage. The latter is growing whimsi-

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cally unpopular : and people are wretched at not having the opportunity of acquitting themselves handsomely to the Tax-Collector. The increase of letters has not been very much below what was anticipated, and there is good reason to apprehend that the plan cannot last.

In Paris, to return to your travels, you had better go to the Hotel Canterbury. No. 22 or 24. Rue de la Paix. If you arrive before the 1st of February you will find Chorley still there. My Mother took up her quarters there, when she was at Paris alone in 1837. The people are very civil, & it is not dear. Would you like letters also to Madm. de Marliani, a friend of George Sand's, & a singularly clever woman : & to Madme. de Tocqueville, an Englishwoman : I only suggest these persons in case you wish to see some society.

The Queen looked pale when she went down to the House. Next week, the Debate on the Vote of want of confidence in Ministers, will decide the long-drawn battle between the parties. The Ministerialists anticipate a victory : I am not sure the Ministers do the same. But the battle will be fairly fought, and either result is preferable to the present position of men & things. To the Queen all this is matter of intense anxiety, & it perhaps diminishes the anxiety which other young ladies are wont to feel, the week before their marriage day. But if I may guess at what passes in that exalted breast, the agitation of political passion and of all its public cares will be rather soothed & softened by the mingling current of private anxieties and affectionate sympathies. God bless her ! In that faith I shall die.

London once more

Did you ever see the volume of Prince Albert's Poems? I should like very much to get hold of it. They are to give him £50,000 a year for his life.

Many thanks for your promised gift of the Plays—they will be charming volumes, I know.

Adieu.

Yrs faithfully

HENRY REEVE.

P.S. Would you have any objection to communicate a little *aufsatz*—a page from your Journal or what you will, to the Keepsake for next year. If you will the sooner we have it the better.

CHAPTER IX

A FAIR DANCER

FANNY ELSSLER came over to England in the spring of 1840, and was taken under the wing of Mrs. Grote, who appears to have looked after her child, who was at school in England. She excited great admiration in London, one of her admirers being Adelaide Procter, now fourteen years and a half old.

TO FANNY ELSSLER.

Like the waves when leaping
Gaily in their mirth,
Sunny daughter of the skies,
Wonder of the earth !

Like some too, too happy thought
For this earth unfit,
Full of grace and beauty,
Love and light and wit.

Like the foam born goddess
In Cythera's Isle,
Thou dost govern nations
By thy own sweet smile.

A Fair Dancer

Like some dream or fancy
Floating once in air,
Thou comest down embodied
Beauty ! bright and rare.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

March 1840.

Mrs. Montagu to Anna Jameson.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

It is hard that I, who go out so seldom should be deprived of the pleasure of meeting you to-morrow ! but, should the day be tolerable, I am bound to dine with Anne Procter and her Children—at two o'clock, and she brings me into town in the evening.

I am not, as you know, given to making new acquaintances or seeking new friends, but I should very much like to know Mrs. Grote, and when she next goes to St. John's Wood I shall try to meet her there. There is something so magnanimous in her support of Fanny Elssler, and so *truly Christian*, whatever the Pharisees might say, that I really love her.

Fix any other day, dear Mrs. Jameson, and take your Luncheon with me, and excuse a scrawl written in the midst of interruption and those household cares, which called away even Desdemona, in despite of her gentle pity, and the fascinations of Othello.

Your affectionate friend

ANNE D. B. MONTAGU.

Public opinion was not unanimous as to Mrs. Grote's championship of the dancer. Mrs. Montagu

Anna Jameson : Letters and Friendships

and the Procters approved ; Anna, oddly enough, considering the support she had given to Ottilie, did not. She declined to meet her at Mrs. Grote's house, while offering to help her privately in any way she could.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

You will do as you like about to-morrow, but I shall be sorry if you miss my nice music, which is like to be rather superior. F.¹ will, I hope, be here. I have about 15 people asked, among whom 4 or 5 of our sex. Do entirely as you like. I was at Opera last evening and kept a place for you to the last moment ! F's dancing was the most ravishing perhaps, I ever saw, of its kind. But she was very tamely applauded, the Opera had effectively benumbed the audience.

In haste,

Yours affectionately

H. GROTE.

29 *Mar.*

Staid at home.

A. J.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

I will keep a place for you in my box for Thursday, not meaning to crowd it ; I will leave a ticket for you at Fortnum & Mason's, Piccadilly ; is not that the best way ? To-morrow Fanny dines here and her sister ; no women coming except *Mrs. Procter*, who eagerly accepted the offer to meet her here to-

¹ Fanny Elssler.

A Fair Dancer

day, when she called upon me. I don't ask you, for the same reasons as before. But as this is her last week, perhaps you will cheer her with a call one morning. . . . I am *unusually* depressed in consequence of Fanny's *shortcomings*; these two days have been days of intense mortification, and I feel the curse of having too large a soul and too soft a heart. More anon—you will come home on Thursday to sleep and we will talk on the morrow. I hardly say I *hope* your Father is better; but I wish whatever will work best for you and those you belong to. Ever affectionately,

Yours,

H. GROTE.

Tuesday night.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

My good man and I are going to retire to Burnham on Thursday, for 4 days, returning on Monday next. I long to see you, however, before I go, and must try for it to-morrow. If I fail, pray dine here Wed. 22nd. You had better sleep here, if my bed is vacant, after Chorley's party on the 21st. eh? I am dead beat to-night, and can say no more than that I rose at half past 7 to-day to go and help F. to start, and well I *did*, else had she infallibly lost the train, owing to the idiotic procrastination of Kate who left her packing to the last moment. G. and I took F. to the station and then I gave them the slip, sans repeating the painful solace of saying farewell, and wending my sad way back to Eccleston Street.

Mad. Elssler and she were drowned in grief at parting, G. said; I have had this latter with me ever

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since, and at 10 p.m. Geo. himself took her in our carriage to the steamer off the Tower ! There's friendship for you, Ma'am !

I was dressed to go to Mr. Ella's quartette party to-night, but my heart is too full and I can't encounter society under my present depression. I rejoice to say that we *all* parted with the most undimmed affection, and that neither Geo. nor I *now* entertain the slightest doubt of Fanny's capability to feel the strongest emotions of love and gratitude. God prosper her honest efforts ! I witnessed the parting between Fanny and her angelic child yesterday and never shall I forget it ! It was worthy of a Raphaëlle, and, as to the moral part of it, I was ready to burn with admiration ! F. was very much overcome. We went to-day (I and Mad. Ellsler) to see it again and I think I will take it to B. for a little air after its measles.

Goodnight my tender friend ! your sympathy is truly delightful and consoles me for cherishing such a plague within me as a susceptible heart !

Ever affectionately yours,

H. G.

14th April,

$\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 p.m.

G. not returned yet.

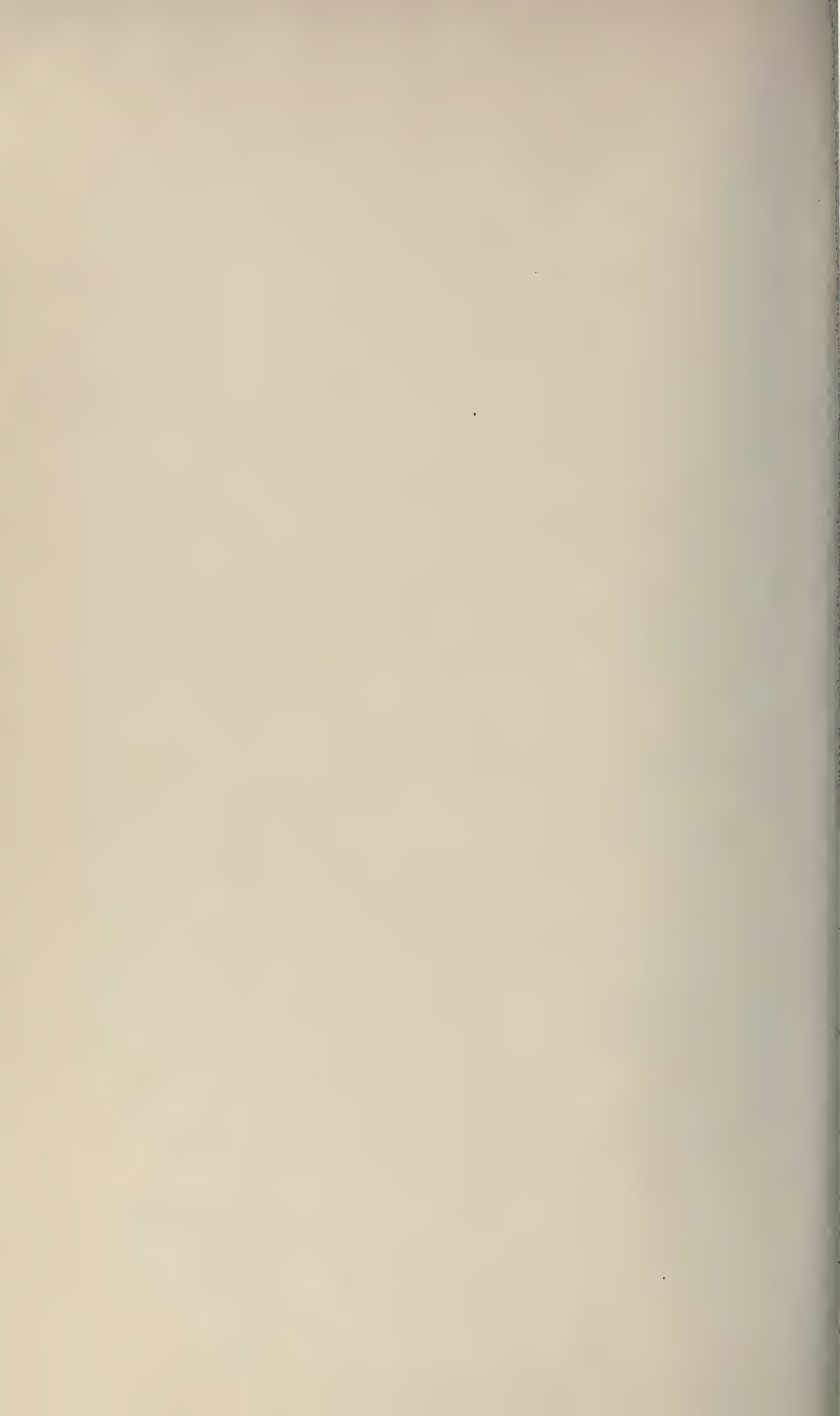
In August Anna went with Mrs. Grote for a driving tour, during which they visited Wilton, where they were hospitably received by Lady Pembroke. Anna was then engaged on her "Handbook to the Private Galleries of London," and was more than ever interested in studying works



SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

After a sketch by Sir J. Hayter, R.A.

To face p. 186.



A Fair Dancer

of art. Writing from Exeter to her family, she says that at Taunton—

“ . . . a most kind and pressing invitation awaited me from Sydney Smith¹ to go on to them with Mrs. Grote, which was far too pleasant to be refused; so I went on to the most beautiful *ideal* of a parsonage I ever beheld, at the head of a valley among rising hills, the grounds and garden on a small scale but laid out with the greatest taste. My reception was delightful and next day I returned to Taunton in their Phæton with Mrs. Smith, deposited myself in the Exeter Coach, and came on in three hours to Exeter. . . . I shall remain here till Saturday or Monday, then join Mrs. Grote again at Taunton and we shall proceed homewards—you may look for me I think about next Wednesday. . . .

After parting from Mrs. Grote Anna received constant letters from her, full of her anxieties about the perfidious Fanny Elssler, who had broken her engagement in Paris and was now in America.

Harriet Grote to Anna Jameson.

MASHAM, NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

October 3, 1840.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

I recd. your kind note of enquiry duly forwarded to me hither, at the Dean of Durham's, where I think I told you we should be at this season pursuant to agreement. We shall be in Ecclestone St. for 1, or at most, 2 nights, on Sunday next, by rail road from

¹ Sydney Smith, 1771–1845.

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Birmingham; and the middle of the week will, I hope, see me at Burnham Beeches for a fortnight, & happy to receive *you* there if still at Windsor. I have been harassed about Fanny Elssler; *Lavalette* been down to B. Beeches, & long letters between us since. The Devil to pay about her folly in breaking engagement, but he has got the favour of a prolongation to Decr, so as to allow of his going to fetch her between this & then, should she prove still recalcitrant. Meanwhile *I* firmly expect her by British Queen on the 15 or 16 of Oct. I wrote so earnest a remonstrance that I am disposed to think she will come, malgré the dictates of pecuniary interest. Lavalette wrote her the most imploring ardent letter possible, & warned her he should go over in Nov. if she did not come by October ship. The country round is delightful, and the steep abrupt and rocky banks above the Yure, clothed with wood, and parks adjacent, render the scenery picturesque as heart could wish. The Yure is a fine stream as broad as the Thames at Windsor, but brawling and rapid, tumbling over blocks of stone and roaring most lullingly at a distance. . . .

Ever yrs. affectely.

H. GROTE.

B. B.,

October 17th, 11 p.m.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

Letters from Wihoff and Sumner, from Boston, of 1 Oct. as well as from Charles our servant, (attached to F. E. pro. tem.) inform me this day of her resolute determination to proceed to the Havannah ! malgré all the protestations of the Marquis, his menaces of going over to fetch her, and Mr. Grote's and my earnest

A Fair Dancer

recommendations to her to return and keep her engagements at Paris. I have scarcely been well enough to write since I returned hither, which was later than I wrote you I intended, on account of my sufferings in the beginning of this week, which were deplorable, else I should have communicated to you some notion of what has been transacting in reference to Elssler's Paris affairs. Lavalette returned to London last Sunday, bringing the note from Thuss to Guizot and passed Monday evening in Eccleston St. He has signed a bond to pay 60,000 francs in case F. E. does not return the end of December and either he or Therèse, whose guarantee is also given, must pay the same if pressed by M. Pillet and M. Duponchel. This step was adopted by L. to stave off the action for damages, which the Directors were on the point of instituting against the truant Danseuse, in conformity with the duty they owe the abonnés and shareholders at large. There never was such a romance as this whole affair has been, and our present relations with M. de la V. are truly remarkable! Conceive *my* being converted into a recipient of *his* griefs and miseries and "confidences" *I* who have frankly told him from the beginning that I never would encourage F. to marry him, or even to continue to be his "*aimée*," because I thought him unworthy of her esteem! He has forgiven me everything, it would seem, because he finds I am *just*, and *now*, I must own, he *has* some ground for considering himself *unkindly* used, to say the least of it. I hardly dare chalk out the probable issue of this *ravelled* history, but my *impression* is that F. designs to disenthral herself from her connection with the Marquis, and that her experience of gentlemen of high

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honour and generous impulses, obtained within the last 12 months, (since she was taken up by us) has opened her eyes to the defects of *his* character, and lessened her affection accordingly. He must give up going over, for she is off to Cuba, and thence to N. Orleans (Wihoff in attendance). Thérèse had reckoned on going, in case L. could not, but, one would be as hopeless a case as the other. Sumners letter is delightful, and full of valuable details to me, for neither F. nor Wihoff are good at facts. The Br. Queen is not yet in, but I expect no letters by *her*. These came by the Boston vessel ; none is come from F. herself. I need not say that we are extremely vexed about all this and Mr. Grote begins to be somewhat weary of such a profitless warfare as that of inspiring a sense of obligation in American bosoms. F. now takes Wihoff's views of right and wrong, and those are apparently genuine American, which means "l'Argent avant tout." I shall take no more trouble about the matter, having toiled and striven to guide her with honour and credit, sans succès. She must now shift for herself, and with her £16,000 or £18,000 she will marry very well no doubt one of these days. She has sunk in my estimation by this fatal resolve, and in G's still lower, and God knows if he will ever again become much interested about her, so inseparable is his attachment to honour and good faith ! I should very much like to see you, and shew you Sumner's letter, and perhaps can manage it the end of next week, about Friday, in town, as I think of going up to see a homeopathic Dr. ! "drowning men" etc. God bless you, dear Mrs. Jameson. Believe me always yours most truly

H. GROTE.

A Fair Dancer

B. B.,
October 19, 1840.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

I feel so exhausted by the effort of writing to the Dean of Durham, being the 1st day I have found myself able to write since my return, & to Mrs. Butler, that, to save my eyes, & energies generally, I send the letter to Mrs. B. for you to run over (& forward afterwards) by which you will be somewhat “au fait” of matters relating to that tiresome girl, F. Elssler.

I cannot, however, convey to you any *idea* of the doubts & uncomfortable presages which her recent conduct has generated in both Mr. G. & myself. How she *could* go on writing in the warmest strain of passion to M. de la V., & of him, to me, in steady terms of attachment, & yet refuse to listen to his counsels, his prayers, his *adjurations* to return, accomp'd. by his *assurance* that her intimacy with Wihoff was insupportable, and that if she continued to travel with him in his carriage & to live in same appartnt. etc., he wd. come over & fight him, (for all Paris is laughing at him, & W's *mistress* at Paris screaming that F. has robbed her of her lover) in spite of all this, off she goes to the *Havannah, with said Wihoff*; (who, writing to me date 30 Sept. does *not* tell me he is going with her) *she* writing never a word to me by this packet; I can't dive into her intentions at all, but I think it all but clear that she will lose her good name, her friends, & *her lover* by what she is doing, and in my present state of feelings towards this young man I shd. say a breach with him is devoutly to be deprecated. . . .

Ever yours most sincerely,

H. G.

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February 8, 1841.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

I return your proofs, with such comments, pertinent and impertinent, as my judgment suggested. I have no idea where to “throw a cast” to fish up any facts about your historical worthies. Brantôme and Bayle seem the most promising reservoirs to try and at a leisure moment I will ‘een throw a line for you, having both. But I will consult Geo. about it when he comes home. The Biog. Univ. may have something about them mayhap. I will ask Mr. Hallam when I see him, which I hope to do on Sunday, as he is to be asked to meet us at dinner. I had a Richmond Journal of 18 January sent me on Friday last which shews that city to have been infested with the Elssler mania to a rampant degree. I shall not expect any letters before the End of March, if then. I can’t stir out, cold pinches me and horses cannot stand. I went not to Reeves, but must contrive to get to Mrs. Austin’s on Tuesday. I regret you are so overshadowed by your work, but when people are “full inside and out,” of luggage, they can’t stop to gossip on the road. I shall await the end of this “relai,” if indeed you stop at any given point. I am in debt to *everybody* as to visits and cannot promise such a long evening at Bayswater for a good long day I doubt.

Opera opens 4 Mar.

Adieu ! dear Mrs. Jameson, I wish you better, and a happy issue out of this undertaking !

Affectionately yours

H. G.

8 Feb. 3 p.m. 3 hours after receiving yours.

A Fair Dancer

June 24th (1841?).

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

. . . You were not at Mrs. Procter's last Tuesday week, I conclude, or wd. have heard the moans of Sydney & Co. there over my absences from illness. I lost the clos^g concert on the Monday, with Liszt's Septuos! In short I lost everything except a dinner at S. Smith's on Thursday, where I was almost a cypher, from languor. I shall be very happy to be made acquainted with yr. Noels, but you must lay the plot and apprise me. I will call on them if you will let me know where. I have heaps of things to say to you; why did you not come on Monday? Liszt¹ played waltzes to boys and girls dancing, and Ad: Kemble² sang beautifully several things: two remarkable events, as you will agree, to occur in a private dwelling on one evening. I am now tolerably well and going to Moscheles tonight, and to dine at Lady Eliz. H. Vere's on Friday, & to see Taglioni³ on Sat^y. I lend my drawing rooms to A. Kemble for a morning concert next week! a monstrous proof of the sympathy and interest I bear that fine creature. I don't know when I shall see you, for, as I ride whenever I am not ill, I see no great chance of its being *chez vous*, & you seem chained to the leg of the table there. However, be it when & where you will, it will give me sincere pleasure—being ever affec^{ly} yrs.

H. GROTE.

Chorley's book is capital, as far as I have read.

In 1841 Adelaide Kemble returned from Italy and made her first appearance in England. She

¹ Franz Liszt, 1811–1886. ² Adelaide Kemble, 1814–1879.

³ Marie Taglioni, 1804–1884.

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had all the charm and talent of her race and achieved much success in her career as a singer. The letters preserved by Mrs. Jameson are tinged with a deep melancholy. Here is an example :—

Adelaide Kemble to Anna Jameson.

DEAR ANNA,—

Some time on Sunday I will come and see you, probably during the day, for I am not sure of being able to do so in the evening. Oh, when indeed shall I have peace? Not till I am under the sod—if then.

ADELAIDE KEMBLE.

On another occasion she wrote the following verses, with a little note scribbled on the fourth sheet of the paper ; the sentiment expressed in the first poem recalls Christina Rossetti's well-known lines :—

When I am dead, beloved,
Sing no sad song for me.

I

Out of the sun's hot glare
Oh ! make my bed ;
Where the violet blows,
Where the long grass grows,
Oh ! lay me there
When I am dead.

A Fair Dancer

Bring no flowers rare,
To deck my bed ;
The violets grow above
The hearts of those they love.
Hang no garlands there,
When I am dead.

Raise no stone above
My lonely head,
Put no stifling tombstone there ;
The flowers will spring up thick and fair,
The violets love
The early dead.

II

“ Oh ! love me well—oh ! love me well,
And lay thine hand upon my heart,
For oh ! my dear thou knowst it well
We soon must part.

“ Oh ! love me well, oh ! love me well,
Kiss me upon my eyelids fine,
For oh ! my dear thou knowst it well,
I never can be thine.

“ And fear me not, but tell me true,
Is she as fair as I ?
Are her eyes like mine, or blue,
And does she smile or sigh? ”

“ Thine eyes are soft like damp moonshine,
Hers are nor black nor blue,
They are not large brown eyes like thine,
But a grey that runs one through.”

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“ But when they look in thine—oh ! say,
Then look they kind in sooth? ”

“ They are clear and chill as an autumn day
And they hurt one like the truth.

“ Her cheeks are pale, her spirits tame,
Her skin is wondrous fair ;
She spends her days at her broidery frame
And half her nights in prayer.

“ She has no hours of grief or mirth
And love she does not know ;
She weds because from our hours of birth,
Our sires did will it so.

“ Oh ! red ripe lips ! oh ! round arms rare !
Oh ! eyes of liquid light !
Oh ! spicy breath and fragrant hair,
That overcome me quite !

“ Thy honied words hum like a bee
As they melt from thy little mouth ;
And warm and free thou lookst to me
Like a sunset in the South ! ”

Harriet Grote to Anna Jameson.

B. BEECHES,
Sunday, July 5th (1841).

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

I was down with a headache on Thursday and part of Friday. Thus neither note nor visit cd. be accomplished for your profit. I came down yesterday, calling for an hour at the Hostl. fête, where Geo.,

A Fair Dancer

for the 1st. time in his life also went, & was, like a child, so enthralled by the strains of the 3 military bands playing all the while we staid, that I had much ado to tug him away to persue our journey hither. We have Mr. Lewis, Alfred Austin and Jos : Parkes today, wh. has prevented my writing you a long note, but I wd. not suffer these days to go over without trying to negociate a day to enjoy the real pleasure of talking with you. Suppose you give me Wed^y.? I will not answer for not going to the German Opera, but *that* I presume wd. not deter you. Our bed is at your service, & I only wish you wd. make use of it when your convenience dictates, without awaiting an invitaⁿ. I return on Tuesday to E. St. I am unable to say more at present than that I long for a confabⁿ. with you, & to hear *your budget*, yet do not think I shall "escape from you," even if we meet but at long intervals. I am slow to form friendships, but *may* predicate of myself the one virtue of constancy, (amid many faults & weaknesses wh. appertain to me as well to my neighbours) & therefore fancy I shall long continue to deem you a valuable & estimable intimate, & to desire to attract to myself as much of your esteem & confidence as you may feel disposed to bestow.

Ever dear Mrs. Jameson yrs.

affect^{ly}.

H. GROTE.

The little embryo "danseuse"¹ (alas!) is here, & happier than a butterfly.

P.S. I see I have turned two leaves so send both to avoid rewriting.

¹ Fanny Ellsler's child.

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You have no idea of the social success of our Fanny in N. York. She is actually received in the best families as a guest. This I learn from Leguin, and from a French paper sent me by Mrs. Procter, wh. has delighted me.

William Howitt to Anna Jameson.

LONDON, 24 BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE,
July 9, 1841.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

I have been in London three months, and all that time proposing to myself to call on you and thank you for your kind introductions to Mr. Tom Jecke and the Schlossers at Heidelberg. I thought you would like to have five minutes chat about your friends, and especially your young friend. And now I am off back again on Wednesday next ! To me, to whom the bosom of my family is the very heart of Paradise, just under the Tree of Life itself, I need not say that a nine months solitary bustling, hurrying, and laborious stay in flattering but unsympathising London, is quite an age and that I shall leave it the moment I have done my business in it. Yet I should have liked to have seen you for ten minutes, and will, if it is convenient to you and you will say when. If not, shall I be the bearer of a letter or letters ?

We are going, soon after my return, a ramble of two or three months through the north of Germany, and Madame Goethe has very kindly offered to give us all the advantages she can for seeing Vienna and its people.

A Fair Dancer

Shall we have the pleasure of meeting you anywhere?

Can you tell me where Lady Byron is?

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM HOWITT.¹

John Murray to Anna Jameson.

TWICKENHAM,

August 20, 1841.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

. . . I heard yesterday from his Physician, that Theodore Hook² was “dying fast.” I intend to ride over to Putney to-day to make enquiry, but I am sorry to say, with very slight hopes of finding him alive.

I have obtained, till the end of October, one of the most commodious and comfortable villas† with beautiful Lawn down to the Thames, where all my Family—particularly myself—are *really* enjoying ourselves—and I wish you could manage to pass a day with us. Tell me where you are going, and when, and pray believe that I am, My Dear Madam,

Most Sincerely Yours,

JOHN MURRAY.³

† The second on this side of *Pope's*.

In 1842 Adelaide Kemble retired from the stage before her marriage, which took place early in 1843. The following letter, written in a lively

¹ William Howitt, 1792–1879. ² Theodore Hook, 1788–1841.

³ John Murray, 1778–1843.

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vein, shows the surprise that the engagement occasioned :—

Lady Monson to Anna Jameson.

CAROLSIDE, EARLSTON, BERWICKSHIRE.

WELL ! MY DEAREST MRS. JAMESON,—

If I *don't* sit down and write to you, I feel I shall do *nothing* but sit with my hands on my knees all day, contemplating the wonderful piece of intelligence your letter conveys. I'm in *utter* amazement. Luckily I have Jean Mitchell to tell it to, and we have been staring at each other ever since I made the communication. Why, my dear Mrs. Jameson, that *walking Pea Jacket*, that creature that I have *wondered* about whenever I have thought of him at all, that thing that I have seen for years and never yet learnt whether he ever had a father or mother—that *not* handsome, *not* ugly, *not* fat, *not* thin, *not* good, *not* bad, *not* pleasant, *not* unpleasant, in short the only quality about him not negative that he always has his hands in his P. Jacket. I cannot make it out ; when I talked to A. about marrying a good man she could esteem and not to marry from any superabundance of the *belle passion*, I did *not* think of Sartoris ; I did not mean her to go as far as that. What can it be? *Do*, dear Mrs. Jameson, write to me again about it directly. Every thought I have about it, at present, has a negative turn ; I don't see that she will be *unhappy*, I don't see that she will be happy. I shall not be *surprised* if you tell me *he* dances on the *tight rope*, but if you tell me A. is in love with him, I shall.

A Fair Dancer

What *will Papa* say—He'll die, so he will get rid of his engagement at Covent Garden. I have so often asked A. what that *body* on *two legs* was ; she never seemed to know. I got, last time I was in London, to enquire *what he lived* upon. She said he had some *little* money, just enough to make up another negative I suppose, *not penniless*. Well, I hope she is not *in love* with him, that's one conclusion to come to, for *that* positive will never do to join to such a non-entity.

A. does not write to me and now I don't wonder. What says Fanny? I arrived here two days ago. Did I not tell you in my last letter that I had fixed the 30th. for leaving Meluen? I thought I had. I should have written to you again but did you not tell me you were going to write me a longer letter in a day or two ! So I have been waiting for it, not "forgetting you " *indeed*.

When will you come to Scotland? Mrs. Mitchell hopes for you here. *Do* come. That *man* Sartoris, (I hope he is positively that, bye the bye, but I never thought of him as of any particular *sex* even), always has given me the idea of *not* being *otherwise* than a good *moral* sort of thing, may I think make A. happy. He *may* be an angel of light in short, but who would have thought one would ever have thought about him for half an hour without ceasing? *Do* write, dear Mrs. Jameson. When is it to be? God help you. God help us *all*, for men and women seem to be like balls on a billiard table.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. M.

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These lines on Adelaide Sartoris do not seem to have been published in Adelaide Procter's collected works.

TO MRS. SARTORIS.

Music ! of mortal gifts the most divine,
The brightest, rarest, lady fair, is thine !
The spirit of the southern land of song,
Has taught thee how to charm the listening throng,
Has taught thee how remorse and crime have been
The fearful fate of the Assyrian Queen,
And how amid the oaks with woman's pride
The lovelorn priestess found revenge—and died !
Hath she not whispered in some summer dream
How that sad bird beneath the moon's pale beam,
Sends up its soul unto the starlit skies,
And how the white swan warbles ere it dies !
How the sea sirens lure each passer by
And charm the unwary stranger till he die ?
Our land made glorious by thy gifted song,
Finds that bright genius that had left her long ;
Music no more to softer climes hath flown,
While northern England claims thee as her Own !

ADELAIDE.

CHAPTER X

HARRIET MARTINEAU

THE autumn of 1841, Anna spent in Paris, studying art with a view to her Handbook to the Public Galleries in and near London, and to a more important work which she contemplated writing.

Anna Jameson to Charlotte Murphy.

AVENUE MARBŒUF, 23.

October 15, 1841.

MY DEAR DARLING CHARLOTTE,—

I wrote a letter from the day after my arrival, very reluctantly, but you had all insisted on it and I was afraid you would be uneasy if I did not write. It would have been better to have deferred my letter till I had something to say ; I have now been here nearly a fortnight, but have not done as much as I expected and hoped to have done, having caught a horrible cold on my journey and every day since, one cold on another, till at last I was fairly laid up and obliged to keep quiet. The great *event* of my life here has been meeting with Rio ¹ ; I have introduced him

¹ Alexis Rio, 1806–1874.

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to Mrs. Forster & M. de Triqueti¹ and all parties are so delighted with the introduction that I have had their cordial thanks on both sides for being the means of making them known to each other.

Henri de Triqueti, who has married Mrs. Forster's daughter, is a fine artist (a sculptor) and an admirable creature altogether ; he had previously fallen in love with Rio's book and now I think it will prove "an eternal friendship." I am in the Louvre every other day at least—*studying* and so carefully that I am not yet beyond the Italian school in the Salle des Tableaux—not beyond the first rooms in the Gallerie des Dessins and I have not set my foot into the Gallery of Sculpture. I have been twice at the Louvre with Rio and de Triqueti at my elbow and profited accordingly. I have only been in a Theatre once, the Italian Opera, where I had a place in a box, and I am going to see Rachel to-night, and this, I think, comprises my whole history since I have been here. . . . All articles of dress are far dearer at Paris than in London. I have bought you, dear Charlotte, a buckle for the waist, the fashion here is a *very* narrow ceinture and a *very* small buckle ; they also wear velvet round the throat and wrists fastened with little buckles which also I have bought you. I shall bring Mamma some little manchettes made plain with little gilt buttons ; and Eliza a cap. You can ask Cam if she would like some little buckles for the throat much like those I have bought for you. I am looking about for something for dear Papa, but except a very pretty pocket handkerchief I have as yet found nothing. This is no place for *useful* things.

¹ Henri Baron de Triqueti, 1802–1874.

Harriet Martineau

*Joanna Baillie*¹ to *Charlotte Murphy*.

HAMPSTEAD,

February 1, 1842.

DEAR MISS MURPHY,—

I do not know your sister, Mrs. Jameson's, present address and I must take the liberty, through your kindness, to offer my best thanks for the copy of her translation of the Princess of Saxony's Plays which she has had the goodness to bestow upon me. They reached me several days since, and I have as yet only read the first volume. Pray give my love to her, when you write, which I suppose you do frequently, and say that I have been much amused and pleased by her own clever introduction to the work, and have read the two first Dramas with pleasure and interest. The easy language in which she has clothed them, removes from one's mind the idea of their being translations, or nearly so, and I trust they will meet from the Public the encouragement they so well deserve. . . .

Believe me, my dear Miss Murphy,

Very truly yours,

J. BAILLIE.

The chief event of this year was a visit paid by Anna to Harriet Martineau; the letters that she wrote to Lady Byron about her hostess constitute a veritable "human document," and throw light on the character of this remarkable woman. It is strange to reflect that the invalid, lying there waiting and hoping for death, should have written the obituary notice of her visitor eighteen years afterwards.

¹ Joanna Baillie, 1762-1851.

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Anna Jameson to Lady Byron.

TYNEMOUTH,
(Postmark 1842).

I left you better, dear Lady Byron, making daily visible progress in spirits & in strength and I left you to come here where many pleasures awaited me ; ought I not to have parted from you more cheerfully ? but it is my weakness—my *sin*—(it is scarcely less) that I cannot part from anyone I love cheerfully. It is a sort of death, or syncope at least ; however, it is past and here I am some 300 miles away from you. I arrived at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2, yesterday. I found Harriet Martineau in a little humble lodging, in a small room with one window overlooking the sea and commanding the entrance to the Harbour. Her countenance & Manner appear to me softened and at the same time more cheerful & lively than ever ; the gaiety of her spirits & the rapid flow of her words almost made me uncomfortable. I thought it might be the effect of a larger dose of opium, but I was mistaken ; our intercourse hitherto has not been so pleasant as it will be, I hope, in a day or two. I left London with a pain & swelling in my throat which 13 hours travelling & the foggy morning air, improved with a most decided attack on my chest & sore throat, so that my voice is for the present extinguished & my share in the conversation as little as possible. Harriet luckily has strength & spirits to take it on herself & every thing she says were well worth recording if I could but transmit it worthily. I was with her yesterday from three to 5, and then from 7 to 10, & today from 1 to 4 ; but this is not one of her *good* days & after she had talked almost incessantly,

Harriet Martineau

for 2 hours, with extreme vivacity, I thought it best to leave her for a time. As for the subjects of our conversation, *you* were the first ; she was anxious to hear all about you and your illness ; she spoke of what she owed to your kindness and the tears flowed freely from the warm heart, but she said that except in your kindness she did not know you & did not understand you ; that only personal intercourse and for a long time, could enable her to do this : was there any hope of your coming North ? I could give her no hope for this year. I was very glad to qualify some part of your letter about yourself ; how could you make her suppose that you are impatient under suffering ? I think I ought to know and it is *not* true. She spoke with a joyous gratitude of the attentions of other of her friends—all the pretty books & little luxuries in her room are gifts ; a beautiful telescope on a brass stand, with a map of the flags of various nations, from Mrs. Reid ; it is at the expense of another friend that her room is to be enlarged by throwing down the partition wall and a third will pay the rent of the additional room. She has 120£ income & yet has to pay £6, 10^s—income tax. She explained to me how this happens, but I can not make it clear to you without too many words ; it is monstrous, but she is entirely in favour of the tax, notwithstanding, & of opinion that when the details are amended & the manner of collecting it better arranged, that it will work well and that it will, if continued, render other taxes unnecessary. She is full of admiration for Sir R Peel and thinks our political horizon never looked so bright as at present. She summed up her reasons for thinking so in a strain of such eloquence ; I wish I could repeat

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it word for word, but I only remember the summary of facts which I was not inclined to refute.

To-day she gave me the whole history of her malady, of all she had suffered ; of the heroic conduct & devoted attention of her friend Julia Smith ; of the medical treatment she had undergone & was now submitted to. It was most painfully interesting ; in some points absolutely sickening, to me who am not fond of medical details—still I would not have lost a word of it. It is clear that the case is hopeless, utterly hopeless. Opiates, administered in a particular way, enable her to bear the pain & nervous distress. She says that but for these blessed opiates she must have been long ago—"crazy or dead" ; she thinks it will be decided in a week or two whether her life will be terminated soon, or whether she may go on as now for some years before the disease assumes a malignant aspect : she is inclined to hope the latter, but is ready for either result. She spoke of the tender sympathy of her friends as delightful, but more than the case demanded—she said strikingly : "When I was in London at the height of my reputation, prosperous, flattered & admired, I was enduring those mental agonies which brought on the disease. No one pitied me then ; now that I am really happy, I have so much pity and sympathy, I almost fancy myself a cheat."

There is a great deal in my heart & mind I long to say to her, but I am not well & it is a painful effort to exert my voice to which that of an old crow, dying of a consumption, were musical in comparison. For this reason, I shall not write to Mrs. H Siddons for a day or two.

Harriet Martineau

Saturday night.

Your dear letter rec^d this Evening—I have only time to thank you for the comfort of it. How I want comfort when far away from you, you cannot entirely know, but some instinct of sympathy or benevolence makes you do for me the only thing you can do. What must absence be to those who, instead of reposing in faith, trust, & hope are harassed by doubts, suspicions, fears? My anxiety about you is constant, but if I knew you to be well and with those who contributed to your happiness, that would be enough. I have just returned from spending three hours by Harriet's Sopha ; she has been so ill today that I feared lest she should exhaust herself by talking, but the flow & liveliness of her discourse remained the same up to the last minute and at last I insisted on leaving her to repose, or to read *Consuelo*, which she has begun. We had much talk of Mrs. Austin & Catherine Sedgwick, or rather she talked & I listened.

TYNEMOUTH,

Monday night.

Unless I had spent a few days near this very extraordinary woman, I could not have formed an idea of the *depth* of the suffering ; acute pain would be a relief now & then, compared to the depressing unreachably nervous distress arising from the displacement of important organs & the perpetual pressure on the intestines & vertebrae ; of the result of this suffering—combined with the effects of the opiates—the gradual, but I fear certain consequences, with regard both to the *physique* & the *morale*, I am beginning to form a clearer idea. I do not think she sees it all herself ; in fact she cannot.

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She looks forward to the enlargement of her room as to a great event and is pleased to talk of it and to plan the situation of every table, chair & all the little improvements to her comfort it will bring ; but she could not bear any more air & light than what she sees from her window ; she says, that the expanse of the blue sky & the wide horizon makes her *sick—sea sick*—that the very idea of encountering it again sickens her with alarm. She cannot read much & only at intervals ; when under the influence of the opiate it is difficult to fix her attention & at other times it is worse, sickening. The great resource is needle work—such as does not try the sight ; netting, worsted work &c. Her correspondence is a source of much interest, every post bringing letters ; a newspaper, with any thing interesting on the topics of the day, is a great pleasure. She has only one regular newspaper, weekly, the Spectator—for others trusts to chance & the kindness of her friends. She never appears to suffer from ennui, talks much & with great vivacity and prefers talking to listening—luckily for me. Her perfect good nature & faith in humanity and the brightness of her spirits, which in health would make all intercourse with her agreeable, render her in this affliction very interesting. She has some peculiarities arising from her defective senses, which I feel, but could scarcely describe. Taste & smell are almost as deficient as hearing ; she never heard the voice of the thunder, nor inhaled the fragrance of the rose, nor tasted strawberries & cream ; how far her perceptions & her intellect have been modified by the imperfection of her senses—you can perhaps conceive. I *feel* it perpetually ; you, with the exquisite delicacy of your nervous

Harriet Martineau

organisation, sentient thro' every fibre, would feel it if you were here. Imagine Burns saying to Harriet M—"My dear Madam—Friendship is Strawberries—& Love is strawberries & cream"—& her *impenetrability* ! ; she would be puzzled by such a speech to the end of her life. She believes in the doctrine of *necessity*, does not believe in *Freedom* of will. Dr Channing in his last letter to her declares his dissent from her, but merely adds : "you are satisfied with that which does not satisfy me—as I grow older I am more & more indifferent that those whom I love and respect, should adopt opinions I think erroneous."

This has been a very interesting day. She talked of the use of classical literature to girls, of the delight she took in Horace ; she said every woman who pretends to a commonly good education now reads latin ; she thinks that in learning languages the Greek grammar should precede the latin grammar. There were long talks about H o f w y l—& she read me part of a letter from Julia Smith who has lately been there. H. M's opinion about H o f w y l seems generally favourable ; she makes two objections however to sending English boys there : 1 that it unfits them for living in the country to which they belong and interferes with what she calls the fixity of habits & that classical literature is not sufficiently attended to. She objects also to the division into the three schools ; she made these objections doubtingly however & as if her mind were not quite made up. This evening the conversation was on religious speculations. She spoke of her own future prospects ; she said that tho' resigned to live on thus, she would prefer to die, & that it would be to her unspeakable happiness & relief to *know* that

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a crisis was at hand—however painful—& her time limited ; there is so much real & cheerful patience that this struck me very much.

... While listening to Harriet M. to-day I sat with her at the window looking through her telescope at the Marsden rocks and watching a group of persons who were lingering and clambering among them. I go to Seaham *if* it be possible—I did not intend to mention this, till I had made it sure ; but perhaps you might have some wish to be fulfilled, some commission to be done ; could you write, in that case, by return of post? For if I do go, it will be on Saturday at latest. This is my third letter to you. You see I write quite openly of the mind now revealed to me, but only to *you* and for you some things which I can not *write*, I will tell you. I must stop now for I am really quite exhausted—not yet well—but rather better to-day—good night dear Lady Byron.

A. J.

Thanks for the Examiner—I took it at once to H. M., we will read the *Prison discipline* tomorrow. I am afraid my letters are dreadfully long, but I think you are interested in my principal subject. . . . Do not destroy them for I may wish to refer to them. No tidings yet of Mrs. H. Siddons ; once more good night, I trust you are now quietly asleep. Tuesday night 12 o'clock.

Wednesday and Thursday, 1842.

DEAR LADY BYRON,—

I forgot to thank you for the Examiner which has given great pleasure to the poor Invalid—I read

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the article on Prison discipline with horror—can such things be—*now*?—under the awakened eye of humanity?—How can we know what things may be going on—behind stone walls—as under ground—but there is a comfort in the thought that we are making some progress—something is done when these things are dragged into light & published—is it ignorance—or indifference or absence of power? who are in the wrong? The short report leaves all this uncertain. I have been much disappointed by Mrs. H. Siddon's letter; I am afraid we shall not meet in this world & our forming an acquaintance in the next is not quite certain. She is going to Edinburgh, whither I cannot go; my present plan is to leave Tynemouth early on Saturday morning, go over to Sunderland & Seaham thence to Durham where I shall stay a few days with an old friend of my fathers—and then return at once to London.

Harriet M. is better today—less sick & weary—and very bright & amiable—The conversation has been extremely amusing—principally on Somnambulism; she has faith in all its marvels,—Clairvoyance—and all! She told me of a recent case which had been brought under the notice of Dr. Channing & completely converted *him*—she thinks that many of the miracles in the old and new testaments may be thus explained & she looks forward to a future when these marvels will be familiar and used as means to an end and that end the well being of the human race. She said many profound & enthusiastic things to wh. I listened almost in silence; you know that I stand neuter; ready to believe, but never yet having heard or seen any thing that has *convinced* me. A great charm in her character is the strength of her domestic affections;

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she is loved even more than she is honoured in her own family circle—her passionate attachment to her friends scarcely leaves her judgment free. In this she is not singular. One may use, or try to use, one's judgment where there is strong affection, but it is much like trying to draw an object with the sunshine full in ones eyes. She said once that we are immortal thro' the *affections*—and our life hereafter will be in & by them—& once she said a beautiful thing—which I am afraid to spoil—not being sure of the words : “ God is the most sympathetic of all beings ; what but the intensity and farsightedness & universality of his sympathy could have induced him to create us ? ”—

Thursday night.

Here is your letter ; how much I could say in reply to it, if I were not *very* weary and unwell. I think you are right about H. M., but you would like her notwithstanding & you & she would converse on many subjects quite out of my beat ; it is a mind of great powers accustomed to deal with great objects.

Of the abstracts you send, I only understand *one*—but I will try again tomorrow ; the style seems to me very bad, wordy and obscure. I understand that about artists, I *think*, and the sentence “ les incompris ne se sont jamais bien compris eux mêmes ” contains a deep truth.

I cannot tell you what weariness of spirit hangs upon me. I left poor H. M. worse tonight ; the physical distress dreadful & the effects of the Laudanum seemed to *hurry* her mind ; yet she talked admirably—eloquently & wisely too—my very heart aches with compassion even when I seem most cheerful with her.

Harriet Martineau

I wish I could stay with her a few days longer, but from various causes I *cannot* and whenever I go, it will be the same thing. Emily Taylor is coming. I have set my mind on going to Seaham ; I have yet to learn distances, conveyances & so forth, but shall get to Sunderland easily & throw myself on the fates & destinies—I wish you had given me instructions where to go—what to look at—for time presses. How I shall think of you ! Ever your affect.

ANNA.

TYNEMOUTH,

Sunday — 9, 1842.

A journal, dear Lady Byron, which should relate all I do, might be comprised in very few lines ; a journal which should comprise merely the *tellable* part of what I think, feel & *hear* in the course of one day, would take many days to record truly. On going to Harriet Martineau at the usual hour our conversation took a strange turn ; she had been reading half the 1st vol of *Consuelo* & was delighted with it. She complained of the *sexual* tone of this & other works of the writer ; I observed that one class of writers, including George Sand & others, made the relation between the sexes too prominent—of too much importance &c. & that another class considered it far too lightly or saw it in a false point of view, as I thought, (meaning herself—as she at once understood). She then entered on the subject & allowed that she thought in some respects very differently from what she had done when she first began to write & even to a late period ; still she holds some opinions which it was difficult to meet, or discuss, or confute & which are founded, I think,

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in ignorance of some facts of our human nature. The idea, for instance, that Love, as a passion, is merely one of many—on a par with love of fame, ambition, love of money, power & *equally* capable of being managed, resisted, modified, seems to me wrong. This led to a great deal of argument. She said she had never been in love—knew not what it was—except thro' imagination & sympathy; this appeared to me the key to some singular speculations of hers—but let it rest between ourselves & I will tell you more of this argument when we meet. She shewed me some interesting letters; one, most beautiful, from Dr. Channing—in which after praising the lines sent to her by R. M. Milnes, he says “ Be glad that you have been the cause of awakening such high & holy thoughts & generous sympathies. We do a part of our own appointed work when, thro' our sufferings, we elevate the minds & call forth the nobler sentiments of others ” —I think this is nearly literal, but perhaps not quite. The whole letter struck me very much. Others from Milnes, Carlyle & particularly from Bulwer, interested me very much; with the latter she had a correspondence on Zannoni which I wish I could have carried in my head—quite a literary curiosity. Zannoni apparently, seized on her imaginations & her exposition of what she conceived to be its purpose & meaning, struck me so much that I shall get her to write out and give me her analysis of it to shew you. Altogether her conversation is wondrous rich. I have but to listen, most glad to do so for my voice is still between a croak and whisper & I am stupidly ill; her incidental sketches of character are admirable. One letter she showed me today I must mention—

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from a Madame Colmache (I think) wife of Talleyrand's secretary—thanking her for the pleasure & improvement derived from Deerbrook & the Hour & the Man & containing some exquisite traits of character which also I keep for you. She—I mean Harriet M.—is perfectly open & affectionate & I may—I *think I may*—have the pleasant conviction that my visit is a source of pleasure, for whenever I go to her, she says cordially :—" I am so glad you are here !—I am so happy to have you " or other kind words—evidently sincere. Now would you ask *my* feelings? added sympathy & admiration certainly, for one of the most extraordinary & gifted women I ever met with ; I am almost overpowered with her, perhaps, *too* conscious power—touched by the buoyant cheerfulness of her resignation, strengthened by her brave endurance, her faith, hope & charity in regard to the destinies of the world—but my observation is always wide awake, my intellect, more than my feelings, excited. I listen—(I feel it)—more with my head than my heart ; listen to understand, to retain & to profit. Whether things will thus remain, or admiration & interest melt into some tenderer feeling, I do not know ; the relation between us is at present very agreeable & I do not wish it changed ; it would not make her happier & I can afford no more regrets. I want no more *friends*. May God only spare to me those I now possess & grant me in this world the occasional sunshine of their presence, keep alive in my heart the hope of seeing them hereafter & strengthen that hope into undoubting faith such as I do not feel *yet*. O how I wish I did—or could !—

I shall write tomorrow to Mrs. H. Siddons—I have

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been telling H M the little I knew of her, & the much I think & feel about her for your sake—& she is most willing to make my acquaintance, tho' shunning new people, particularly now, for she is not quite so well as usual.

This has been a *very* interesting Evening—H M (to save my voice) read to me some notes of her remembrances of her childhood, all she could recollect up to 5 years old, put together as a lesson in education & to exhibit the effect of certain early impressions on particular temperaments. She intends to go on with this singular autobiography which, from its peculiar nature, cannot be published till long after her death ; from its sincerity in matter & purpose it will be very valuable—

She has been extremely frank in her communications on other subjects as well as her own personal history & past experience & I have left her early, absolutely exhausted by excited attention & interest & by the rapidity & vivacity of her language & ideas. I can write no more. I go to bed in the hope that to-morrow will bring me a letter from you. Brighton has always seemed to me as such a staring, glaring place ; the hurry and frivolity & publicity of London squeezed into a small compass. I do not like it for *you*—but then if it agrees with you—perhaps it is as well.—Good night ! with the same wish—the same prayer, ever in my heart.

SEAHAM,¹

Sunday Night (Postmark 1842).

Unless you were here—your hand in mine, your

¹ Lady Byron's old home, from which she was married in 1815.

Harriet Martineau

eyes looking into mine—you could not be more present to me than you have been all this day. Let me tell you what I have been doing ; what I have been thinking & feeling I need not tell you.

As soon as I had taken a bath & breakfasted I wandered across the fields, over picturesque broken ground, to Old Seaham church. I walked in, took my seat in a pew & listened to the service.—The Sermon, common place enough in style, was on the virtues of resignation & humility, ending with the words—*they who sow in tears*, shall reap in joy. After the service I had some conversation with Mr. Creswell, but without allowing him to suppose I had any particular interest in the place ; then went to *the* house—made friends with the gardener & housekeeper, visited the pretty little flower garden. From the great hawthorn, which they have Christened Lord Byron's Hawthorn, & from a beautiful large myrtle growing near the conservatory, I gathered a branch from each to bring you ; then went over the house where they pointed out the room in which Lady B. was married & that which was her bedroom—then down to the Beach & lingered there for two hours ; the tide coming in and dashing up against the rocks, the sea covered with a cold grey veil—calm & motionless except where the waves rolled in upon the shore

. . . I made two or three sketches and lingered and lingered on the sands and among the rocks till I was spent, came home and now I go rest with my heart full of you. It would please you to know, but I dare say you *do* know, with what respect your family are remembered here ; people who could not possibly guess that I had any personal interest in the place, referred

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to the fame of the "old family" and contrasted it with the present. . . . To-morrow early I proceed to Durham, I hardly know *how*, but suppose I shall get there in time and keep my letter open to finish it there, hoping I may find a letter. How I wish I knew the names of any of the people here in whom you are interested, that I might see them or enquire after them ! But I have done nothing but linger about along the cliffs or down on the beautiful beach, so occupied with you and only you that no other thoughts would enter my mind ; and now good night. I have not told you anything of what I *most* wish to say, but when we meet you will hear it all.

DURHAM,
Monday (Postmark 1842).

I find your *two* letters here, dear Lady Byron, but did not arrive in time to put my letter in the post. I ought to have told you that I had given to H M that part of your last letter which referred to her case & which she took, as you meant it, most kindly ; When I told her that you did not think it impossible that you might visit her next year, she exclaimed with great emotion "O bless her—bless her"—I reminded her it was uncertain—a wish rather than a project—she replied "I will not *hope* too much—but that she has had the *thought* is enough—for that I bless her—" she is netting you a little handkerchief to wear round your neck with so much pleasure that I think it will please you ; she is indeed as warm hearted as she is strong hearted & strong-minded—

I send you a few words spoken at Seaham last night—I was so tired—in body & spirits, I could scarce hold

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the pen, but they shall go. O if the spray on that shore could baptize me an *old* friend, I should now be that which I have often wished to be & claim the privileges of the initiation. I have been ankle deep in the waves—wet thro with the spray. I do not answer what you say about words—I never doubted you—it is myself, my power of interesting you I have doubted. My friends here are so hospitable & there is so much to see in this beautiful city that I shall remain till Wednesday.

Ever your affect

ANNA.

The following letter is one of the very few written by Harriet Martineau that have been preserved by Anna.

(*Undated.*)

Now, my friend, spread the Athenæum of Saturday last wherever there are minds and hearts worthy of the Woman article. It *does* make me happy. May God bless the man—whoever he be—who has bravely and nobly and *wisely* begun the work of pleading for our sex! If that man live to 1000 years old, he would never do a nobler day's work than the writing that article. It is all that even I could desire, within its bounds. Mine eyes have seen the dawn of salvation for our sex, thank God! You will be delighted with the quotation from Deerbrook¹ and the mention of your humble servant,—(wisely omitting the name). It is long since anything has sent such a glow of hope through my soul.

¹ Published 1839.

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Harriet's desire that all her letters should be burnt evoked this characteristically vehement reply from Anna—

Anna Jameson to Harriet Martineau.

EALING,

January 17, 1843.

Had I, my dear Harriet, obeyed the impulse of the moment, I should have replied to your last letter *at once* & I should have expressed in strong terms the pain and astonishment I felt on reading it. You wish that I should burn or surrender your letters? The request seemed to me so extraordinary, so inconsistent with the brave, honest, clear spirit I have always admired & respected in you, that I paused & waited till I should have your reasons at length. I wrote to Mrs. Ker & only received her reply yesterday. I have read your reasons, transcribed from your own letter to her and I am not more convinced than before. If you persist in requiring your letters to be destroyed, I must yield to your wishes, but if, instead of a particular case, you make it a general principle & assume it as every lady's right in all cases, then I protest against your reasons and against your right—with all my soul & with all my strength. If I were near you I should try to persuade you to reconsider the matter, but I despair of convincing you by any arguments I can use; you appear to have made up your mind on the subject. It grieves me & I fear to give you pain by the expression of my own strong feelings on the subject. Are you aware of what you are doing, of the mischief that might arise out of such principles as

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you assert? It appears to me that you are giving the most deadly blow to mutual confidence, to what you call freedom of speech, that ever yet was given. It appears to me, that in your view of the case your better reason, your purer higher instinct of right, has been overborne by some particular and (forgive the word) *morbid* feeling & that under this influence you are striking at the root of all trust—trust in ourselves and in others—next to trust in God, the happiest and most strengthening feeling we can have. Shall we then make a principle of *fear*? Shall we openly allow that we are afraid to speak or write what we think & feel, lest our words be repeated or published to our own or others wrong? I grant you that accidents have happened—& may happen again from our own or others indiscretion; let such experience make us wiser & when we fear treachery or carelessness, let us defend ourselves against it—but rather than I would make a law upon the subject, taking away our free will & free spontaneous trust in ourselves & our friends, rather than deliberately set up such an example as one to be universally followed, or assert such a principle as you have done, I would suffer every letter I ever wrote in my life to be placarded at Charing Cross & every word I had ever uttered to be blown thro' a speaking trumpet to the four winds of heaven. I think it the most detestable treachery to keep or show some kinds of letters; I think it the extreme of weakness & cowardice to destroy others of a different character & if, in this discrimination, I am to have no right of judgment whatever, then I am not fit to be trusted in any thing, nor fit to be yours nor any lady's friend. I have kept a few of your letters & parts of letters, for special reasons;

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because they were honourable to you & to me, because they contained valuable truths, because they gave me strength and comfort & might perhaps prove a revelation of hope, strength, comfort to others. I find you have given Chorley permission to keep the letters addressed to him & I understand that you have given the same permission to others—I ask of you the same privilege—will you not grant it to me? do I deserve it less? do you think me less loyal? I feel that I deserve to be trusted as far you trust any other in the world & I beg that you will allow me to keep your letters, at least for a few months longer; I have not touched upon the question of expediency about which there may be many opinions, nor the legal question, which I presume is settled, but I stand on the moral principle & it grieves me that we should differ so widely—

CHAPTER XI

BUSY YEARS

IN 1842 Mr. Murphy died after a long, lingering illness; his widow and two unmarried daughters settled at Ealing, where Lady Byron was then living.

Anna pitched her tent with them, but she used her home as little more than a *pied-à-terre* to rest in from time to time during her wandering life. In the autumn of 1845, she went to Scotland for two months, spending a week at Malvern with Lady Byron on the way. There she met Mrs. Harry Siddons, daughter-in-law of the great Sarah, with whom she afterwards stayed in Edinburgh, after passing a month with Lady Monson at Carolside.

Anna Jameson to Mrs. Murphy.

CAROLSIDE,

I have treated you so ill, dearest Minnie, that I have really a pain in my conscience and Cam wanted to reproach me for saying nothing of myself. I felt as

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if there were nothing to say; I can now say truly that I am *better*—

As to what I am doing, the truth is that I am doing nothing; I am absolutely idle, I do not even read. I wish sometimes that I had brought a piece of work down, for I just saunter & lounge away time in a most unprincipled manner. You would not know me if you saw me playing at Bagatelle in the morning & at chess in the evening; driving out with Lady Monson over the Hills or straying in the grounds when the weather allows of it. We have had much rain and the beautiful stream (the Leader) which flows at the foot of the lawn, has been swelled to a turbid roaring torrent—The other day we drove to Smailholm, an old Border fortress on a high hill about 6 miles off; Sir Walter Scott¹ was nursed & spent his infancy close to this town at a farm-house called Sandy Knowe, as you will read in his life & he has made the town the scene of one of his finest ballads (the Eve of St. John). He is indeed the presiding spirit of this country. I have been several times to Melrose to Cowdenknowes, to Beamerside (which is inhabited by the same family who lived in it 800 years ago) & to other famous scenes. The young Laird Alexander Mitchell came down last night. Since he came of age last August he has made some improvements in his chief town (Stowe) & in particular he has furnished the inhabitants with a supply of Spring water which has been much wanted. These new fountains are to be opened to-day, with a grand fete—a tea drinking & a ball; for this occasion he has come down from town & we all going in state. The sun is shining, the weather propitious

¹ Sir Walter Scott, 1771–1832.

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& we shall have, I suppose, a magnificent drive of 10 miles along the banks of the Tweed to the Valley which Scott has made the scene of the "Monastery," in which at present lies the very dirty town of Stowe, which is to be benefited by the Sanitary measures now introduced. The scene will be amusing & I shall see Reels, etc. danced in the true Border style. To-morrow I go to Edinburgh to spend a week or ten days with the Mair's; what I shall do next I do not know. At present I have no great inclination to go to Ireland, no wish to make any effort, or enter into any gaiety. I think I shall be at home about the end of the month. . . .

Your Affecte.

ANNA.

Anna Jameson to Gerardine Bate.

29, ABERCROMBIE PLACE, EDINBURGH,

Sunday.

Your letter, dearest Geddie, deserves a better and a longer in return, than I am able to send you to-day—but I must at least thank you for it; it has pleased and amused me very much, only in future, dear, pray do not cross your letters, which is needless except to save paper and do not write with such very pale ink; since the postage has been altered, crossing letters is out of fashion, which will be a great saving of eyesight to the rising generation. . . . Since I wrote last I have visited Abbotsford; the room in which Sir Walter Scott used to write is kept in the same state & I sat down in his chair. There were many curious things to be seen—Rob Roy's purse & Broad sword & old Border

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Relics, but the house seemed cold deserted, empty & melancholy & the miserable death which poor Sir Walter died, with all his fame and glory, made one sad to think of—& this, not because he was ambitious for fame or excellence, but unhappily, for land & money. In the end “he went a beggar to his grave”—as an epitaph on him says & Abbotsford would have been lost to his family but for the charity of his country men—a terrible but useful lesson !

We dined on Friday with the laird of Cowdenknowes and I was next to Sir Adam Ferguson, an old & dear friend of Walter Scott, who told me stories about him all dinner time.

45, MELVILLE STREET, EDINBURGH,

Thursday.

MY DEAREST MOTHER, AND DEAR SISTERS,—

This is to give you some news of me and of my doings which, however, are not particularly interesting. I came to spend a few days with Cecilia Combe (the wife of the famous Phrenologist and philosopher and the daughter of Mrs. Siddons). I am rather amused by my visit and grateful for all kindness of my friends but I cannot get quieter in mind and body and suffer from sleepless nights. The good Mairs would only part with me on condition of my returning to them if I could possibly prolong my stay in Edinburgh, but I feel rather uncertain and unsettled as to plans and prospects. . . . I am going to the Play to-night (a great piece of dissipation for me at present) to see King René's Daughter, and I walk about or drive about with Mrs. Combe who has a nice carriage and is

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acquainted with all the artists here. To-day we went to Sir John Watson Gordon's pictures.

Edinburgh does not look to advantage in this cold gloomy weather, but certainly is one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

Let me have a domestic letter soon, and also dear Minnie's blessing,

I am, your affect.

ANNA.

EDINBURGH,

June 24th.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—

My plans are now, I believe finally arranged. We leave Edinburgh on Thursday Morning the 26th and you can trace our course on the map by Inverlicthea, to Selkirk and from Selkirk to Moffat—there my friends leave me and turn back and I go forwards to Carlisle and Ambleside, where I hope to see Wordsworth¹ and H. Martineau; thence I go on to Clitheroe and I think it will be safest to direct all letters there (c/o. Primrose, Clitheroe, Lancashire). Everything has gone well here and I am very glad that I have come.

The task I have undertaken is likely to be more important and more interesting than I could have believed; all her friends are full of confidence and kindness and all openly and decidedly agree in two things, that it was the wish of Mr. H. S. that such a thing should be done and that *I* should be the person to do it. This is very pleasant and sets my conscience at ease.²

¹ William Wordsworth, 1770–1850.

² Proposed Life of Mrs. Siddons, which was not carried out.

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On Saturday we had a very agreeable excursion up the Forth to Stirling where we dined on the grass under the Ramparts of the Castle, looking over an elysian valley to the Western Highlands, Benlomond, Ben Ledi rising sublimely in the distance. It is a pity that I am obliged to refuse a number of agreeable invitations to the Highlands and elsewhere;

In 1845 Anna's thoughts turned again to Otilie, who had just lost her little daughter and whom she had not seen since the spring of 1839. It was not really convenient to her to go to Germany just then, but, as usual, she arranged her plans to suit her friend. "I must not fail Otilie," she wrote to her sisters before setting out on her journey.

Anna Jameson to her Sisters.

RUE DES SAINTES PÈRES, NO. 55.

Thursday.

MY DEAR SISTERS,—

. . . Of course I have nothing very particular to say. I spent Tuesday morning at Amiens at a charming, clean, cheerful hotel (the Hotel du Rhin) looking over the magnificent Cathedral, in which I found many interesting things. I found on my arrival at Paris that good Madame Mohl¹ had provided for me; I am in a small hotel in the most *unfashionable* part of Paris, pay 5 frs. a day for a bed-room and sitting-room, and 1 fr. for my breakfast and dine where I like. This is not ruinous, but the prices of everything are dreadful and Paris crowded and gay beyond de-

¹ Madame Mohl (Mary Clarke), 1793-1883.

Busy Years

scription. . . . I have been nowhere, except to the Exhibition of Pictures, which contains about 4,000; from every different country; so I shall have enough to do to look over them. There are numbers of people here whom I know and who look as if they were glad to see me, so I shall remain here till Otilie can decide where we are to meet, perhaps ten days. I hope the little house (which may God protect!) goes on well. . . .

ROSAWITZ,¹ BOHEMIA,

August 17th.

MY DEAREST MOTHER & ELIZA,—

I cannot see this day rise without beginning it with a few words to you to show you at least that I think of you; God bless you both and send you yet many happy years. I wish I could know something of home, but it will be at least a fortnight more before I can have a letter & in the mean time I try to profit by the opportunity of learning much in a thousand ways & keep anxiety away from my mind. Yesterday I dined at the Castle with the Thun Family & was very glad to renew my acquaintance with them all, tho' the absence of Count Francis made it less agreeable than it would have been had he been there. Otilie is at Weimar & I remain here for some days longer before we proceed to the South. The Country here is wonderfully beautiful; you will have an idea of it if you look in my book of sketches where the view of Tetschen is inserted—a little bound book in a case—

Dresden, August 27.—I have been kept in a good deal of suspense by delays of post & other accidents—

¹ Mr. Noel's place in Bohemia.

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I am now expecting here Madame de Goethe, her mother & Ulrike and I am sorry to say that it is now decided that we go round by Vienna. It will cause me some loss of time and some expense, but there is no avoiding it. I have written to Munich to desire that all letters shall be forwarded to Vienna, but God knows when I shall get them, if ever, and my mind is beginning to be anxious; not one word from home since I left you more than a month ago. One might as well be in America. . . . I left Rosawitz with great regret, it is really a most lovely spot, a place to attach oneself to, but luckily I have other things to do. Since I came here I have been very busy. I go to the Gallery every morning, make notes, to the library, to the royal collection of prints, and picking up everywhere. I have been introduced to the Countess Kahn, drank tea with her last night and found her very agreeable and ladylike.

August 28th.—I shall close my letter to-day and post it. Ottilie arrived last night and our plans are at last settled; on Sunday we leave Dresden for Tetschen, going up the Elbe in a Steam boat; on Monday we leave Tetschen and proceed to Prague; on the 4th we shall be at Vienna and on the 8th at Venice. . . .

In the summer of 1844, Anna had made the acquaintance of Elizabeth Barrett,¹ that "pale small person, scarcely embodied at all," as Nathaniel Hawthorne called her; the elder woman conceived

¹ Elizabeth Barrett (1809-1861) married, in 1846, Robert Browning (1812-1889).

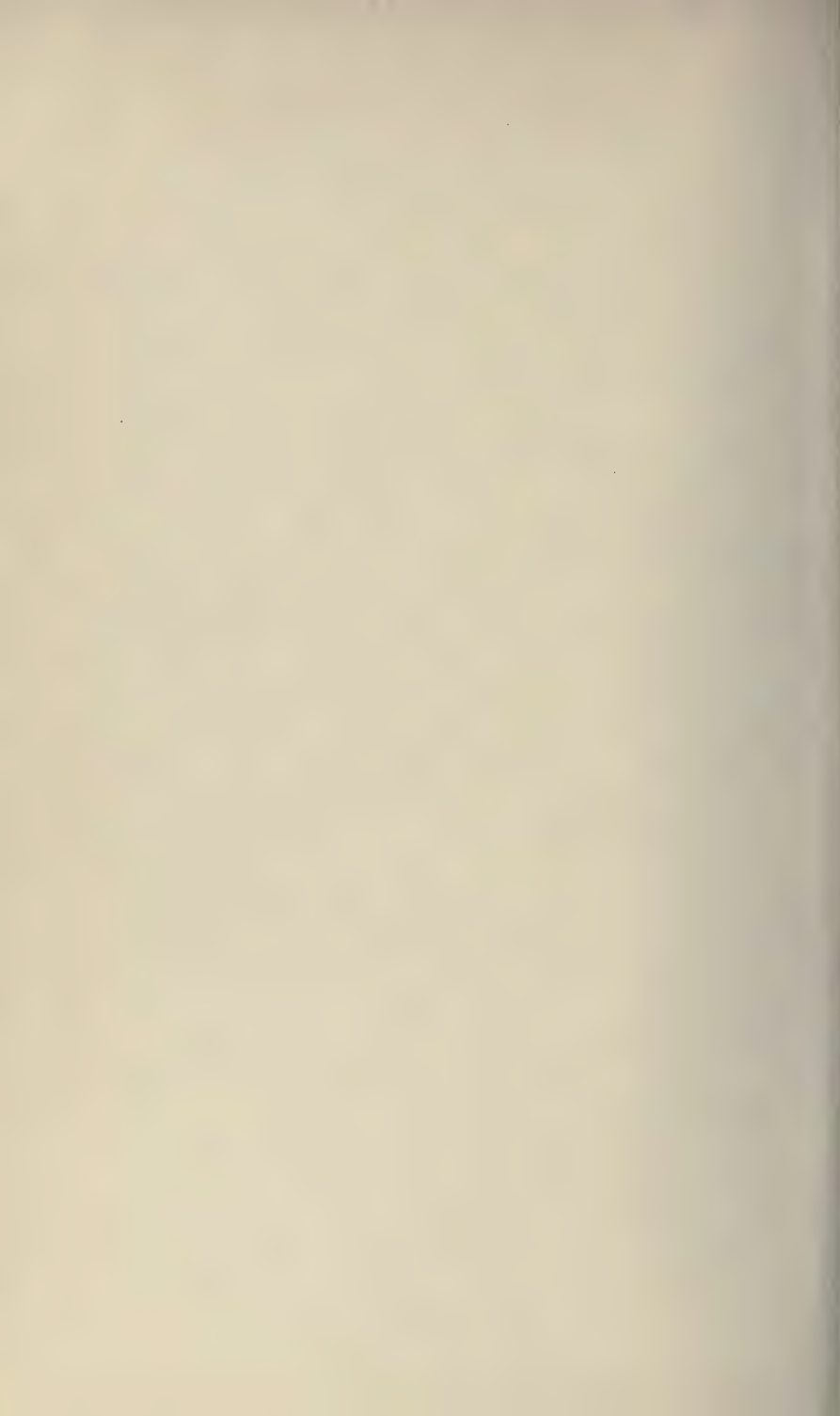
My dear Mrs Jamison,

There is no saying "no" to
any invitation of yours - but
I am doubly engaged this
same Thursday Evening & if
you see nothing of him, pity
proportionably.

Yours ever faithfully,

RBrowning.

Tuesday.



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not only a profound admiration for the invalid's genius, but showed a sort of motherly care for her health. She and Miss Mitford and Mr. Kenyon were the only people admitted to her sick-room besides Robert Browning, and in the letters exchanged in 1845 and 1846 between the lovers, her name is frequently mentioned. When they at last made up their minds to a runaway match and a flight to Paris, it was a burning question if Anna were to be let into the secret or no, and it was apparently decided in the negative more for her sake than for their own. In the year 1846, Anna had made up her mind to go to Italy, staying in Paris on the way, and she invited Miss Barrett to come with her, and even insisted on the good that the climate would do to her health. To all entreaties the poetess remained deaf, saying that she was too ill and was chained to her sofa. Anna therefore started off with her niece, Gerardine Bate, and was very much surprised when the newly married couple met her in Paris. Eventually they joined her in her journey to Italy, making a stay at Avignon on the way.

Anna Jameson to Charlotte Murphy.

HOTEL DU EUROPE, AVIGNON,
October 7th.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—

I begin a scribble to you from hence to be finished when we have settled our *future* which is yet

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undecided. Our journey has been very tedious, very anxious, yet all things considered I would not but have made it for the world. Our poor invalid has suffered greatly, often fainting and often so tired that we have been obliged to remain a whole day to rest at some wretched place; to complete the *tedium* of our progress we had incessant rain down the Rhone from Lyons to Avignon, one perpetual deluge—so that we were reduced to a hot crowded cabin on board a daily Steamboat. This was the climax; but in spite of all, the journey has been a happy one and I can never repent it. Nothing could have been better for Gerardine; if it had been arranged on purpose as a perpetual lesson, it could not have been more effectual and she has been really very good and very efficient, *considering*.

You remember the description of Avignon in Dickens' Book? I forget it, but can tell you from myself that it is delightful. We spent the day in looking over the old palace of the Popes; poor E. B. obliged to spend the hours on her bed, but sympathising with us and full of sweetness and goodhumour, anxious that we should see everything and satisfied to hear that her husband had been amused with all he saw. *She* is really charming. Gerardine is going to write a full and particular account of our progress, to her mother—so you will see all we have done and what we are to do I will tell you to-morrow—

AVIGNON,

Thursday 9th.

We went yesterday to the far-famed fountain of Vaucluse, about 18 miles from the city; a pleasant day

Busy Years

on the whole and E. B. got through it very well. Gerardine was in a state of enchantment, the dear child is certainly very good and very happy and very well. . . .

It is decided that we leave Avignon to-morrow to catch the French steamer which goes from Marseilles next day (the 11th) and on Monday morning about noon we hope to be in Pisa, where I hope to have letters. . . .

We are in the *South* here, olive trees, figs, vines, at every step ; the silk harvest going on, groves of mulberries, everything unlike the north of France. I shall not write home till I have been two days at Pisa, and live in the hopes of finding some tidings there. . . . And so dearest, God bless you, do not forget how much of my tranquility and efficiency will depend on hearing often from home.

Your affect.

ANNA.

After leaving the Brownings at Florence, Anna and Gerardine Bate went to Rome, where they spent some happy months. Gerardine was working under her aunt's direction on the engravings that were to illustrate the new book¹; Anna herself was engaged in collecting materials. She went about much in society and met some of her personal friends, such as Fanny Butler, John Gibson² the sculptor, Lady Charlotte Bury³ and the Cobdens,⁴

¹ "Sacred and Legendary Art," published 1848.

² John Gibson, 1790-1866. ³ Lady Charlotte Bury, 1775-1861.

⁴ Richard Cobden, 1804-1865.

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with whom she often visited the picture galleries and palaces of the Eternal City.

This visit to Rome was clouded by an event that should have brought only happiness to all concerned, but which resulted in something very like a quarrel between aunt and niece. Gerardine attracted a good deal of attention in society ; so much so that her aunt feared that her " little head would be turned." When she received a proposal from an artist, Robert Macpherson, Anna's grief and disappointment were intense. She had adopted this girl and hoped to have her always with her ; that she should become engaged to be married at once, had not entered into her calculations. Vehement as ever, she cordially disliked the man himself, threw cold water on the whole affair and returned home in a less cheerful frame of mind than she had set out. Gerardine, who adored her aunt, evidently passed through many an unpleasant moment before she found herself back in London. She eventually married the painter and settled in Rome.

" Sacred and Legendary Art," published in 1848, met with an immediate and well-deserved success. Anna was now an admitted authority in her own field of study and a woman whose personality attracted to her hosts of friends and acquaintances. Looking back over the busy years, she might well feel satisfied at the record of work accomplished. Of the long list of books to her credit the principal

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were: "Visits and Sketches," published 1834, a German edition of which appeared subsequently; "Winter Sketches and Summer Rambles in Canada," 1838; "Social Life in Germany" and the translation of the Princess Amelia of Saxony's dramas, 1840; "Companion to the Picture Galleries of London," 1842; a series of articles on "Italian Painters" in the *Penny Magazine*, 1843, reproduced in volume form, 1845; "Guide to the Private Collections of London," 1844. In 1845 she had edited "Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters"; in 1846 she published a volume of "Miscellaneous Essays," including the admirable "House of Titian" and the "Xanthian Marbles," for which Elizabeth Barrett Browning translated some lines from the Odyssey. She was now occupied with preparations for a work that was to last her for the rest of her life.

To Ottilie, who had written a letter of appreciation on receiving "Sacred and Legendary Art," she sent a few lines that bear eloquent testimony to the serious side of her friend's nature. "I am glad you like my book, dearest!" she wrote on June 2, 1849. "I can only say that in many parts of it I thought of you while I wrote it; I thought of pleasing you and felt sure of your sympathy."

An amusing letter of congratulation comes from Henry Reeve.

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Henry Reeve to Anna Jameson.

16, CHESTER SQUARE,

December 5, 1848.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

Accept the thanks congratulations & applause of a very old friend on the appearance of your most instructive and beautiful book. It gratifies the eye & the mind alike, & I think you have perfectly realized a very charming conception. If you had not cut the vanities of London, as you have done, for too long, you would hear our admiration in every drawing-room. There is only one draw-back to our gratification & that is the insoluble conundrum or enigma which forms the last lines of your 1st vol. Who on earth or in heaven is our Modern Mary Magdalene? Why is she a martyr? Is it over? Where did it happen? Longman's life is a burden to him until you enable him to answer these enquiries, and I understand a handsome premium has been offered to the fortunate Oedipus who may find you out. For my part I give it up, & beseech you to put me out of my pain. Lady Blessington, Fanny Butler, Lady Flora Hastings, Mrs. Norton & I know not who besides have been suggested : but I believe it is some private Saint of your own.

I write with a heavy heart today, though on this subject I attempt a joke. But even jokes remind one but the more of him who was all pleasantry & friendship & who today is—buried. You will believe that we have deeply felt poor Charles Butler's death, & it leaves a blank not to be filled up in our generation. Indeed what blanks ever are filled?

We got poor Mrs. Butler to my house immediately

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after all was over & she is still with us—wonderfully well for her but beyond all measure afflicted.

When do you return to England?

Yours faithfully,

H. REEVE.

An article on Gibson in the *Art Journal* called forth the following interesting letter from Mrs. Sandbach, which is too long to be inserted in full.

Margaret Sandbach to Anna Jameson.

HAFODMOS, LLANRWST,

May 15, 1849.

MADAM,—

I hope you will kindly excuse the liberty I am taking in writing to you. I am induced to do so from the interest with which I have just read your life of Gibson in the *Art Journal*. In a letter from Gibson lately received, he tells me it is yours, and very happy indeed I am to see so true and beautiful a memorial of his life thus given to the world, by one who appreciates fully both the man and his Art.

May I be permitted to mention one or two little circumstances with regard to his Works which I happen to be acquainted with, and which I am sure, from the spirit of your own work, will not be uninteresting to you.

I have also looked out a few extracts from Gibson's letter, written when the idea of the Statue of Aurora first dawned upon him—& during its progress.

We only possess two statues by Gibson—The Greek Hunter & the Aurora. . . .

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The Statue of Sappho with "her drooping head & Lyre unstrung," is especially interesting to us, from the circumstance that Gibson designed it with reference to the former inmate of the Library it was intended to adorn—my dear Grandfather Mr. Roscoe—"Sappho mourning for her son."

The Angel of Hope, watching for the opening of the Gates of Heaven, was originated by some lines of my father which we found after his death, & I read to Gibson when I was in Rome. The Tablet was designed in memory of him, but my Mother too died very soon after, & it is sacred to both.

We have also, besides the two Statues, a bas-relief in marble of Cupid & Psyche (flying). A cast of the Wounded Amazon, Hero & Leander & Venus & Cupid, & a bust in marble. We see only too little of them, for we reside principally in Wales.

I will now only add the Extracts I spoke of, & with many apologies for the length of this letter, beg you to believe me Madam,

Very truly yours,

MARGARET SANDBACH.

P.S. In 1846 Gibson gave me some interesting accounts of conversations with you. Pray forgive me if this interest in a mutual friend has led me to write too much.

Extract from Gibson's letter.

INNSPRUCK,

July, 1842.

Last year, in the woods, how I used to be pondering to find some subject for a Statue for you, but the image

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did not appear to me until I came to Rome, & then Aurora dawned upon me.

“ Now Morn her rosy steps in th' Eastern Clime,
Advancing, sowed the Earth with orient pearls ” these lines give you exactly the motion & occupation of my figure. I will give you a sketch of the Statue, but only in words—it is not a bad thing in words the spirit of this idea.

Behold the harbinger of Day—Aurora, Goddess of the Morning, Mother of the Stars & Winds, just risen from the Ocean, the bright star Lucifer glittering on her brow—one foot on the wave, the other softly touching the Earth. Aurora, youthful, fresh as the blushing rose, light as the Dew, swift as the rising Sun, her brother—is clad in the most transparent vest, ample & rich—her delicate limbs are uninterrupted & free among the numerous folds which collect themselves in playful variety here & there—now waving—now fluttering—now winding about as she glides on—on, thro' the refreshing breeze.

Aurora has filled the two vases which she carries in her soft hands with pure dew from the sea—& as she moves onward with swift wings at the same time casting a serene & dignified glance over the Universe, scatters the pearly drops, each drop spreading like mist falling upon the earth—then all the flowers awake & expand in the morning Sun.

July 29, 1848.

I am told my Aurora's face should have been joyful—gay morning—I wished to express celestial tranquillity & unfading beauty.

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HAFODMOS,

May 22, 1849.

MY DEAR MADAM,—

Your very, very kind acknowledgment of my letter emboldens me to write to you again. I have two letters from Gibson which I cannot help thinking would interest you—written at such an exciting moment from Rome. I enclose a copy of the last, & some extracts from the former one ; and when you have quite done with them (in the course of a few days), perhaps you will have the goodness to seal the envelope which I have addressed to my Uncle, enclosing them.

You have probably had later news—indeed we all have, in the papers, & Mrs. Huskisson has a later letter from Gibson—but everything he writes has so much character & is so like himself, I know you will enjoy it.

I cannot tell you how delighted & gratified I am with your note, I had been afraid I was presumptuous in writing to you at all. In my early youth, almost childhood, your beautiful works charmed me—Your name is one I have so long revered & I had talked about you with Gibson, & longed so to know you—I wonder I ever summoned courage to write to you, but I thought of you then as Gibson's friend & true, beautiful, biographer.

I had been gardening all morning—this garden where I spent many a happy hour with him—& when I came in, there was a letter among others—in a hand, not quite strange, for he had given me your Autograph—but I could hardly believe it had come so soon—& it is so kind !

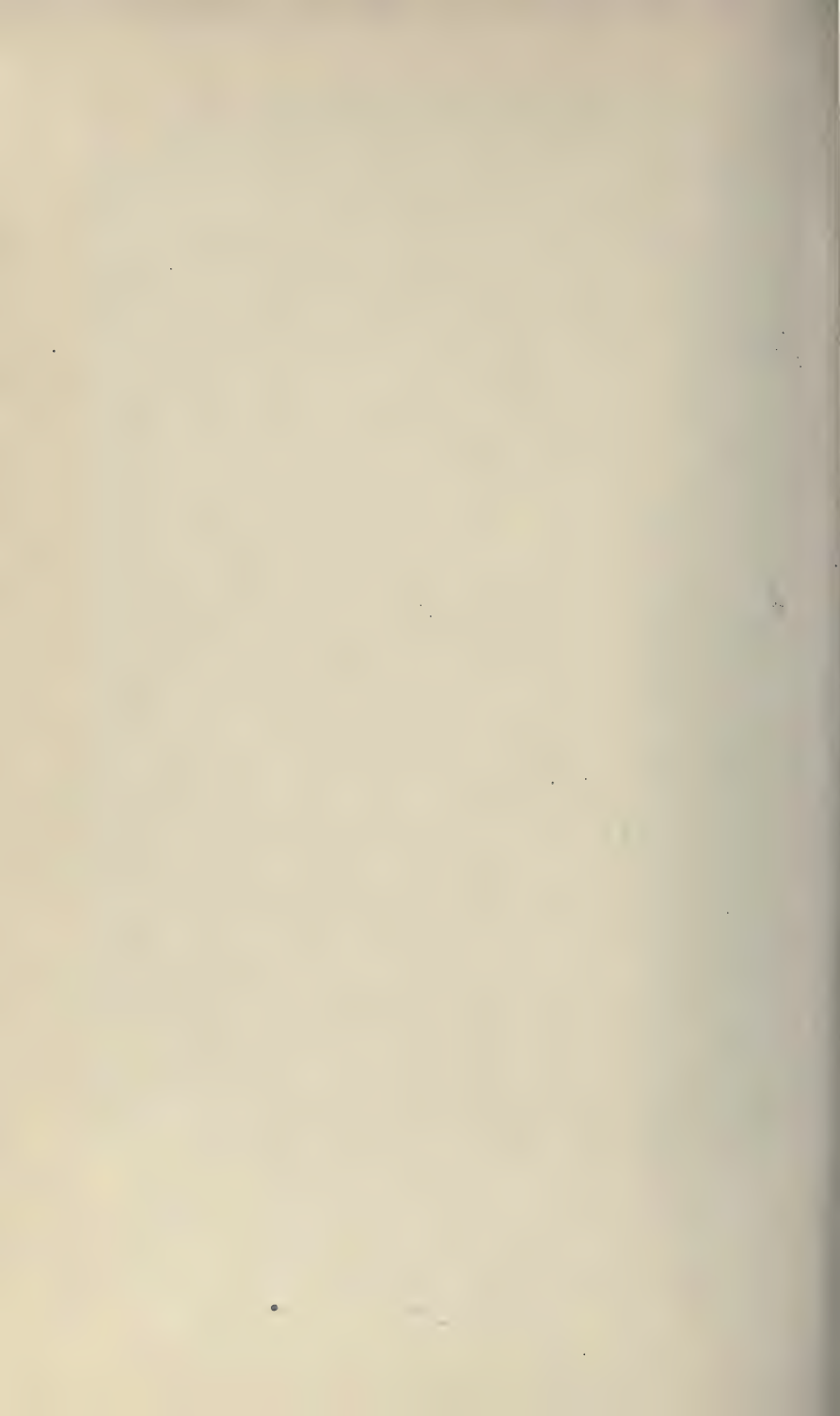
Is it not a singular feeling we have, for those we



ANNA JAMESON.

After a bust by J. Gibson, R.A., now in the National Portrait Gallery.

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have known only in spirit? But I will hope that some day we may meet that I may really see you—not in my mind's eye only, but face to face.

I am grieved that you are ill. Pray do not think of answering this—I beg you will not, but believe me,

Ever most truly yours,

M. SANDBACH.

The following letter, though evidently later in date, may find a place here—

*Harriet Hosmer*¹ to Anna Jameson.

SCHWEITZER HOF, LUCERNE,
August 10th.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

Just ten months ago this very day, as I find by the date of your letter now lying before me, you were good enough to write me the kindest of letters, containing a little criticism, more praise and still more encouragement. Now what have I to say for myself for letting ten months roll on without a civil word of acknowledgement? Nothing but that I acknowledge my transgression and my sin is ever before me ; but meantime I have not been idle and perhaps have been giving a still stronger proof of my sense of obligation to you by adopting your suggestions and profiting by your criticisms, than if I had filled four pages with thanks. How far I have availed myself of these and what the result of ten months study has been, you may already have an opportunity of judging for yourself, for before coming away from Rome I committed to the tender mercies of Mr. Boardman two photographs of different

¹ Harriet Hosmer, 1830–1908.

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views of Zenobia and destined for you via Bessie and Princes St., so if you have not already received them they will soon be forthcoming and I shall leave them to speak for themselves : the only remark I have to make is that the round folds in the torso (thigh) do not please me and I shall change them in plaster ; they are harsh and jagged and must be made more dolce ; as for the rest, though I wish them better, yet I don't see the way to make them so and as my master is content, I suppose I must be, finding encouragement in his verdict that I " have given some of the artists a twist." If I had had more time I should have had another view taken, showing the back from the right side and the arrangement of drapery which falls like a train upon the ground. As to the face, I have been forced to exercise my own taste, as all the coins and casts I have been able to obtain were so worn and broken as to be quite worthless, not giving me even the shadow of an idea. So after all my doubts and queries, here is my daughter for what she is worth and what that is still remains to be seen. When the Prince of Wales was in Rome he bought *your favourite* Peach and asked me to enclose a photograph of Zenobia to show to the Queen which I have done accordingly and forgive me this once and I won't do it again. Florence—Breakfast Table, Wouldn't it warm the cockles of my heart if she would take it into her royal head to have a copy ! Well so much for art ! Now for what Ruskin would call *Nature*. Here we are, my dear Master and self among these beautiful mountains enjoying all the pleasures that fine scenery can furnish to the eye, or the sound of live waters to the ear, or fresh air to the lungs. Mr. Gibson says " Give

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a great deal of love to Mrs. Jameson and tell her how often we speak of her and now that peace is established, we hope to see her in Rome this winter." In which sentiments, particularly the latter, I sincerely join. We were on the look-out for you all last winter and then again in the spring, a report having reached us that you were on your way, but we were doomed to see no Mrs. Jameson. You give me a great deal of good advice regarding the myrmidons of the Caffè Greco, which I receive and remember. I think I do and have always attached to their kind insinuations all the weight they merit, which is none whatever. I mean to silence them, though not with my tongue, in return, but with my fingers. I consider their remarks malicious and ungenerous as they are the highest compliment they can bestow, because, if I were not a little in their way, they wouldn't give themselves the trouble to think about me. That is my easy and contented way of viewing the matter.

My next work is a group of Christ raising the dead girl, for a monument destined for America. What do you think of the choice in the somewhat limited monumental field? Now, dear Mrs. Jameson, I want to know what you think of Zenobia altogether and so shall be bold enough to beg another letter.

We stay here another three weeks and then make our way slowly to Florence, where we stop and then on to Rome.

Goodbye, and believe me always affectionately

Your

H.

CHAPTER XII

IRELAND AND MARIA EDGEWORTH

IN the autumn of 1847, Anna paid a visit to Oxford, and was amused to meet a lady who recommended her to read her own books, saying that Mrs. Jameson was a "very nice author," who had gone to Canada, where she had lived among savages. She afterwards went to hear the "Messiah," which was given in that year.

Tuesday.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—

I hope you did not suffer afterwards from all your kind cares for me before I left you and that you are enjoying peace and rest. . . .

Now for this grand festival—I *assisted* (as the French say) at the opening day yesterday—the Messiah—most magnificently performed ; but sometimes the tremendous choruses were too much. Clara Novello entrancing ; it would have been all perfect but for the weather, torrents of rain all day, from which of course I did not suffer (from the capital arrangements made by Mr. Russell) but it was vexatious to see so many people suffering all more or less. The numbers

Ireland and Maria Edgeworth

present—nearly 14,000 and the orchestra 3,000 more ; on Saturday for the rehearsal there were 20,000, but then it was cheaper. After the performance we had a most pleasant dinner party at the palace, all prepared beforehand ; we were 12 in number. I had Henry Phillips the painter next to me, poor Mrs. Charles Dickens before me and all went off well. I am here till Saturday—after that *nowhere* that I know of—send all letters every night's post till Friday. Your affectionate

ANNA.

Love and blessing to all. To-day I am as tired with the *sounds* of yesterday as if I had walked 20 miles.

DEAR ONES ALL,—

I have only time to write a few words. . . . My visit to Alton Towers was altogether most agreeable. It is really a magnificent place. Miss Talbot drove me yesterday in a poney carriage over the grounds ; miles in extent ; and to a convent of the Oratorian Order, founded by Lord Shrewsbury as a refuge to those converts to Catholicism who have forfeited home or family, or other worldly advantages, for the sake of their new religion. . . . I go on to Holywell this evening and to-morrow to Conway and shall cross the water on Friday morning—about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6.

The following letters are interesting both as giving an account of Jenny Lind¹ in private life, and as showing that Mrs. Grote was still as full of

¹ Jenny Lind, 1820–1887.

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enthusiasm as ever ; they must have been received during her visit to Ireland.

September 24.

DEAR FRIEND,—

. . . Jenny Lind has turned all our heads ; surely never was there a stronger evidence of the power of genius and goodness, for the last has almost as much effect as the former. I have been at both Concerts and I have passed two hours in her company with the Stanley family. As an artist she is supreme ; she can execute everything and the calm simple dignity of her manner is wonderful. She has the far-seeing look that I have so often found in the highly gifted. Her manner of coming before the audience and receiving their applause is as striking as anything she does ; it is her natural manner—it seems to acknowledge the relation between herself and the public and the dignity of her Art. Though different to all other singers, she has less mannerism than others and beautiful and peculiar as many of her notes are, the sentiments and the intellect are her rarest gifts. In private she talks little and is calm, gentle and *firm* without being hard—delicate looking, yet you feel that she will never fail, her general expression is melancholy but very various. The Phrenology is very good ; large veneration and hope and ideality and firmness ; the pure head, large perceptive. She impresses everybody and everybody asks why ? Fénelon's Essay on Simplicity conveys much of her character. I pointed this out to Mrs. Stanley,¹ who, with a very clever friend, confirms me in this.

¹ Mrs. Stanley, wife of the Bishop of Norwich.

Ireland and Maria Edgeworth

Mrs. S. also sees much of Consuelo in her--the national differences being taken into account.

The audiences have been numerous and another concert is given to-morrow at a lower price. The Bishop has a party to-night, but we are pre-engaged--however I have seen her in private. I have learned much that is new to me in nature and Art and confirmed some points of belief. . . .

I have much more to tell you of *the* Artist but no time.

Your affectionate

H. G.

Wednesday Night.

Just returned from Dawson's Lecture on Cromwell, and am greatly disappointed; . . .

Jenny Lind is much more to my taste. She said to Mrs. S. "I came out 11 years ago on the 7th of March—I rose one thing and went to bed another—I had found my power." Mrs. Stanley did not for some time understand her manner to them, but she has no doubt it is the consequence of a feeling similar to that she entertains for Royalty, since she never spoke to her or the Bishop¹ till spoken to, never sat down by them till invited to do so. She always speaks of "My Lord Bishop" with a respectful expression of face. Mrs. S. has always been desirous to strengthen her; the last morning she said to Jenny, "You do not know how much the Bishop has been blamed for inviting you here on the 1st occasion of your visit to Norwich; I tell you now, because you have vindicated him." J. L. replied, "I am glad you did not tell me

¹ Edward Stanley, D.D., Bishop of Norwich, 1779-1849.

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before—it is only I who can vindicate him, and he is quite safe,” “but” she added “they were quite right, for they, (meaning people connected with the stage) are very bad.” She was most pleased with two young girls who had never been from home, never heard a concert, and who were remarkably simple and child-like. Mrs. S. says everything that is truthful and pure delights her.

It is evident that Anna had had some idea of settling in Ireland, but the country was not pleasing to her, and she was unfortunate in the moment chosen for her visit, so soon after the disturbances that had ravaged the country. One of her pleasantest experiences was a visit to the veteran Maria Edgeworth.¹

EDGEWORTHSTOWN,
October 10th.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—

My week here has come to an end—it was to have been only two days; but I have stayed on and on not reluctant, for the truth is that I could not be better off, nor could my time be better spent. I leave the kind shelter of this house to-morrow and it may be some days before I am able to write again. . . .

The weather is very cold; intensely so; and as there is no means of travelling after I leave this but in *open* cars—very slowly and the accommodation at the inns as miserable as possible, I confess I shiver at the thoughts of what I am to encounter physically, as well

¹ Maria Edgeworth, 1768–1849.

Ireland and Maria Edgeworth

as morally. There is a terrible anxiety about the fate of Smith O'Brien—his worst enemies hope he will not be hanged; his best friends seem without a hope of his being spared—and for myself I have not an idea on what plea he can be spared, after braving the law and the judge as he has done. . . .

Your affect.

ANNA.

EDGEWORTHSTOWN,
October 15th.

1847

DEAREST MOTHER AND SISTERS,—

. . . I am rather better since I came here. These excellent people live with great elegance, yet do immense good. It is a charming domestic circle—all ladies—but all remarkable for superiority. There is old Mrs. Edgeworth, the widow of Miss Edgeworth's father, the great woman herself, now 81, and still full of life and mental power; Mrs. Francis Edgeworth, the widow of the youngest son and mother of the heir apparent. She is charming—a Spaniard by birth—speaking the most beautiful English with a strong foreign accent, very graceful and with the remains of great beauty; her five children, four little boys and a sweet little girl with the mother's Spanish eyes; two elderly and most accomplished ladies, the Miss Beau-
forts', sisters of Admiral Beaufort, one of them the authoress of that charming little book, "Bertha's Visit to her Uncle." You cannot wonder that I have suffered myself to be persuaded to stay on from day to day—more particularly that I have not been well. I go from there to see Limerick—to visit Lord Rosse if he be at home—to go south to the scene of the late dreadful

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scenes and come round to Dublin by Newtown, Mount Kennedy.

I do not expect either much pleasure or much profit from this tour—but I can do it cheaply and may never again have either the inclination or the opportunity of seeing the country, which after all is *our own*.

The prospects for the winter are very bad.

LIMERICK,

October 28th.

. . . My last letter to you was from Edgeworthstown, thence I went to Galway passing thro' a miserable country and seeing much; on my return I called at the Dominican Convent of Esher to see an educational institution, very well conducted. The old Monks would not let me go that night, lodged me in the Priory and oh ! how you would all have laughed to see me drinking whiskey punch with the Reverend fathers ! they having voted me to the chair & elected me unanimously the "Reverend Mother" of the brotherhood ! Well—next day I came on to Ballinasloe, passing the seat of the Daly's (Dunsandle)—he is ruined I hear, like most other Irish landlords ; from Ballinasloe I came on to Parson's Town to Lord Rosse's there (at Biz Castle) I staid 2 nights & was charmed by Lord & Lady Rosse & saw the awful Telescope & walked up and down *in* it & saw thro' it a pin's point of light changed into ten thousand thousand stars, each the centre of a universe. I believe there is a long account of this 8th wonder of the world in the Illustrated News some where—or the Atheneum—look in the Index for "Rosse"—I left Biz castle & came on by Coach to one of the stations on the Limerick Railway (near Maryborough)—

Ireland and Maria Edgeworth

There I saw the most dreadful scene I think I ever witnessed, the parting of about 50 emigrants from their relations ; the howling, sobbing, shrieking of about 150 wretches, some of whom in their desperation almost threw themselves under the wheels of the Engine, was too much. I was obliged to go behind a wall & cry myself—but the fact is that such scenes occur every day and every one who *can* go to America, goes at once, for there is only starvation before them this winter.

After her return home Anna kept up a vigorous correspondence with Maria Edgeworth concerning a “skreen,” which the old lady had worked, and which she wanted to present to one of her numerous sisters ; another of her correspondents was her sister-in-law, Mrs. Francis Edgeworth, with whom she struck up a friendship. In this autumn the artistic world was stricken with sincere sorrow at the early death of Felix Mendelssohn, who was greatly beloved in this country.

Henry Chorley to Anna Jameson.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

When I tell you that I have spent my morning in mustering up my manhood to do the last offices by poor Mendelssohn (of whose decease the papers will have told you !) you will conceive that I am in no case to go into the world in the evening, even to a quiet *tete-a-tete*. I hardly think it possible to have the

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nerves harder strained, and I must rest and be in silence for a day or two—or I shall commit some inadvertence in the performance of the very duty which I would fain complete with all my best powers. It is bitter work to live on when such as he are stricken so young. . . .

Faithfully yours

in deep sorrow,

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

Mendelssohn died Nov. 4, 1847. Henry Chorley and George Grote were among those who were with him to the last.

Maria Edgeworth to Anna Jameson.

EDGEWORTHSTOWN,

November 17, 1848.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

Your most cordially kind, affectionate, letter gave me and all this family hearty pleasure. Your visit here was most pleasing to us all; and has left the most agreeable impression which can never be effaced from any of our minds. We were very sorry when you went away, and shall be very glad if it be ever in your power to favor us with another and longer visit. This we have no doubt that you will do if you can—for we depend on your sincerity, as I trust you do on ours—so no more about that. I have always believed that great talents, or abilities or genius, by whatever name we choose to call intellectual superiority, is—or was naturally—originally—connected with what we call

Ireland and Maria Edgeworth

good heart, kind, benevolent, feelings, that prompt to all the social and moral virtues. I have found this to be so in many instances, and as I grow old—and very old—it is delightful to find fresh instances and proofs of *my being* in the right. Vanity, Vanity! all may be vanity in this, but not vexation of spirit. . . . I have yesterday received from Longmans a copy of your beautiful book for which I wrote to him. I have only had time to read the preface and the Introduction which I like very much. All that they ought to tell us is said, and “No more than just the thing it ought.”

The etching, Mrs. E., (who is a judge) admires extremely—the wood cuts are of *various* merit—Altogether it is a splendid looking publication & I have no doubt will sell all the better for being a two guinea book. But I am shocked to hear that you will be none the better for it till the second Edtn.

How can that be?

The Puseyites will be delighted with the Legends & Saints & Antiquarian lore and they are a vast class of purchasers.

You ought to have 1,000 from them nett.

I have seen, by turning over the leaves, a vast deal of curious information and such proofs of vast research and indefatigable perseverance and discrimination of work and judgment, as ought to bring you in another *thousand* and canonize you into the bargain.

I hope I have made you smile at my folly—Believe me with the kindest messages from Mrs. E. and the Miss Beauforts, all of which I have not time to give, dinner being on the table,

Yours truly affectionately,

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

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EDGEWORTHSTOWN,

November 21, 1848.

I am reading your book with admiration. I thank you most sincerely for it.—It will be a book of reference, a standard book in all good libraries and a companion to all Travellers who have any taste for the arts, or any desire to obtain information now absolutely necessary to both ladies and gentlemen in good society, abroad and at home. What large classes of readers are comprised in this view. As to your fame, that is so secure that I am not thinking about it, my Dr. Mrs. Jameson, but I am thinking of your having some just, some lasting remuneration for the infinite pains and labor you have gone through, these two years. Pray do not part with your whole copy right—Make what agreement you will, or may or must, about an Edition or Editions—but do not part with your copy right. Mrs. Marcet,¹ who is a person that understands that sort of business better than either you or I, told me how much she makes annually by having kept the copy right of even children's little books—I have parted with all mine and she pointed out to me how foolish I had been.

Learn wisdom from my folly.

EDGEWORTHSTOWN,

December 31, 1848.

Thank you for your kind cordial New Year's welcome. It came a day before the New Year but I shall make it my New Year's pleasure by reading it again to-morrow morning as soon as my eyes open.

I am glad you were pleased with your first visit to my sister Honora and I hope your second and

¹ Jane Marcet, 1769–1858.

Ireland and Maria Edgeworth

your becoming acquainted with Sir Francis may have been equally satisfactory.

With respect to the embroidery, I beg you will talk to my sister about it and do whatever she likes. I have written to her about it and begged her to tell you her wishes. I very much wish that she should have it if it be not a burthen or a *de trop* in her drawing-room. If she really likes to have it (consult her as to the rest) tell her whatever in your opinion which would be the best mode of making it up (without considering expense, because—between you and me observe what follows) *I can afford to have it done handsomely in the course of the next 2 months and I would rather delay a month than have it done shabbily—or than not pay for it ready money and before it is presented—it being a principle of mine never to make an unpaid-for present. I could not enjoy the pleasure of it.*

Maria Edgeworth passed away on May 22, 1849.

Mrs. Francis Edgeworth to Anna Jameson.

EDGEWORTHSTOWN,

May 25, 1849.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

Your letter has been received with the same warm feeling of affection that called it into existence. Indeed I would have written, for you were in my thoughts, but the fear that my letter might not reach you, not having heard whether two I had written containing the information you wished for concerning National Schools, had ever come to your hands.—

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Miss Edgeworth's removal from us was so sudden that we cannot yet realize that she is gone.—I was only this day week out driving with her. She was in very high spirits ; so high that when the carriage stopped at the glebe we were obliged to wait entering into the house till the effervescence of our joy should have subsided somewhat. She was taken ill there two minutes after & it was with difficulty I could support her in the carriage back. She was in pain for 5 hours after—& then she seemed much better—I saw her at 12 o'clock at night & she appeared much better. Again I saw her at six in the morning, when I begged of her to see a physician. She wished me to write to Dublin, which I accordingly did, but waited to seal up my letter till I should see whether what she had taken had any effect. She did not appear very ill—her voice was strong—& she had no appearance of danger even. I went to seal my letter, to give it to the servant waiting to go off. My mother came into my room saying, “ My dear she is much better & has desired me to go down and make breakfast. She is sitting up in her bed.” My mother had no sooner disappeared, than Lynch—her little maid—rushed into my room exclaiming “ Mrs. Francis ! ”—I rushed into Miss E's room. She fixed her eyes on me—spoke not—stirred not—I saw the light of that intellectual eye in an instant disappear—she was no more—Her spirit fled to her Maker back again—leaving on her countenance a sweet expression of love & peace—How dismal was the chasm.—My dearest mother came into the room almost immediately after I had, but too late to see those eyes which never had looked on her but with tender love.—Great, & deservedly great, as Miss E's

Ireland and Maria Edgeworth

name is—I can never look upon her in that light—To me she always appeared as a spirit of all that was good, and never in any other light than a tender sister & mother when nature, affection and congeniality of tastes, had joined. Much, much, has fled with her, but thank God I can feel even now what my husband wrote on the tomb of our first child !

“We brood upon the past, & not the less the coming of the future do we bless.”

I can no more now—but I hope to hear soon that you have left your sick room—I had no idea of your being ill.

Yrs affly & truly,

ROSA EDGEWORTH.

Mrs. Whately to Anna Jameson.

REDESDALE,

August 13, 1849.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

. . . The Queen's visit has passed off admirably. I was very doubtful of its results—but it has given intense pleasure even to the lowest of the people and *that you* will feel is not to be omitted as a very important item under the head of advantages. The Archbishop was summoned to be one of those who were to go on board and welcome her so *we* stayed here in order that all our people might go and see the disembarkation. Such was their wild delight in the prospect, that every one was off at an early hour and my daughters and self were left with one old man and woman who had not the physical capabilities for such a *spree*. Her visit to the School

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has been however the most *useful* thing she has done, perhaps too the most beneficial to herself. The Archbishop had been working at this but was in great fear that it would not be accomplished. Suddenly, however, an express came out and he and I and Mary (poor dear Jane not strong enough) went to receive her with the other Commissioners and conduct her over the Schools. She heard a class of the boys examined and did seem much interested. When she got into her Carriage, all the children assembled under their several porticoes with training masters and mistresses and everybody who could claim any connection with the Schools, and gave a cheer which rent the skies. How awfully affecting, dear Mrs. Jameson, is this union of human voices in the expression of one great sentiment ! It seems almost too sublime an offering to suit any but that which has immediate reference to the Great Father of us all. When the Queen drove off there was one cheer for the Archbishop which perhaps he *deserved* (I think) as well as *mere mortal* could.

The Archbishop and I were at Carton and there, as well as the whole drive from Phoenix Park, her Majesty, I am happy to say, saw groups of the most naked and wretched looking of her subjects, but all wild with glee. I had so feared that our whited sepulchres in Dublin would conceal that which lies within and give her a wrong impression of our state.

There were some Irish jigs danced by the Duke's tenants which seemed to amuse her beyond measure.

However she was pleased to assure me, when I dined at the Castle, that nothing had given her more satisfaction than her visit to the Schools. . . .

Ireland and Maria Edgeworth

I have written this from necessity at full speed, and I feel scarcely in a way to be deciphered, but I felt you would like to hear something of the Queen before the subject grows cold.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZA H. WHATELY.¹

¹ Wife of the Archbishop of Dublin.

CHAPTER XIII

TRAVELS

ALTHOUGH nearly always in bad health, Anna was still an inveterate traveller.

AVENUE PARIS DES CHAMPS ELYSÉES, 130.

Saturday.

DEAREST MOTHER AND SISTERS,—

For your tranquility and not because I have as yet anything to tell you, do I write. My journey was altogether prosperous ; we had what is called a splendid passage and so far from being at all ill—I felt well and hungry (for the first time in my life in such a situation) and eat my sandwiches on board—at Boulogne I got well thro' the Custom House—commissionaire, porters and duties costing altogether about 5/- got a cup of coffee at Amiens and arrived at Paris at a quarter before 11. Browning was at the station to meet me—tea and supper waiting for me and all affectionate and delightful—I have already arranged my little room for working and went yesterday for two hours to the Louvre, where I find an entirely new and certainly improved arrangement—and on the whole I am very well satisfied with the first appearances of things. To crown my contentment it rained last night in torrents ; much as we wanted rain in

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England it seems to have been more wanted here and the Champs Elysées looks charming and verdant this morning in comparison to what they did yesterday.

Madame de Triqueti—Madame Mohl—Mrs. Erskine, Miss Stirling, Lady Eastlake¹ have called already—and I hear all round of people who are, (in *polite* phrase) “dying to make my acquaintance”—so I shall probably have more society and amusements than I care for.

May 3rd.

DEAREST MOTHER AND SISTERS,—

Charlotte's letter of yesterday was a relief—I was beginning to fancy it a long time since I had heard anything of you and yet it is only ten days since I left home! It seems a month! All last week I have been very unwell—the rain (tho' so much wanted) has chilled me—and now the rain has ceased and it blows intensely cold. I do not go on with my work as well as I ought to do and hope to do—for certainly I have here all possible aids and facilities. . . .

I might be very gay here. I have one dinner engagement and 4 evening engagements for this week—and have got into a nice set; but certainly the Brownings are more to me than any others and with their society, I really wish for no other.

PARIS,

May 11, 1849.

DEAREST MOTHER AND SISTERS,—

You will read in the paper a description of the grand military fete yesterday²—but not that I

¹ Lady Eastlake, 1793–1865.

² Louis Napoleon held a review on the Champ de Mars in May, 1849.

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honoured the scene with my presence—which was the case—We were among the “uninvited strangers”—and got tolerable places—but I was utterly disappointed, and uninterested. It seemed to me very like Astleys’ Amphitheatre on an immense scale. How they contrived with 70,000 soldiers, Arabs in their costumes, Priests in their embroidered robes and mitres—to produce a scene so little striking, or a *scene* so theatrical—so the reverse of anything really sublime, I don’t know—perhaps it was only my peculiar taste or want of taste, which made me so indifferent. The opening and the closing of our Chrystal palace were both infinitely superior—merely, as a spectacle ; all the police regulations for ingress and egress, for the convenience of the people and the maintenance of order in the streets, were as bad as possible and I thought my day a *lost* day, besides being absolutely choked with dust. Farther than this I have no news, so shall wait till to-morrow to finish my letter. I have not yet got a new bonnet, nor anything except some shoes and gloves ; but a bonnet I *must* have. On the whole I am living very economically and going on with my work ; the facilities here, both for study and society, are far superior to anything I can command in England on the same terms and, on the whole, I do not feel inclined to return yet—unless I am wanted. I am to dine to-day with Madame de Triqueti—The vast influx of strangers and the balls and theatres make Paris very gay ; I have not yet been inside a theatre, in fact I have been out to dinner, or in the evening, almost every day—but I mean to go to see *something* some day. The Champs Elysées are beautiful and the position of my

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room is very like one overlooking Hyde Park, only more gay, populous and picturesque. . . .

Your affect.

A. J.

May, 1849.

DEAREST MOTHER & SISTERS,—

I know you will think of me tomorrow—& I hope you will have a glass of wine or something better in which to drink my health I shall drink yours & my own in a glass of *vin ordinaire*.

I have had no events in my life since I wrote to you last. I go on quietly—working—& going out almost every evening—which agrees with me—tho I can not say I am much amused unless there be Music. On Saturday I was at the house of Ary Scheffer¹—the greatest painter in France, on Sunday quietly with the Brownings (who are better company than any I could find abroad—last night at Lady Elgins where I met the de Triquetis—Chapmans, Stewart Mackenzies & other English, besides many French people. Tonight a concert at Miss Stubings—tomorrow a party at Lady Eastlake's, next day to the theatre—(the *first* time since I came to Paris !) Friday party at Madame Mohl's and Saturday, dinner party—so you see I am very gay. I have bought (at last) a new bonnet—but never put it on yet—& am very economical—I think I spend less, on the whole, than in England. Gloves & cabs are my chief expense. I wish I knew what you would like me to bring from Paris ! Charlotte will tell you what is to be had here pretty—but the truth is every thing worth having is as good or better in England.

In 1851 she was travelling again.

¹ Ary Scheffer, 1795–1858.

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Anna Jameson to her Mother and Sisters.

HOMBURG.

August 10.

DEAREST MOTHER & SISTERS,—

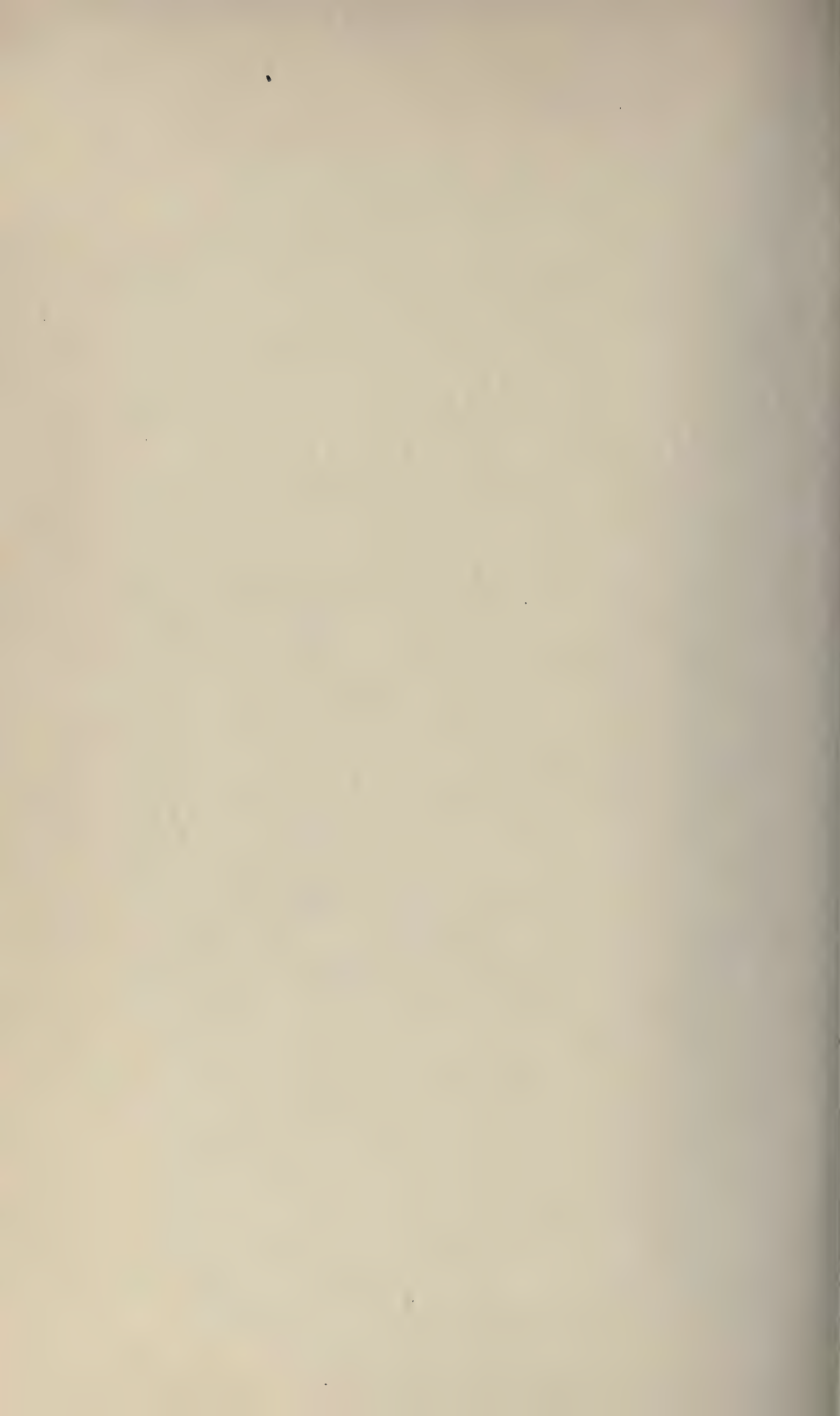
You will expect some tidings of your wanderer about this time and so I begin some account of myself. I embarked at Dover on Tuesday morning at 1/26 ; it began to rain and rained from that moment till Thursday morning without ceasing. I slept at Malines (Mechlin) intending to see some famous pictures there but the rain came down in torrents, the sky was gloomy & dark and tho' I was in the churches by $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7, I saw but little ; I was in the train again at 9 & reached Cologne about 6, raining still & very difficult to get a bed. Next morning went to the Bankers for money & then to the Cathedral, where they have lately put up the five splendid windows of stained glass, the gift of the King of Bavaria ; each window is 50 feet high and painted with subjects from Scripture—quite wonderful for beauty & magnificence. As I went wandering about & spying, I lighted on a face I remembered well—a lady—with a white cashmere cloak hanging over her shoulders walking alone & a retinue of attendants following ; it was my old friend the G. Duchess of Weimar. I went up immediately to her Lady in Waiting the Countess Fritsch, who presented me to the G. Duchess ; the old lady really looked glad to see me. I stooped to kiss her hand—she kissed me on each cheek & said all manner of gracious things. She invited me to join her party & thus I saw all the curiosities of the Cathedral (the jewellery and the things not usually shown, & then



Otilie à la Cour

"OTILIE À LA COUR."

After an engraving.



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only for a very large fee)—gratis. As I had to go on by the train, I took leave at the Church door and went on to Bonn & from Bonn in an omnibus to Mehlem, a beautiful country house just opposite to Königswinter under the Drachenfels; here I found Sybille Mertens looking out for me on the shore, expecting me by the steam boat. She had dinner ready for me and after two hours spent with her I proceeded by the next boat to Coblenz; it was raining as if water spouts were let loose upon us and with great difficulty I got a bed in a garret at the Zwei Schweitzer. Next morning, however, I rejoiced in my garret—the view over the Rhine and Mosel & Ehrenbreitstein was so lovely; I went to see a famous old church, breakfasted and then embarked on the boat for Biberach where we arrived about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 in the evening. I met Mr. Lockhart on board, but the company otherwise was disagreeable & the journey wearied me—weather tolerable. I got to Frankfort on Friday night at 11—found Ottilie arrived and gone to bed, where she was reading, &, as you may believe, glad to see me a day sooner than she had hoped.

My intentions are to remain here till Monday, then rejoin Madame de Goethe at Frankfurt; go down the Rhine and spend a week with Sybille Mertens and then go to Berlin with them, and then to Rosawitz, and then to Vienna. . . .

Your affectionate

ANNA.

MY DEAREST MOTHER AND SISTERS,—

. . . We were two nights at Düsseldorf, where I ordered some drawings & was greatly interested by

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all I saw. Otilie found there a charming family of Cousins—Mr. Hasendever who has married the beautiful daughter of the President of the Academy there, Wilhelm Shadow—& they were full of hospitality and attentions. We came on from Düsseldorf to Hausner, where I rose early before the train started next morning to look at the picturesque old city & then we came on to Berlin—400 miles in two days—wonderful for German travelling—the expense was $11\frac{1}{2}$ dollars, about 36 shillings. Here I am surrounded with old friends, & very much occupied in the Gallery, which is full of most beautiful things, to me of the greatest use and interest. I have a very delightful large room in the Hotel de Rome—at 3s. 6d. a day, but Berlin is dear on the whole.

Otilie is with her mother and Sister. . . . I propose to leave Berlin about the 5th of September for Dresden, where I shall study for a few days in the Gallery and Collections and then proceed to *Rosawitz bei Tetschen, Boheme*, where you must direct all letters written after the 1st of September. Dear Mamma and Dear Sisters farewell for the present, I must run to the post with this,

Yours affect.

ANNA.

P.S. . . . I long to have some news of dear Geddie, to whom my love ; send me the Daguerrotype of her *seated*.

VIENNA,

October 16, 1851.

MY DEAREST MOTHER, ELIZA AND CHARLOTTE,—

. . . I left Rosawitz on the 6th of October and remained six days at Prague, where there was much

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to interest me, and I had to wait till Madame Goethe could get to Vienna before me, as she was obliged to change her lodging. When I arrived on the appointed day I found everything in the utmost possible confusion ; she had just got into a new house beautifully situated as to sun and air, but not so fashionable nor so convenient as her last house. We shall get to rights in time, but at present all is in a comical state of disorder—*except my room*—which I found perfectly prepared, even books and flowers on my writing table. As soon as all is right, I shall begin my studies seriously, for I have here every facility—four of the finest galleries in Europe close at hand. With your letter came several very interesting ; Geddie writes cheerfully—presses me to go to Rome, but at present I do not think of it. I have been moving, or on the move, ever since I left home, and want a little rest. Lady Byron tells me that several reviews have appeared of my book—one in the Examiner and one in the Art Journal ; have you seen them?

DRESDEN,

September 25, 1850.

. . . I had many delays at Berlin about drawings etc. and at last when I was just ready to set off I was delayed again by a most painful accident which happened to Madme. de Goethe ; she fell in the street and hurt herself most seriously. I remained with her a few days till she was better and then came on *here*. I found that Louisa Noel had just lost her father and had gone from home to her family and that my parcel was not come. I have therefore waited here ever since, for to cross the Austrian frontiers *without* my books

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and purchases would have cost time, trouble and money. I should have had to pay terribly and perhaps have had disagreeable difficulties, I have therefore waited on from day to day and my time has been profitably and not unpleasantly spent. I have several German friends here and plenty of English ones ; Noel came from Rosawitz & spent two days with me. I have got together many tracings, prints and drawings for my new book. I met here the Countess Noltiz, whom I had known in England, Monckton Milnes, who is very polite and attentive, Mrs. Egerton Leigh, Lady Ashbrooke and, above all, the poor Beauforts. . . .

Dresden is a beautiful city—it has nothing of the splendour and size of Berlin, but the situation is every thing. Noel has taken a beautiful set of rooms—six of them are as large as Cam's drawing room—and 3 servants rooms—the rent (unfurnished) is 30£ a year. The droskeys, like our cabs, take you to any part of the town for 4½d. (4 groschen), or 13d. an hour if kept waiting ; you may have a nice open carriage and 2 horses, dickey behind, for twice the sum. Provisions are very cheap ; the hotels are so crowded that I had some difficulty in getting into one. I am at the Hotel d'Europe which looks out on the great Market place, very gay and have a nice room with bed, sophia, writing table, all very comfortable for 2s a day ; dinner 1-6d —breakfast 7d. There is a good theatre and near it a terrace overhanging the Elbe and planted with trees, where it is the fashion to sit at a table and drink your coffee or eat ice. . . . I have had a pleasant letter from Geddie and hear constantly from Lady B. and sometimes from Mrs. Procter ; . . . I have just finished the 3rd. volume of David Copperfield and am enchanted

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with it, so get it at once ; I will send the £5 in the beginning of December. It is a pleasure to send a little sum now and then to give pleasure and increase comforts. . . .

VIENNA,

December 12th.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—

. . . I am rather low spirited for Mad. de Goethe has been ill for the last ten days, has kept her bed and I see no probability of her rising from it for ten days longer, so it is likely to be for me a melancholy Christmas. As soon as I can leave her with any comfort to myself I shall turn my face homewards, but shall spend a week or two with the Noels on my way. I had a letter from Gerardine ; and Wolf von Goethe being now at Rome I hear of her *incidentally* and all very pleasant.

VIENNA,

December 19, 1850.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—

I am really out of heart to have not a word from home for more than a month. The last letter is dated the 12th of November. I comfort myself with thinking—as you desired I should—that no news is good news—from home—but in spite of that, I am not comfortable and if I do not hear before the 25th, my Christmas will be anything but merry.

I have no news for you of any kind—for poor Mad de Goethe has kept her bed since the 1st of this month & I see no hope of her rising from it before Xmas. Day. She is better, but the *Weihnacht* is such an important solemnity in this country that she quite frets

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to be withheld from it. Her room is like a shop this morning with all the pretty things prepared for her friends ; what is for *me* is of course kept a profound secret. I have to make presents of course, but when I changed my 20£ circular note the other day, I received a sum equivalent to £26-10s., so enormously high was the value of English paper—(it has since fallen nearly the half, so that my note would to-day be worth about 24£.) I can therefore afford a few presents, and the servants are so zealous and every one so kind, I give heartily. This has been a sad three weeks—for I had no wish to go any where—so invitations & opera boxes were all wasted. Ottilie will be better soon I hope and if not able to go out, we shall have society at home. If she goes on well, I shall leave Vienna about the 15 of January & turn my face homewards—but I shall probably spend a week or two with the Noels on my way.

This is but a shabby letter, but my life has been really a blank for a long time. I hope dearest Minnie will have a table full on Christmas day and so God bless all, prays your affte.

ANNA.

VIENNA,

January 1, 1851.

The new year would bring me no good luck if I did not begin it with sending my love & duty to my dearest Mother. I feel sure that you, dearest precious Minnie, will think of me to-day & that I shall have your blessing and that all of you will give me a thought. I long to know how you passed the Xmas day—where you dined together—& every thing in short even to the

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dimensions of the plum pudding. This has been to me here a melancholy month—I had Charlotte's (or Eliza's?) letter on Christmas day which was a great comfort. The Christmas Eve, called in Germany the *Weihnacht* or Holy night, is a great festival and there is always an exchange of presents called a *Bescherung*; my *Bescherung* was quite splendid—such books & prints & quantities of pretty things, I had to give many things, presents to the servants &c—so that on the whole it was rather expensive. Madme. de Goethe is recovering slowly—she was in her bed on Christmas day; she had got up the night before to arrange *my* table & cover it with the presents from herself & those sent for me and this caused a sort of relapse, but she is now up again & I hope will go on well. I have gone no where of course—but remained at home with her—Walter Goethe, who is at Rome, sends very agreeable notices of *Geddie*. The news from the booksellers is encouraging, 900 copies is an immense sale & if it goes on so there will be a new Edition wanted very soon. *That* will be profitable—the profits on this first Edition will be as before trifling. I hear of nothing but approbation—I have just recd. a letter from Lady B. who is at Brighton.

My dear Charlotte will you do something for me? Will you, the next time you are in town, get into the Hampstead omnibus & pay a visit to Mrs Joanna & Mrs Agnes¹? Take my love & all kind wishes to the dear Venerable Ladies and say that I hope to see them again in a few weeks. . . . Adelaide Procter has become a Roman Catholic and I hear of others in the same road. . . .

¹ Joanna Baillie was then ninety. She died during the year.

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. . . I shall turn my face homewards about the 20th., but my journey will last perhaps a month or six weeks. I shall spend some time at Dresden and at Weimar on the way, for I have something to do for my new book which cannot be done so well in England and here I am very idle ; there are so many interruptions, and Otilie has been a great anxiety to me for the last few weeks.

DRESDEN,

February 4, 1851.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—

I have received here your letter containing the letter from Mr. Jameson. . . . As to the enclosure, the first letter I have had from him for 7 years, it is very disagreeable and confirms, I am sorry to say, all the reports I have heard of his habits of drinking ; it is so confused ; I cannot well make it out clearly, but he says that, from considerations of health, he is obliged to resign the chancellorship ; he says he has been promised a retiring pension but is in doubt whether he shall get it.

In 1851 Anna was granted a pension by Queen Victoria, chiefly through the efforts of the Procters, Thackeray, and Lord Stanley of Alderley. This addition to her income was most acceptable, as she appears to have been dependent on what she made, and on the somewhat uncertain remittances from Canada, to support her mother and sisters as well as herself. In this year she was busy with a Catalogue of the Sculpture exhibited in the

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Crystal Palace at the first Great Exhibition. She kept up a lively correspondence with her friends as usual.

From Samuel Coleridge¹ there are two letters, in one of which he says :—

Will you return the H. C.² Poems by the Bearer. I was much gratified and interested by your note.

Mr. H. C. Robinson tells me that he never knew Hartley's genius before and that the book has raised him infinitely in his mind. Yet Mr. Wordsworth and my Uncle Southey both thought as much of his genius as any can think of it now. Alas ! I cannot read quietly, even yet. I was ever expecting to make by children known to him.

Yours most sincerely, dear Mrs. Jameson,

SAM. COLERIDGE.

Harriet Grote to Anna Jameson.

39, DEVONSHIRE PLACE,
Wed^y. 8— 1852.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

I enclosed your note to Mrs. Browning to her sister Mabel, to be forwarded by the first convenient opportunity.

The Brownings left London about the middle of October, I sh^d say, for Paris, where they stayed a

¹ Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1772–1834.

² Hartley Coleridge, 1796–1849.

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fortnight to settle old Mr. Browning and his daughter, who are residing together at Paris. During their stay there they witnessed the triumphant entry of that scampish Adventurer, surrounded by his military, into Paris—after his return from that tour.

That he may be a very useful Governor for France, in their present unhappy state, I do not deny—But how dear Ba¹ can manufacture an Enthusiasm for him—on the basis of free Election—an Election by the interested and the ignorant I do not so well understand, yet in her last note to me she groans under the tyranny at Florence. I never talk politics with her, considering her fine intellect demented, as you say in Scotland, on that point. They are in Casa Guidi—happy to be there—after a rude journey over Mont Cenis which increased her cough sadly, but they rested on their way—a week at warm Genoa—which nearly restored her. But when she wrote, her attentive husband was dosing her with Cod's liver oil—which does not imply perfect restoration.

If they succeed in letting their house (which has, during their absence, cleared its expenses, and looks all the better, she says, for the letting) they propose to pass the winter or part of it at Rome. He finds Florence very still after the cheerful bustle of the Boulevard—and she confesses to the fact, other things being equal, health and expenses, they would both, I perceive, prefer Paris.

Yesterday I dined in a party of four with the Booths—Miss Bayley being the fourth. They had been previously passing two days with me at Wim^{don}. We were all sorry to hear that you are still, in matter of

¹ Mrs. Barrett Browning.

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health, below par. Why should you have these "virgin" fears and tremblings about your Madonnas? ¹ You always succeed in all but getting as much profit as you deserve.

The Proctors are as usual, Mrs. Sartoris at Rome, Mrs. Fanny Kemble is, I learn, to go there.

¹ "Legends of the Madonna," published 1852.

CHAPTER XIV

MILESTONES

THE year 1852 was one of varied experiences to Anna. She was living with her sister, Mrs. Sherwin, in Bruton Street, where she collected round her an interesting society now recruited from the ranks of the rising generation as well as from those of older friends. Her literary work was uniformly successful, and she was much sought after by all who knew her and by many who only knew her through her books. On the other hand, she had many anxieties. The news from Canada was disquieting, financial concerns were complicated; worse than all, clouds were gathering over the horizon of a friendship that had meant to her more than any other human interest. For some time past she had been conscious of a change in her relations to Lady Byron, and had not scrupled to tell her so. The two had had stormy interviews over a certain debt contracted by Ottilie to Robert Noel; it appears to have been for quite a small sum, but perhaps the principles involved created a difference of opinion. Lady Byron was, at that

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time, anxiously watching the progress of the fatal illness that threatened the life of her only child, from whom she had been estranged, but to whom she was now reconciled, and she was not in a humour to throw herself into outside questions. Little by little, this child, the "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart" of Byron's poem, became herself an object of dispute; she was, indeed, the unwitting cause of the dispute that finally separated the two friends.

Augusta Ada Byron had married the First Earl of Lovelace in 1835; she was a clever woman with a taste for mathematics and a passion for gambling. In 1842, Lady Lovelace had translated and annotated Menabrea's "Notices sur la Machine Analytique de Mr. Babbage," a solid piece of work that did not prevent her from being a well-known figure in society. Extreme in all things, as befitted a child of Byron, she was attacked by the scandal-mongers of the day, and all sorts of reports were spread concerning her. Anna Jameson was sincerely attached to this brilliant creature, with whom she stayed from time to time, and she became most indignant as these reports gained credence. It is evident from Lady Byron's letters that she resented, not only this championship, but also the fact that her daughter had given her confidence more completely to her friend than to herself. After Ada's death, on November 27, 1852, her body was placed, by her desire, beside that of her father in the vault

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at Hucknall Torkard, and a monument was erected to her, with an inscription written by herself, in the churchyard at Kirkby Mallory. The two letters given below are the only ones preserved of all those written by Lady Byron to Mrs. Jameson during their long intimacy. There is a tone of finality in them that suggests Byron's well-known lines to his wife :—

“Serenely purest of her sex that live
But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive.”

BRIGHTON,
January 23, 1854.

When I received your letter, I was on the point of writing to ask how your Mother was, not having heard since the Noels left me. Though I declined to make use of your kind offers in regard to my Daughter's Monument, & to the Robertson concerns, I do not see what *that* has to do with mutual good-offices in matters which are wholly unconnected with either and the fact that I had accepted other proofs of your goodwill since the time when we differed on certain points, gave me a right to expect that you would permit me to render any trifling services in return.

Your habit of fixing your attention exclusively on some particular passage in my letters, apart from the context, or from previous communications, is the cause of your doing grievous wrong both to yourself and me. By thus *selecting* certain words, you deceive yourself as much as any one else would be deceived by such a representation.

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You say "*Be* just," as if I had been unjust ! My justice towards you has been *Gratitude*—How could it be otherwise when you, who could so often command the first place in the regard of others, were generously content, as you have told me, with the second in *mine*? But our differences are not, I believe, personal. They depend at least *more* upon my being unable to acquiesce in some of your views on general questions. Would you have me say I think these right when I do not?—Would you have me concur in them when put into practice by you?—Would such a course be more faithful to friendship than to truth?—Of this be assured, that I should live to see my error. it will be a far less effort to me to acknowledge it than to maintain an opinion contrary to yours, especially when I think of you as watching by a death-bed.¹—In that sorrow I offer my deep sympathy, dear Mrs. Jameson

Yours faithfully

A. I. NOEL BYRON.

BRIGHTON,

February 13, 1854.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

I must trouble you with the correction of a date, of some importance to Truth.

You say, "I never believed your feelings alienated from me, TILL you told me they were."

Now, on the contrary, in the close of the year 1852, when my whole being was so absorbed that I could not have borne any added excitement or agitation, & whilst you were accusing me of being false to friendship, I maintained that I was "as ever your friend"—This passed in writing, for we did not then meet,

¹ Mr. Murphy died January, 1854.

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owing, as I told you, to the peculiar circumstances of my position.

The year following, in Dover St. you drove me, by your persevering attacks, to say something about "alienation"—but if you would look to *facts*, my subsequent intercourse with you, my visits in your society, would shew how far that *word* was from being verified—

You tell me you have "shielded the memory of Lady Lovelace from the cruel world." If the world is cruel, let it alone. If the "Repentance" which is now by her own direction & in her own words, inscribed on the Monument to her at Kirkby Mallory, cannot disarm the Pharisees, they must be left to convince themselves. Your reiterated expressions of *Forgiveness*—in fact so many accusations, might need Forgiving, if I were not in so many respects, still your Debtor, & in spite of yourself, always so truly

Your friend

A. I. N. B.

The monument alluded to by Lady Byron is a cenotaph bearing this inscription :—

Inscribed by the express direction of
ADA AUGUSTA LOVELACE,
Born December 10th 1816, died November 27th 1852,
To recall her memory.

And the prayer of faith shall save the sick,
And the Lord shall raise him up ;
And if he have committed sins,
They shall be forgiven him.



THE COUNTESS OF LOVELACE, *née*
AUGUSTA ADA BYRON.

From a daguerreotype.

To face p. 282.

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Bow down in hope, in thanks all ye that mourn
Where'er this peerless arch of radiant hues,
Surpassing earthly tints, the storm subdues
Of Nature's smiles and tears. 'Tis heaven-born
To soothe the sad, the sinning, and forlorn ;
A lovely loving token to inspire
The hope, the faith, that Power divine endues
With latent good the woes by which we're torn.
'Tis like a sweet repentance of the skies,
To beckon all by sense of sin opprest,
Revealing harmony from sin and sighs ;
A pledge that deep implanted in the breast
A hidden light may burn that never dies
And bursts through storms in purest hues exprest.

After both Lady Byron and Mrs. Jameson had passed away, a controversy raged about what is known as the "Byron Scandal." Mrs. Beecher Stowe's¹ article, intended to vindicate Lady Byron, contained facts which were said to have been supplied to her by Anna ; one of the supporters of this view being Hayward, the "serpent," whose propensity to gossip has been noticed before. Anna's surviving sisters indignantly denied the truth of this assertion.

The death of her mother was a great blow to Anna ; and the end of her friendship with Lady Byron, which was almost like another death, so sudden and complete was the severance of all ties, made this time one of great mental suffering.

¹ Mrs. Beecher Stowe, *née* Harriet Beecher, 1812-1888.

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In this year Robert Jameson died, having resigned the Chancellorship the year before, owing to ill-health. In her letters, Anna alluded to his habits of intemperance, and she appears to have been anxious as to his mental condition. After his death it was announced that he had left all his money to a woman whose name she then heard for the first time. On October 20, 1854, she wrote to Otilie: "Mrs. M——, to whom the property is left, is a married woman who has a husband living; for the sake of money he has permitted an intimacy. The Will, in which no mention is made of Mr. Jameson's brothers and sister, was written a few hours before his death, and his hand *held* and guided while he wrote."

Sir Edwin Landseer¹ to Anna Jameson.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

I have the pleasure to thank you for a few old friendly lines though they touch on the recent melancholy event, recalling old days and a cluster of sad recollections and I receive your sign of life with a tranquillity that experience in sorrow alone gives. There is one syllable—time! (not always a pitiless master with some natures). Old time is like indiarubber, rubs out the hard lines; you touch up and like the picture better, even fancy it improved! Unfortunately I have a *tender* memory—associations with poor Jameson lead to endless pathos! but as I would rather guide you to

¹ Sir Edwin Landseer, 1802–1873.

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sunshine than sadness—I beg you tell me when do you come back to our village? I wish I was with you at Braten. It is rather hard to give up Highland holidays—but occupation and *work* are good friends.

Yours sincerely

E. LANDSEER.

When the contents of her husband's will were known, Anna's faithful friends collected a sum sufficient to buy an annuity of £100 a year, and Mrs. Procter presented her with a purse containing £70 surplus. Anna was deeply moved on that occasion and wrote to Mrs. Procter: "Dear friend, how I love you, not only for what you have done, but for the consummate judgment and delicacy with which you have done it! I am now taken out of the slavery of booksellers and bookmakers which I so hated and feared, and my sisters are safe."

During her latter years Anna was much engrossed in public service work. In 1855 she lectured on "Sisters of Charity Abroad and at Home"; in 1856 on "Communion of Labour."

She had made exhaustive studies on these subjects, and had stayed in Paris on one occasion with the object of visiting the hospitals directed by the Sisters of Charity. She was unable to go into society just then, being in the hands of an unskilful dentist.

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RUE DES SAINTS PÈRES, 55.

I am unable at present to go into society—amuse myself in a lonely sort of way as well as I can. I went yesterday to one of the great hospitals here which is under the direction of 25 Sisters of Charity. I never saw anything more perfect—Each Sister has the control and management of a ward (or *Salle*). In the men's wards each Sister has one female and two male Assistants or Servants—in the Female Wards each Sister has two women and one man as Servants. I found 612 patients all clean, airy, cheerful and comfortable, exceeding anything I have ever seen in England. This hospital is quite new and has only existed 18 months—between pictures, hospitals, and churches I contrive to get on. There is nothing to say of myself except that I just go on studying in the Galleries, making enquiries and observations about the Charitable Orders. What you say of Mr. Railton's approbation is very pleasant and I hope something may be done, but, when I see the mass of uneducated or half educated women crying out for employment for which they have not been fitted by training or reflection, I am almost in despair. . . .

As I am, in my present condition, unable to go into society, my friends supply me with books and I read a great deal, but the heat is dreadful and keeps me from the theatres, which otherwise would be a great resource. I continue well and take great care of myself. . . .

Love to all

Your affectionate

ANNA.

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During the year 1853 many old friends were seen, including Harriet Martineau, now completely cured owing to mesmeric treatment. There is a note from her declining an invitation on the grounds that she is going to Drury Lane "to see the horse-riding—a sight I am absurdly fond of." From Tom Taylor, engaged on his "Life of Haydon," come many notes concerning the difficulties to be overcome by a conscientious biographer.

Tom Taylor¹ to Anna Jameson.

THE GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, WHITEHALL,
April 10, 1853.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

Thank you very much for your remarks on Haydon's autobiography. Your feeling about the character of this man agrees very much with my own.

You see, as I do, how impossible it is to make a hero of such a personage and the only other alternative is to make a complete portrait as far as any man's own materials can be turned to that purpose—for after all, the utmost that can be produced will be a portrait of the painter from his own point of view. This is what I shall aim at. It will be necessary, therefore, in an introduction to make the public feel this, and to express, as I best can, the conclusions I have had forced upon me in compiling the book.

Had I known what the task I have undertaken was, I should certainly have declined it. I send you the continuation as far as revised.

¹ Tom Taylor, 1817-1880.

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I do not expect that my comedy will be out before the theatre closes for a summer cleaning in June or July. They have Browning's "Colombe's Birthday" in rehearsal. Perhaps my piece will be the next month after that.

Ever yours

T. TAYLOR.

John Gibson to Anna Jameson.

September 27, 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

I thank you for receiving my engraved designs with your gracious sentiments and good nature. I shall always value yr. opinions, for you have given to the world proofs of yr feeling and judgment in art ; feeling is a gift from nature, Judgment is confined to a few—to those only who have contemplated deeply—examined the greatest works—conversed with the greatest artists—read the best works and with a nature gifted. You and I know what is necessary to be a Judge on art.

The Gentlemen who form themselves into Committees to select the best models for public monts. are not aware of all that is necessary to enable them to do their duty to the public ; the result is bad, public works in England are very feeble, no power, wanting in knowledge. Chantrey's¹ statues are the best, but his draperies are always bad, tasteless and heavy. Sculpture in England will never rise until the Govt. send to Rome young men of talent to study for 7 years.

¹ Sir Francis Chantrey, 1781–1842.

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The rich in this country rarely order sculpture for beauty's sake ; the only chance left for the English sculptor is the monumental and that only scope is destroyed by the matter-of-fact narrow ideas of the tasteless Committees who pronounce Judgments upon the models for public works.

The Tailor Sculptor can have only one pleasure ; how much profit does this job bring ? He follows his trade, has his newspaper scribbler to puff him up and hopes to make his fortune. Chantrey succeeded, but has left posterity nothing more than busts—not of beautiful women. When he came to Rome he said to me—Rome is enough to spoil you or any sculptor : —he said to a friend of mine. “I have made a fortune without going to Rome.” So he did.

I have been invited three times by committees to send them designs in competition for public works. I said to a great lady that I declined the honor : she said, certainly, you cannot enter into competition with any English sculptor—and she said, I hope you will infuse some of yr classic feeling into the statue of Sir R. Peel.

If I had been ordered to represent the matter-of-fact I should have declined and given up the Job. What a fat job it would have been to some one of the money making sculptors, no less than £5,250. Sir Richard Westmacott¹ said to me, what a lucky dog you have been !—no more than £2,000 has ever been voted for a public monument consisting of one single statue in marble.

The corporation of London invited me to send them

¹ Sir Richard Westmacott, 1775–1856.

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a design for a Mon^t to the Duke of Wellington¹ in competition and I declined the honor.

One day at the Abbey, a respectable common looking man turned round to his companions when staring at the Peel and said to them—"Thats a right down good likeness." Sir C. Eastlake said that the dress did not obscure the likeness, that the man did not at the first moment think of the Costume. I told this incident to Sir C.

I hope we shall meet at Rome this winter ; about the end of this month, I am off.

I am, My dear Mrs. Jameson,

ever sincerely yours

JOHN GIBSON.

The Honble. Mrs. Norton² to Anna Jameson.

3, CHESTERFIELD STREET,

April 12, 1854.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

Believe me—tho' we have not met of late years—I set too high a value on your invisible self, to have refused you a book of mine—even were the request *reluctantly* complied with.

But it is not. I print 'privately' because I do not choose the history of these miserable battles of Home to be bought and sold in shops ; but I have printed a great number of copies, and I have made the line of distribution merely thus :—My own personal friends, Lord Melbourne's family & friends—and such men in either House of Parlt. as I believe interest

¹ The monument was executed by Alfred Stevens, and is now in St. Paul's Cathedral.

² The Hon. Mrs. Norton, *née* Sheridan, 1808–1877.

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themselves in *reforms of the law*; for to *that* I look. Personally justified I may be by the narrative part, but of what service can that be, now? youth and the struggling time are over.

I leave then, to your discretion, *five copies*. I should like Mr. Kemble (our old friend) to have one—He is deaf, & anything to read that might give him an hour's interest is good.

I am obliged to leave England again for the summer, to meet my sons in Italy; then to Vienna where the elder is attached to the Embassy. I go on Saturday, by way of France.

If ever in this session anything is attempted in the way of such reforms, as I desire to see made, do not refuse your pen, or your mind, in aid of an ungrateful subject,—(far different from the beautiful æsthetic writings which occupy you in general—) but try to help the cause which you know, also, to be one which cries for justice in so many other destinies; where there is not the gift of words to make injustice publicly known.

Yours very truly

C. NORTON.

In December 1854, Adelaide Procter's first poem appeared in *Household Words*, an incident of more than common interest to Anna, who had preserved many of her girlish efforts of earlier years. One of the poems kept among the letters, which is copied out in Adelaide's own handwriting, is interesting, as it differs considerably from the published version.

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MINISTERING ANGELS.

Angels of light ! bow your bright wings to earth,
In the still morn,
Nor in the starry eve, nor deep midnight,
Leave me forlorn !

From each false spirit and unholy power,
Guard my weak heart ;
Circle around me in each perilous hour,
Nor e'er depart !

From all ungentle thoughts and bad intents,
Keep me secure ;
Teach me hope, patience and (whate'er befall),
Still to endure !

Nor lonely in the paths of this sad world,
Let my feet stray,
Guide and sustain me with your angel hands,
In my dark way.

Leave me not lone to struggle with the world,
Whilst here I roam,
And at the end, with your bright wings unfurled,
Oh ! take me home !

ADELAIDE.

One of the most interesting acquaintances at this date was Mrs. Gaskell,¹ the novelist, whose " Ruth " appeared in 1853.

¹ Mrs. Gaskell (Elizabeth Stephenson), 1810-1865.

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27, WOBURN SQUARE,
Saturday morning.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

Thank you *very* much for the gracious and kind manner in which you have acceded to my (half impudent) request. I shall value your note to me in a higher and better way than as an autograph. I will tell you what I plan to do on Monday. I plan to go as early as I can, after breakfast, to bid the Carlyles goodbye. I really want to see them, so I shall go to Chelsea very early, say at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9, and come back to town via Montpelier Square in Brompton, where an old lady lives whom I wish to see. Do you think this could be done before 12? I should much like to see you again, but the great distances of London are such a bewilderment to me, that I hardly know how long this expedition will take me. At any rate believe me, dear Mrs. Jameson,

Yours very faithfully,
E. C. GASKELL.

11, PRINCES TERRACE,
Thursday.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

. . . I have got out two used catalogues of the Louvre for you, 1854, both. I shall leave them with Mrs. James, if I am *not* so fortunate as to see you. Mr. Gaskell sends me word of your kindness about that lecture, respecting which I took a warm interest, and which is now amplified, is it not? I am truly obliged to you for giving it to me and so imparting a double value to it. I read (not my copy, it is at Mrs. Wedgwood's) the day after it came out, and I particularly

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thanked you for the broad basis you had taken for your noble and true ideas. Believe me ever, dear Mrs. Jameson,

Yours very truly and gratefully

E. C. GASKELL.

You don't know the good you have done me in your life-time, so I have a right to honour myself by signing "gratefully."

PLYMOUTH GROVE,
March 7th.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

I meant, and I meant to thank you for your letter, and if I could, without telling you what had become of it; for every day I have been hoping it would be restored to me. Oh dear ! Do you know it is lost ! along with several other valued and comforting letters about Ruth ; while every letter of reprobation and blame comes to me, straight as an arrow, the precious little packet I sent to a dear friend in London, for her pleasure and sympathy, was lost at the Post Office. We have made enquiries at both ends, and they give us hopes that it may be restored, but meanwhile I cannot any longer delay writing my thanks for the kind words (that told of kind thoughts) in your letter. I should have often found it a comfort and a pleasure to read it again,—a comfort and a pleasure because I am sure you understood what I aimed at,—and from anyone who sympathizes in that aim, I can bear a great deal of personal fault-finding. Not that you did anything of the kind, dear Mrs. Jameson. I have spoken much on the subject of the book before, and I am surprised to find how very many people—good

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kind people—and *women* infinitely more than men, really and earnestly disapprove of what I have said and express that disapproval at considerable pain to themselves, rather than allow a “demoralising laxity” to go unchecked. Three or four *men* have written to approve,—some, one or two at least, high in literature,—and two, with testimony as valuable as fathers of families,—grave thoughtful practical men. I think I have put the small edge of the wedge in, if only I have made people talk and discuss the subject a little more than they did.

Goodbye, my dear Mrs. Jameson. The Scotts were quite well on Friday when we met the Leonard Horners there.

Yours most truly

E. C. GASKELL.

PLYMOUTH GROVE, MANCHESTER,
November 15th.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

Here is the beautiful commonplace book¹ awaiting me on my return home! And I give it a great welcome you may be sure, and turn it over, and peep in, and read a sentence and shut it up to think over its graceful suggestive wisdom in something of the “gourmet” spirit of a child with an eatable dainty, which child, if it have the proper artistic sensuality of childhood, first looks its cake over to appreciate the full promise of its appearance,—next, snuffs up its fragrance,—and gets to a fair and complete mouth-watering before it plunges into the first *bite*. I do like your book. I liked it before,—I like it better now. It is

¹ “A Commonplace Book of Thoughts,” published 1854.

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like looking into deep clean water,—down below at every instant of prolonged gaze, one sees some fresh beauty or treasure of clear white pebble, or little shady nooks for fish to lurk in, or delicate water weeds. Thank you for it. I do value it. . . .

Ever yours affectionately

E. C. GASKELL.

PLYMOUTH GROVE,
Sunday Evening.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

You can't think what pleasure your kind note of appreciation gave, and gives me. I made a half-promise (as perhaps I told you) to Mr. Dickens,¹ which he understood as a whole one, and though I had the plot and characters in my head long ago, I have often been in despair about the working of them out, because of course, in this way of publishing it, I had to write pretty hard without waiting for the happy leisure hours. And then 20 numbers was, I found, my allowance, instead of the too scant 22, which I had fancied were included in "five months," and at last the story is huddled and hurried up, especially in the rapidity with which the sudden death of Mr. Bell succeeds to the sudden death of Mr. Hale, but what could I do? Every page was grudged me, just at last, when I did certainly infringe all the bounds and limits they set me as to quantity. Just at the very last I was compelled to desperate compression. But now I am not sure if, when the barrier gives way between 2 such characters as Mr. Thornton and Margaret, it would not all go smash in a moment, and I don't feel quite certain that I dislike

¹ Charles Dickens, 1812-1870.

Milestones

the end as it now stands. But it is being re-published as a whole, in two vols. and the question is, shall I alter it and enlarge what is already written, bad and hurried-up though it be? I can not insert small pieces here and there—I feel as if I must throw myself back a certain distance in the story and re-write it from there, retaining the present incidents, but filling up intervals of time etc. Would you give me your *very* valuable opinion as to this? If I have taken to a book or poem (Laodaima for instance) the first time of reading I am like a child, and angry at every alteration even though it may be an improvement. I am going to follow your plan and run away from reviewers. (Now don't say it is not your plan because I have told Mr. Gaskell it *is*.) Meta and I are going to Paris about the 13th for a fortnight or so, and I shall be sorry to think, in passing through London that I have not a chance of seeing you. I shall send you a copy of N. and S. if you will kindly accept it. And I really shall be grateful to you for an answer to my question about the alterations.

Yours ever most truly

E. C. GASKELL.

PLYMOUTH GROVE,

Tuesday, Jan. 30.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

No ! indeed, you have not been a bit too abrupt. I wanted just what you tell me,—even more decidedly if need were, and truth is too precious and valuable a thing to need drapery,—you tell me just what I wanted to know. If the story¹ had been poured just warm

¹ "North and South," published 1855.

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out of the mind, it would have taken a much larger mould. It was the cruel necessity of compressing it that hampered me. And now I can't do much, I may not even succeed when I try, but I will try for my own satisfaction even if it does not answer and I have to cancel what I am now meaning to write, and all before the end of next week ! So I have sent to-day since receiving your letter, to stop the press.

I shall be in a lodging at the house where Steele lived, i.e. the number 36, Bloomsbury Square, out of your more direct way I fear ; but on Monday morning the 12th, I will hold myself in readiness either to go to or to receive you. . . .

Ever dear Mrs. Jameson

Yours most truly,

E. C. GASKELL.

PLYMOUTH GROVE,

September 8, 1856.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

Your letter found me at home, many thanks for it, and for proposing to send me your second lecture. I shall like very much indeed to have it and shall be at home to receive it for a long time to come. You ask about my life of Miss Brontë.¹ It is progressing, but very slowly. It is a most difficult undertaking. I have constantly to rewrite parts in consequence of gaining some fresh intelligence, which intelligence ought to have found place at some earlier period than the time I am then writing about.

I have been from home for some weeks and only came home last Wednesday, and mean to work des-

¹ Charlotte Brontë, 1816-1855.

Milestones

perately hard at Miss Brontë and then hope some time to get it done.

Believe me to remain

Very truly yours

E. C. GASKELL.

The "Life of Charlotte Brontë" was not well received. The original edition contained statements that the author had to withdraw, together with the unsold copies. Anna expressed her opinion of the unfortunate Life so freely to Mrs. Gaskell that it evidently produced a coolness, though one that did not last; it is probable, therefore, that it was one of the earlier works that was criticized by Chorley in an article that induced her to criticize the critic himself.

Henry Chorley to Anna Jameson.

1857.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

Your humour of toleration does not include the idea that a critic can have feelings to be hurt—or a conscience as much worthy of respect, as are sentimental attempts to repair that which requires neither sentiment or false colouring, if it is reparable—and I rather wonder you ask such a callous fellow as myself to tea on Thursday. Let me say, that when I go out for release and relaxation from a sad and wearying life, it is no pleasure to be publicly singled out for a fierce attack by one who does not find it convenient to listen to defence: and that I think your desire to

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bless Mrs. Gaskell (whom I like and admire quite as much as you can do, though I 'don't fancy her infallible) need not quite have been accompanied with such a vigorous exhibition of a *counter spirit* (to put it elegantly) against

Your old and sincere friend

H. F. CHORLEY.

CHAPTER XV

ITALY AGAIN

IN the spring of 1857, when the first news of the Indian Mutiny was reaching England, Anna set out on her travels once more, bound for Rome, where her sister, Mrs. Bate, was then living with her daughter and son-in-law. Robert Macpherson was already in bad health, but he was able to devote himself to photography, which was then a profitable occupation, and one in which he had not many competitors. His photographs of the antiquities of Rome were already well known, and in all the business of developing and touching up plates and printing from negatives, Louisa Bate and Gerardine were able to give him much practical help. The Macphersons were also working on the plates for the second edition of the "Legends of the Madonna."

Anna was as devoted to her favourite niece as ever she had been before her marriage, but she does not appear to have been on very cordial terms with her husband, although there was never any actual disagreement.

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Anna Jameson to her sisters.

ROME, VIA STROZZI, 4

Friday, March 4, 1857.

DEAR SISTERS ALL,—

I must lose no time in telling you that I have arrived safe at Rome—at last. I wrote to you I think from Marseilles. . . . I embarked on Monday night at 10 o'clock on board the Vesuvio—the weather lovely, the sea calm and every thing promising a “splendid voyage.” That night & the next day it was the same till about 4 o'clock then the wind rose, the sun set threatening & a storm came on which, about midnight as we were rounding Corsica, became worse & yet worse—in short—we had 16 hours of dreadful suffering, but at last on Wednesday about 12 o'clock we entered the port of Civita Vecchia—there I found Mr. Lowe, the English Consul, on the look out for me with a letter from Geddie in his pocket. He helped me thro' the custom House—where I had trouble again with the plates, but got off by paying duty ; then I got a place in the diligence and a seat in the coupé with the conductor ; the distance is 47 miles and we were 8 hours on the road—a road neither beautiful nor interesting. On the left a barren country broken with ridges like great waves (all Volcanic), on the right, the intensely purple sea ; about half way we began to cross the Campagna by the light of a brilliant moon—at midnight I arrived at Rome—they had given me up—but by bribing the conductor & paying well, I got a carriage and at last reached the Via Strozzi—all in bed !—but when wakened, as glad to see me as if I had arrived in the middle of the day instead of the

Italy Again

middle of the night. My room was ready, dear Geddie looked radiant ; I shook hands with Macpherson in his bed, poor fellow, still ill with this horrid Roman fever and then—Louisa being awake—I just gave her a kiss,—got a glass of wine and a round of bread, after 36 hours of sickness & fasting, & then to bed ; such was my first arrival in Rome ! There are so many people here whom I know, that I am really afraid of being caught in a whirlpool. Sybille Mertens is the only one I have seen as yet. The house is airy & convenient & plenty of empty rooms but they are going to move into a better ; there seems to be as much business as they can do. Now I must stop. God bless you all—your affate.

ANNA.

ROME,

May 12, 1857.

MY DEAR SISTERS,—

I received yesterday Eliza's satisfactory letter, so far satisfactory that it tells me nothing, there being nothing to tell except that you are all well and getting thro' the remainder of this weary anxious life as quietly and contentedly as you can. . . . Eliza seems to have expected a letter before now and I should have written but I could not give a flourishing account of myself ; without being absolutely ill I seemed to lose the power to work at any thing or attend to any thing. I am now rather better, but as soon as possible I must have change of air. The Etchings are not finished ; there have been several causes of delay, and Gerardine and Macpherson have been absent from Rome for the last few days, they went with little Willy to a place called Porto d'Anzio on the sea shore about 40 miles

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south, leaving Louisa to mind business. Since the 1st of May I am no longer at the Via Strozzi. . . . Mad^{me}. Braun has given me a spare room in her house & I am boarded and lodged with her—on the same terms as with Geddie—the situation is infinitely beautiful & I am very quiet & comfortable. I am on the summit of the Tarpeian Rock—the highest point in Rome ; my room has two windows—looking south & west. From the first I see the whole Roman Forum—the Collosseum—the Arch of Titus, the ruins on the Palatine ; in short, the whole of Ancient Rome & beyond as far as the Alban Hills & towards Tivoli. From the other window, near which I am now writing, I look down the Tiber, towards the ruined bridge defended by Horatius Cocles, Mount Aventine & the famous old Christian Churches which I have described in *Legendary Art* ; a finer view both for beauty & interest does not perhaps exist in the world. Mad^{me}. Braun is going to England soon, but has left me the command of two rooms so long as I need them ; I have a man servant in constant attendance from 9 in the morning till 9 at night to whom I give 4 pauls a day & he feeds himself (a paul is $5\frac{1}{4}$ d.) ; I am obliged to have one because I cannot go up and down stairs well & I have many messages &c to send. I can have a nice little carriage for $2\frac{1}{2}$ pauls (about 15d) an hour but the height at which I live is such that I am generally obliged to pay half a paul more to get the coachman to come up to the door. I look down upon that point of the Tarpeian Rock from which Criminals were thrown (it is now a garden and one blush of roses mixed with Vines & Lemons) at the foot of the rock, are clustered houses & churches. It is the meanest & poorest part of Rome, inhabited

Italy Again

by mechanics, termagant women & ragged children ; but I look down on the roofs, only partly hidden by Verdure ; I just see the top of the Temple of Vesta & the house of Rienzi. I should like to stay here if my health would permit, but the languor caused by the Roman climate warns me, already, not to tempt the Malaria and as soon as I can get the Etchings finished I shall be off to Florence ; Naples is out of the question, I have no strength for it.

What more shall I say? it will not interest you much that the Russian Empress is here and that every body wishes her gone ; the Pope made his escape a few days after her arrival, being gone on a pilgrimage to Loretto. I hope dear Geddie will be returned this Evening or tomorrow & that we shall make some progress with the rest of the etchings. . . .

Anna Jameson to Charlotte Murphy.

FLORENCE,

May 22nd.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—

. . . I am obliged to give up going to Germany by reason of this lameness, which makes me very helpless. I am pursuing a regimen advised by Panteleone, a famous Roman Doctor, but it requires an attendant and *all* the Doctors agree in advising the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, as it is something in the system and not Rheumatism or Gout as I thought at first. I shall go to Paris from this place and if I remain there 10 days or a fortnight, I will ask you to spend the time with me. I shall not be able to give you much pleasure, dear, but I shall like to have you if you feel energetic and strong for the journey. I have a sort of reproachful

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letter from Longman and indeed not without reason, for I have not been able to get on with my work. My journey from Rome was very tedious. I left on the 14th and arrived here on the 19th, passing my birthday on the road from Arezzo in company with a Capuchin Friar fresh from Lucknow ; he had been a missionary in India for 7 years.

Your affecte,

ANNA.

VIA MAGGIO, 1902.

FLORENCE,

June 25, 1857.

DEAR CHARLOTTE, ELIZA & CAMILLA—DEAR SISTERS,—

I am afraid you will begin to be a little anxious about me if I do not write—I have waited only till I could say something more satisfactory about myself than I could say (*with truth*), a week or a fortnight ago. I have not been very well but am now on the way to be better—I thought at first it was merely the fatigue of the journey from Rome & that I should get over it in a few days, but it has become an attack of lameness like that which I suffered from the spring—but this time in the ankles more than the knees. To be at Florence & unable to move, or to go to a church or Gallery or any institution, was very provoking ; I could not do much at Rome, but it has been worse here. I have been using ammonia blisters—& have even, by pressing entreaty of Lady Herbert & Mrs. Browning, got a Doctor, but he does not please me at all & I can manage myself better. The Herberts are very kind. They live very near. I took tea with them last Evening & was able to walk home. . . .

Italy Again

Lady Herbert . . . and the girls are perfectly kind and good and are as useful to me as I will allow them to be ; so are Mr & Mrs Browning—so you see there is no want of help & friends. Now, as to my arrangements, I will tell you of them because they will amuse the *Housekeepers*, Eliza & Cammy. I have a very pretty suite of rooms in an airy part of Florence, on one side looking into the Square before the Palazzo Pitti. It is a corner house, so that I have the air on all sides—a great comfort in this blazing weather ; I have a large drawing room—a large bed room, 3 smaller rooms—an ante room for entrance—a good kitchen, all *well* furnished, 4 sophas, plenty of easy chairs—tables large & small—& the conveniences of all kinds ; very good & clean for Italy. I have, besides, what is called the “*Servizia*,” that is to say, my bed made, rooms cleaned & breakfast prepared every day. For all this, lodging & *servizia* together I pay 15 crowns (or Scudi) a month ; a crown is 10 pauls—a paul $5\frac{1}{2}^d$ —a scudo is as near as possible 4s. 7d.—The woman who serves me for a small additional sum (3 pauls a week) cooks my little dinner & gets for me anything I want. My principal expense is a carriage—opposite to my door is a stand for carriages—a pretty, clean, little open carriage & one horse costs 3 pauls an hour. Butter & milk, sent up with ice, costs me 5 pauls a week, a large plate full of fruit, fine cherries & apricots, costs 2^d —so you see I am not ruining myself in living. The heat is terrible, yet I am told it is nothing to what it will be in July & August ; it is difficult to do anything, languid and lamed as I am, but there is an *excellent* library—both for amusing books in all languages & books on art &c. I pay an expensive

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subscription 1 scudo a month—& they let me have very valuable books of engravings & for reference, & I go on, laying up studies & notes for future use till I am more capable of active work.

VIA MAGGIO, 1902.

FLORENCE,

July 12th.

My monotonous life has been varied lately by an incident. You have read in the papers that the English fleet under Lord Lyons was off Leghorn on the great day (the 4th) when the Arch Duke and Archduchess, the authorities & Lord Normandy & suite were invited. The Herbert girls were also invited to go on board the Admirals ship & their mother being absent, they begged of me to supply her place as chaperon. I went reluctantly, expecting to be fatigued & bored, but it turned out quite otherwise. I did not put my foot to the ground from my own door to the Royal Albert, suffered little fatigue & was really very much amused. Capt. Blomfield of the Osprey is an old friend & messmate of Douglas Herbert & was our constant & devoted cavalier. The day was splendid—the crew arrayed in gala costume—the Music, the company on board formed a really magnificent scene. We had a splendid luncheon in the gun room, at the same table with the Grandees. Then there was dancing on deck ; we left the ship about 8 & reached Florence by a special train about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11. It was, on the whole, a gay and beautiful spectacle ; tho' the recollection of the disturbance & bloodshed which had taken place only 3 days before in the streets of Leghorn, *did* come across me & sadden me a little, it did not seem to come to any one else.

Italy Again

VIA MAGGIO, 1902.

FLORENCE,

July 23rd.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—

I have been writing lately several letters for the public good, addressed to the United Sisterhood, & now I write to you, *yourself*—but I really must tell you how often I think of you, wish for you and *want* you—no great compliment, you will say, in my almost solitude, but a proof that I am getting better and humanized. Florence certainly agrees with me better than Rome, where I made no progress. . . . Notwithstanding the Manchester Exhibition & other temptations, I do not wish myself in England *yet*—I am better—but not well—the thought of England & all I suffered there, comes across me sometimes and make me shiver and shudder still—but I gave myself a year, not to be spent wholly abroad, but as far as I could from painful & disturbing associations. Florence is beautiful and at this season very quiet; the heat however is not to be described, it burns like a furnace. I shall go to Siena next week, as I have work to be done there & an invitation to a pleasant villa, where I am told it is actually *cool* (I suppose *comparatively* speaking) & as I can now make the journey by railway in 4 hours for 10 shillings (it used to be a day's journey and cost £2)—it tempts me. The Brownings are going to the Baths of Lucca—too idle and expensive a place for me to stay at, tho' I may pay them a visit before they leave it. Tomorrow I am going to Prato to study some Frescoes & shall be there at 40 min. past 8, returning before the heat of the day. I am very idle dear Charlotte and obliged to lie down—or rather *go to bed*

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—for some hours in each day ; still I *am* better. . . . It is such comparatively *cheap* living here ! one has money for the *pleasures* as well as the necessities of life, when one has any taste for *pleasures*, which I have not at present.

Your affect.

ANNA.

My life has been perfectly calm and almost solitary. I cannot stir during the day and lie on my bed or sofa reading ; in the evening I often drive out with Mrs. Browning, along the banks of the Arno, in a park called here *Cascine*—Mr. Browning rides. In a week or two, Florence will be unbearable, and I must go somewhere, probably to Siena where it is some degrees cooler and there are no mosquitoes. . . . I saw Mrs. Trollope to-day for a few minutes, looking ill, broken, old, haggard and *worse*.

Anna Jameson to Eliza Murphy.

SIENA,

August 17, 1857.

. . . I must write you a few lines on your birthday dear Eliza, to say God bless you. I think also of poor dear Mother, tenderly, but with no bitterness of regret. . . . I have found much to do in this strange old city of Siena. I thought it half dead when I first arrived, but within the last few days it has been seized with a fit of portentous gaiety which comes once a year, the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, to whom, or rather to which, the beautiful Cathedral is dedicated. It is, I think, the most beautiful *Cathedral*

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in the world and has been crowded every day this week, but the 15th was the great day. In the morning there was the grand musical Mass, in the evening *races*—but if you imagine any thing like English races you will be as far as possible from the truth. Imagine a space as large as Belgrave Square but in the form of a semi-circle, surrounded by public buildings and palaces, the centre being the great market place of the city ; round this, which was thickly strewed with fine sand, & the corners secured by mattresses against the walls, the horses (or rather ponies) ran—the centre being filled with the people—& the windows and balconies crowded with draperies of red, blue, green, & orange. I was in the balcony of the Palazzo Chigi, one of the finest in Siena and saw every thing. The scene was, to English eyes, very curious ; these fêtes have been very much in my way, however, for I could get nothing done this week and shall be at Siena a little longer than I anticipated, but shall return to Florence I hope this week. The Pope makes his grand entry there this week & I am glad to be out of the way. I am very well lodged here, in the Italian style—3 fine, large, lofty rooms, painted in Fresco, for which I pay 5 pauls (about 2s. 3d. a day) service included. I have never, since I have been in Italy, been to an Opera or a theatre or indulged in any expense whatever, except carriages occasionally, for tho' much better & stronger, I cannot walk or stand much. Gerardine writes to me that she had at length sent the proofs of the etchings to Florence. The Indian news is horrible ; poor Lady Herbert full of anxieties, for Major Herbert is in the midst of it all. Mrs. Procter also must be anxious for her Son.

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Anna Jameson to Charlotte Murphy.

FLORENCE,

October 6, 1857.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—

. . . I am meditating new things to be done, good and profitable, but health first—if only I could get up some of my former energy ! but I feel so broken and weary, I often wish to lie down and rest, yet I am always hoping that the time will come when I shall be better, for *much* better I certainly am than when I came to Italy, better than when at Rome. The Bagni di Lucca afforded some repose and change after a month of great anxiety, but the place, tho' beautiful, was damp ; the season being nearly at an end I got into a lodging, a very pretty lodging and had 3 rooms and three meals every day for a scudo a day that is 4s. 7d. ; this did not include wine or candles, but all things else ; so, you see, it was not ruinous. On my return to Florence I found that my nice lodging (which I could not afford to retain) had been let in my absence. And I am now in a sort of make shift way till I can get a lodging, in a house kept by an Englishwoman, the widow of a Russian courier. I have a large room with the alcove for the bed divided off, rather larger than Cam's bedroom in Bruton Street ; for this I pay 2 paul a day (10½d.) and another paul for the attendance, so that I am living at a very cheap rate. I must, however, get into a lodging next week. I drew a good deal at Lucca, making reductions and studies for my book. Mrs. Browning was a great resource and I found there Mrs. Haig of Bemersyde with her daughters, who

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were all most kind and attentive, so that I got on pretty well. I left the Brownings there for I was uneasy about letters ; besides yours I found here a large parcel of proof sheets from Spottiswoodes, which kept me hard at work yesterday and today ; of my plates I hear no tidings yet.

Anna Jameson to her Sisters.

VIA MAGGIO, 1^{mo} piano, 1902.

FLORENCE,

October 30th.

MY DEAR SISTERS,—

I hope one or other of you will write to me as often as you can—short letters if not long ones, for it keeps my mind quiet to know that all is going on smoothly. I am not myself very comfortable, having heard from Gerardine yesterday of the death of poor Madme. Sybille Mertens. I knew she was ill, but had not the least idea there was danger. I am in my new lodging & I quite forget whether I have written to you since I entered it. I have a nice drawing room and a large bed room—larger than Camilla's bed room in Bruton Street—with one part of it containing bed-toilet & divided off by draperies, so that I have in fact 3 rooms with a sort of dressing room behind & an entrance or ante-chamber—the furniture *ample* and excellent, plenty of armchairs, sofas, tables, cabinets. The rent is high because I would only take it by the month & not for the season. I pay £5 10s. a month, instead of £4 10, but I could not bind myself for 6 months for I have business elsewhere. I am on a *first* floor too (which, as I am

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not strong & a little lame, tho' much better) is a great advantage & I am near the Brownings who are a great resource, for when I want society I can go in to them. The situation is as if I were living near the end of Grosvenor Place. I am near the Palace—near the Arno—and not far from the Cathedral & the Gallery ; as if I had the National Gallery, Westminster Abbey, the Queen's Gallery (always open, observe) the House of Parliament & the Westminster & Bridgewater Gallery—always open—and within a street or two. This is the advantage of a small but magnificent capital. Prices of every thing rise at this season from the influx of strangers, particularly Americans & Russians, but on the whole I am living at one half the expense of England & one third less than at Rome & I am working as well as I can—needs must ! I have had my publishers account for this last year which is just £4 18s. in my favour. I did not expect much, but something more. The pressure of illness (for the last 2 years & more) tells *now*. The publication of the 3rd. Edition of *Legendary Art* & the 2nd. of the *Madonna* (now on the eve of appearing) will help next year, but it will be December 1858 before I can make any claim whatever on *any* profits, so that I must make an effort to do something *immediate*—& I am not very fit for it yet.

Madme. de Goethe is urgent for me to join her at Dresden. I could work there & live there more cheaply than here, but I do not feel that I *could* make the journey. The Herberts are very attentive & kind.

The news of the fall of Delhi reached Florence yesterday. Mrs. Procter has a son there. There will

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be no names known for some time & what horrible suspense !

I cannot write any more at present. The death of Madme. Mertens (with whom I was a great deal at Rome) has depressed me. She died lonely—with only servants near her—poor woman. You must think of me however as *getting better* & stronger, and I hope to be *well* before I return. If you know anything of Lady Byron, tell me.

VIA MAGGIO, No. 1902.

FLORENCE,

November 23, 1857.

MY DEAR SISTERS ALL,—

The last letter from home with the little note from dear Cammy cheered me up—for I was beginning to be full of fears and perplexities. My accounts with Longman are showing the effects of these last few years of suffering and idleness. Except the "Sisters of Charity" which produced very little, I have done nothing fresh out of my mind, and the delay of the new Edition of the Madonna has been a loss to me of at least £200. I shall, I hope, get to work again with some energy for I am really much better though as yet not well—perhaps I am too old ever to hope to be quite well and strong as I used to be ; but for my pension and annuity where should we all be now? I think of being in England early in the Spring—either seeing Madame de Goethe on my way there or returning to her. The death of poor Madame Mertens, with all its melancholy circumstances, has shaken me a good deal and has had such an effect on Madame de Goethe that I am at this moment very uneasy about her and anxiously looking for her next letter.

Anna Jameson : Letters and Friendships

FLORENCE,

January 25, 1858.

I have been meditating a letter to my dear Sisters for the last 3 or 4 days,—not having much to tell—but ever so little I know will be welcome. All I have to say of myself is good ; the cold is intense, the *sort* of cold I remember in Canada—the sky blue & cloudless, the sun shining brilliantly, the mountains around covered with snow, the atmosphere icy but clear, bracing & invigorating ; it agrees with me & tho I shiver & get an occasional cold, I have not felt so well for the last 5 years as I do now. I am not working very hard, however, or doing much good in an active way, but I am full of good intentions & good hopes—in fact I must work this year—or where shall we all be ? & the more materials I can collect before I turn homewards, the better ; living is expensive here in winter, for wood (the only fuel except a kind of artificial turf) is very dear ; still I do not spend so much as in England, so I go on with a good conscience. A few days since I made an excursion to a monastery about 3 miles from Florence, called the “ Certosa ” (our *Charter House* in London was a Certosa) ; the Order being strict, we had an admission from Rome signed by the Pope himself. My object was to see some very fine and peculiar Sculpture as well as the place itself. There I met an Irish Monk, Father Hugh MacMahon, and his delight at seeing me (for he already knew my name and the *Legendary Art*) was extreme ; he did the honours of his Convent with great intelligence and animation. They gave us the sweetmeats and Rosolia, the sculpture and pictures were

Italy Again

as fine as I had expected, so it was all very agreeable. I have also been once to the Opera and to one of Lady Normanby's parties, out of 4 to which I have been asked. So you see I am becoming dissipated, comparatively, but I have such a dread of falling back in health that I really take care of myself. I have no intentions of travelling while the weather is thus severe, but am revolving plans of going to Naples by sea, (a cheap voyage) staying there about a fortnight, then coming up to Rome by land and remaining with Geddie till April. . . . Send me a paper with the best account of the Princess's¹ marriage, the "Times" if you can. . . . I have made no particular new friends here and go very little into society, refusing in a general way all dinner parties, but people come to see *me* and I have plenty of books. Gerardine is well, writes cheerfully, but is vexed at my not going to Rome at once; the truth is the place did not agree with me—perhaps it will be better now that I am better; remember that all you tell me in your letters is interesting, your Walter, your doggie, your maid, everything; so write soon. . . .

Your affecte.

ANNA.

MADAME ANNA JAMESON,

Aux soins de Messrs. Turner et Compagnie.

Banquiers—à Naples.

MY DEAR SISTERS ALL,—

I did not expect to have written to you again from Florence—but I am still here waiting till the

¹ Marriage of Princess Royal with Prince Frederick William of Prussia, January 25, 1858.

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weather softens a little—tho *rather* better it is still very severe. We had a fall of snow last Tuesday, the flakes being so large that they resembled a flock of white pigeons in the air ; the next day all trace was gone and the sun shone out brilliantly, but still the wind blowing from the white summits of the Apenines is piercing. I have made an agreement with my good landlady to keep on my warm lodging from *day to day* without any extra expense ; this leaves me free as to time & money matters, as I can be off at a moments warning & I hope will not be here after the 25th and to be in England early in the Spring, that is about May—if all goes well. I am gaining strength & the day before yesterday took a walk to the other end of Florence, which would have been quite impossible 3 months ago.

We are here in the last days of the Carnival—the people from highest to lowest would seem to a foreigner half mad—the streets are infested with masks, the people visit each other in masks & dominos, but there is no pelting with confetti as at Rome. I have not mingled with any gaieties, have not even been on the Corso, have not even been to a theatre—invitations abound but I am not up to it all yet. I should have said that I once went to see a Florentine popular exhibition called “ Stentorello ” but it was too ridiculous—at least for sober me ; we have only one day more of these absurdities & then perhaps I shall be able to get into the Galleries & Churches again to work, which for the last week has been impossible.

Eliza's letter duly reached me & was a very great comfort. God grant that this may be a better, brighter Year for us all ! I have planned to see Mme. de

Italy Again

Goethe before I go to England ; but this will depend on my finances & some other things. There is a large French Steamer which goes from Leghorn to Naples once a week ; it is a cheap mode of travelling & will cost me *all* included about £4 (by land it would be about 15£) ; from Naples (after seeing what I must see there) I shall come up to Rome, & spend a fortnight or more near dear Geddie, who is very impatient for me to go. She gives me a good account of the Roman Home generally & says they are "*very busy*." This is all at present ; do not direct any more letters to Florence, but write to Naples—to the care of the Banker.

I really have no more to say, for I live quiet as a Mouse. I will write again before I leave Florence—dear Sisters.

Your affecte,

ANNA.

Anna Jameson to Charlotte Murphy.

NAPLES,

March 13, 1858.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—

. . . I sometimes wish you all out of that expensive England, where merely to *ascertain* life costs more than to *enjoy* life in other countries ; it is the land of the *rich* but not the land of the *poor*. Well ! we do the best we can ! I arrived at Naples on the 9th—by sea from Leghorn in one of the great French steamers, a cheap—but not an agreeable journey—so stormy, that we were detained in a little seaport for 24 hours—& arrived at Naples on a gloomy tempestuous morning—raining—& Mt. Vesuvius in

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a black nightcap ; it is not yet like Naples, not such as I remember it, but very beautiful. I shall not remain here long, merely to accomplish certain purposes & then off to Rome where I hope to be the first week in April. I wish to avoid the Holy week there, because of the expense ; every thing is dearer at Rome than at Naples & Naples is more expensive than Florence. I have a little lodging for 3s. 6d. a day—& not a single room is to be had in any hotel, so you see people are not frightened by the earthquakes, of which I have had a horrible account. The Sisters of Charity, aided by some kind people, have collected some of the orphan children & have brought them to Naples. I am going to see them, for my interest in these good Sisters of Charity, (every where to be found, & every where efficient) is as strong as ever. Of course I have seen nothing yet except a few pictures. I am amused by the difference between the Naples of 35 years ago & the Naples of the present ; the sandy shores with the half-naked Lazzaroni have disappeared, there is a paved quay—dreadfully tidy & civilized—and instead of half a dozen vessels in the port, above 200. Mrs. Jeffries & Fanny Herbert were here a month before me—my other acquaintances are the Marchesa Anna Gasgallo, the Tuscan Minister Frescobaldi and his wife—& the Cravens, whom I knew years ago. When the weather is better, I shall be better ; at present I suffer so much from fatigue that as yet I cannot go out in the evening. . . . I shall be in England early this spring, not stopping any where long after I leave Naples—for I believe I have got my materials together if I can but work. Now I must stop. I will write again very soon, for this is hardly an

Italy Again

answer to yours, dear—only I thought you would like to hear that I am safe and tolerably well.

Your affect.

ANNA.

Anna Jameson to her Sisters.

MONTE TARPEIA,

May 17, 1858.

. . . I am always working, but I am afraid *unprofitably* for the present & I get old—old—reminding myself continually of poor dear Mother in the last years of her life. How thankful I am that, among many cares, we are secured from actual want while I live & you may be sure I shall take care of myself for your sakes, my dear sisters ; let me have a nice long letter at the beginning of next month & tell me every thing—& who is with dear Cammy—& how she is ; no body has written me a word about the new Edition of the Madonna & I have no copy yet—so I do not know if it *looks well* ; here & at Rome they are very impatient about it—at least so the book-sellers tell me. I should like to send a present to Maisie's little Son—your god son—& I wish you to send for two copies of Willy's book out of the 5£ I send—pray tell her that I think of her & wish her well, but I cannot introduce her to Mrs. Gaskell, I am afraid—for I have expressed myself about Mrs. G. & her book about Charlotte Brontë very strongly. God bless you all—if you have any wants & wishes always tell me—if I can fulfill them I will, if not I will say so. Your affecte Sister,

ANNA.

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. . . This airy situation suits me better than the Via Strozzi in point of health and its incomparable beauty and great comfort and quietness, after the perpetual disturbance at the other house, give me leisure to go on with my occupations and my work. I am working hard, I go out nowhere except to the Churches and studios ; almost every one I know has left Rome and those who are not gone, are off this week. Gibson I shall miss very much ; he goes off on Thursday. In fact Rome is becoming unhealthy and after this month no one who can get away will remain here ; the Pope and almost all the Cardinals are gone. . . . Sometimes I imagine Eliza laughing at my household management. I have a good little maid (Sabetta) and a man who comes every morning at 8 and stays till night, and to whom I pay 4 pauls, (1s. 8d.) a day and he finds himself. Both are very zealous and good humoured and (I hope) honest. A carriage costs me $2\frac{1}{2}$ pauls by the hour (a paul is about 5d.).

Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Anna Jameson.

(POST MARK)

October 5, 1858.

6, RUE DE CASTILLIONE,

PLACE VENDÔME,

Tuesday,

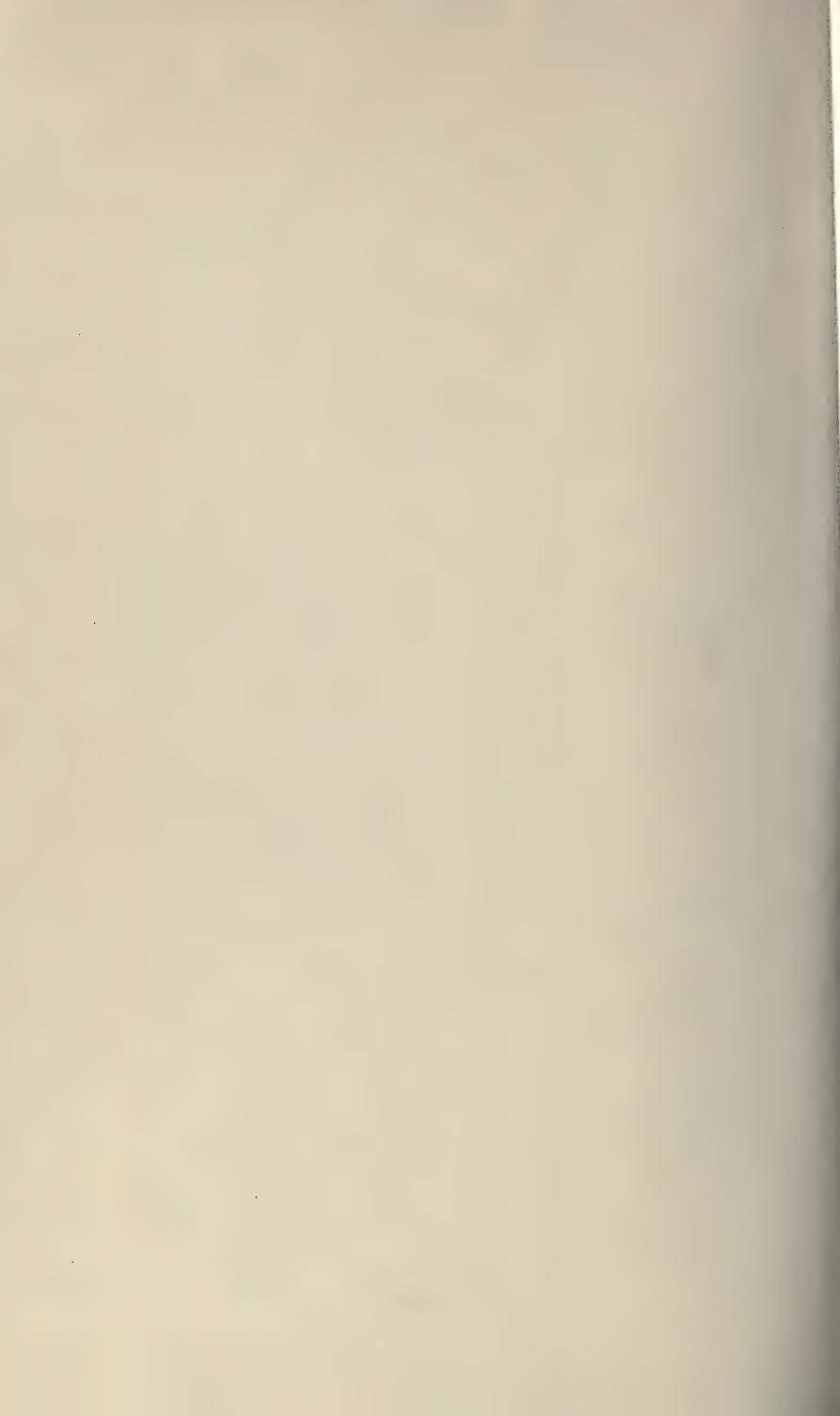
I don't pretend to write letters, dearest Mona Nina, as long as I am in Paris. I neither read nor write nor think, and find it hard to say my prayers. If ever in this world I get an opportunity of rest, repose, silence, see if I shall not thank God for it ; but perhaps not—we are not, I am not, so thankful for benefits.

I fear, with this rush and roar, I shall lose my Arabel

next Tuesday. By the worst comic route
to Florence - and to Rome after a
short interval, if our plans hold to -
-settle - I am much stronger & longer
in - in I hear, & have been to the
house, & the Luxembourg, & stopping
at a strong arm - The corner home
half dead, but gets to life again
sometimes - I am much stronger & -
-tired - Only I do not have -
at San tat - Here we are in a
pretty apartment crowded with de -
-lightful furniture, & in the best situa -
-tion - for which we don't pay ex -
-travagantly, and have not to climb

above a premier - the rooms are small
there are in a cou, but there are
several directions -
Father Pont has found us out - and
some shall see come in water as to -
- now to meet Williamson - (Picked up)
R. M. Lavettton are here too in the
way through Paris. Home on your hands
a R. Gifford has to other earnings
Let a paper of R. Arnold & Gifford
of the church of England, now despoiled
& executor of Comte to remonstrate
with me on my despoil of her Helen.
- the & to expound the philosophy -
I was not moved, however then to
more or much on the want of logic
& reason in thinking men - the religion

FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



Italy Again

—and I shan't like that, no, I shan't like that—it will give me great, great pain.

George has gone, and she goes to-day before we do and we go (or talk of it) next Tuesday by the Mont Cenis route to Florence, and to Rome after a short interval, if our plans hold together.

I am much stronger looking, so I hear, and have been to the Louvre and the Luxembourg, and shopping with a strong arm. One comes home half dead, but gets to life again some how—I am much stronger certainly—only I do hate Havre—set down that.—Here we are in a pretty apartment crowded with delightful armchairs, and in the best situation, for which we don't pay extravagantly and have not to climb above a premier. The rooms are small and we are on a *cour*, but these are scarcely objections.

Father Prout¹ has found us out and Madame Mohl has come and invites us to-morrow to meet Villemain (Robert goes) Mr. and Mrs. Twistleton are here too on their way through Paris. Madame du Quair brought a Mr. Congreve to us the other evening, late a pupil of Dr. Arnold and a clergyman of the Church of England, now disciple and executor of Comte, to remonstrate with me on Aurora Lee's disrespect to his philosopher and to expound the philosophy. I was not moved, otherwise than to moralize much on the want of logic and reason in thinking men. The "religion of atheism" and the "communion" on one side only, remain to me enormous contradictions—the Athanasian Creed perfectly easy and self-evident in comparison. As long as men (and such men as Comte²

¹ Father Prout (Francis Sylvester Mahony), 1804-1866.

² Auguste Comte, 1798-1857.

Anna Jameson : Letters and Friendships

was) enunciate such mad inconsistencies, I shall not be inclined to accept his dogma and fall down and worship *humanity* per se.

And the D question and such things don't assist the Comte doctrine do they? What a dreadful letter that last was—and what a crime, for a man to use his genius as a cudgel against his near kin . . . even against the woman he promised to protect tenderly with life and heart—taking advantage of his hold with the public to turn public opinion against her ! I call it dreadful. Write and speak of yourself dearest friend. Don't stay at Brighton—come into the sun. Robert's love. . . . Yours with true love

BA.

Lady Elgin remains better. Robert goes to read Keats every two days to her and she lies in dumb ecstasy.

CHAPTER XVI

THE END

IN 1859 Anna went to Rome for the last time. Her friends noticed, with growing concern, that her health was failing fast and that her work was no longer a pleasure, but an effort to her. Still she persisted, collecting materials for the "History of our Lord" and enjoying the society of friends as far as she could.

Amongst the friends of later years, one of the most distinguished was Barbara Leigh Smith, now Madame Bodichon,¹ one gifted with many talents and in the forefront of the "Woman" movement. Madame Bodichon was said to be the original of "Romola," and was linked by friendship with most of the prominent people of the day; she was co-editor of the *Englishwoman's Review* with Miss Bessie Parkes (afterwards Madame Belloc), and was one of the founders of Girton College. Anna had known her as a girl and had helped her with advice when she was studying with another young

¹ Madame Bodichon (Barbara Leigh-Smith), 1827-1891.

Anna Jameson : Letters and Friendships

friend, Anna Mary Howitt,¹ in “ the purple woods of Sussex.”

Madame Bodichon to Anna Jameson.

MUSTAPHAR, ALGIERS,

April 21, 1859.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—

Bella gave me your kind message & I hasten to send you some scraps of our life out here as you are so good as to ask me to write to you. To-day I ought to write to you, as yesterday my eyes saw what I wished yours could have seen in place of mine, because, interesting as it was to me, to you it would have been 100 times as interesting, coming as a new pearl on the long strings you have collected. It was the grave of a Roman Saint & martyr. But I will begin at the beginning of our excursion. Yesterday morning at 7 o'clock the sun was as hot as in England at 12 in June & the sky was bluer, so that the little omnibus which came up from Algiers with 3 horses for us was much more suited to the day than an open carriage. Away we went towards the West along the hill top on which we live, the sea to the right hand & the plain & mountains on the left.

We had had rain in the night, the flowers & trees were resplendent with diamond drops, the blue convolvulus, the purple climbing volubilis, the yellow king daisies, the red poppies, the crimson gladioli, were all struggling together in the hedges & fields, twisting & climbing & growing over one another in delicious combinations, not in confusion. It is beautiful to see flowers which we are accustomed to see in hot houses in Eng-

¹ Daughter of William and Mary Howitt.

The End

land growing free in the open air ; at first most people are disappointed because they are so different, so wild & ragged & jagged & perhaps one is inclined to say at first, why, after all they are not so ideal in form as in the Crystal Palace ! but their characters come out, their force & inner nature & that is the true ideal after all. It is beautiful to see how the aloe cuts himself with his own daggers as the wind blows the leaves one against another, how he serves to some climbing delicate plant as a mere stick & with all his rude bower of growth cannot shake her off, how of a crowd of young seedlings coming up, at last one sort of plant best suited to the place will out grow all the rest &, in the end, kill them ; how the acanthus, with its great sheltering leaves & the green light that passes thro' them, seems to be sanctuary for some small flowers which love to rejoice & pray quietly in the shade.

Thinking of the lives of these creatures, their battles, struggles, competitions, loves, hates, we drove along in our yellow omnibus until we came to this view of Sidi Ferruch or Torr -cica. This is the place where the French landed, but more important to us for its wild picturesque beauty & its interesting remains. The tower of the Mosque was built by the Spaniards they say & the beautiful dome also, it is supposed, but there seems to be a doubt, as there are a great many Roman remains near & some believe the tower & dome to have been built by the Romans. Probably there is work of Romans, Spaniards & Arabs all mixed together.

We drove up to the only good house, which stands near the palm tree surrounded by 20 or 30 little houses inhabited by French colonists. The place is very drear, not a tree to be seen all along the coast excepting the

Anna Jameson : Letters and Friendships

one immense palm tree, which is so precious to our friend that he said he would not have it cut down for the worth of all his peninsula. We rested a few minutes in the house & made friends with the 6 dogs, ducks, chickens, cats, etc. which were walking in & out & with our friend's piano & then went off to sketch by the sea shore. As usual my Doctor was sent for to visit the sick; we never go out into the country but he is asked to see some one ill of fever or bad eyes. Here there were some hundreds of men, Arabs and soldiers, at work building a fort & he went off to inspect them at the Commandant's request. I sat on a sand hill & drew the whole view, of which I can make a picture some day I hope. I send you a little scribble of it on the other page.

Do you remember that Sycorax was born here? I think I have found the very place & would like to give a great deal of time to painting it; indeed perhaps I shall some day. Prospero's island may have been near here. As we searched in the little caves for shells, Venus' ears and others, we thought of Ariel & many passages applicative to the sea shore & yellow sands. I think the Doctor & Mr. Martin were rather out of patience with our groping so long in caves & could not understand that a certain Tempest gave a beauty to everything which the bright sun himself could not impart & they hurried us away to see what interested them the most of all things here—a little chapel on the edge of a sea washed rock in which still remain 2 stone graves & a mosaic floor. Mr. Martin was present when the chapel was discovered & he made a copy of the inscriptions & date written in the mosaic. He says it was erected in 400 A.D. to a Christian martyr

The End

& that every word of the inscription & the design was perfect when he 1st saw it. There was a large panther pursuing a stag & palm branches surrounding 2 lambs at each side & a vase at the top surmounted by a dove. If I can get the copy of the inscription I shall enclose it. There is enough left now to be very interesting & the mosaic pattern which encloses the whole is one which I remember to have seen at Cirencester. How those wonderful people linked the far countries together with their wonderful works. Not far from this point on the other side of the bay is a Roman aqueduct & all along the coast are found Roman sarcophagi. We came upon 2, just uncovered, with the bones lying by them, thrown out without any one to care for them. I jumped down into the grave & seized a piece of a skull & examined the solid granite coffins but could find no inscriptions. There coffins are so common that they are used for troughs for cattle to drink from in all the farms about. Near these two ancient graves we came upon 2 modern ones in the sand by the sea; more desolate graves I never saw. "Whose are they?" I asked with a sort of shudder & Mr. Martin said they are 2 suicides, one a ruined speculator who came here to shoot himself the other an American fr. Louisiana, tainted by consumption, who had not patience to wait & therefore hurried into death.

Black clouds came up & rattling thunder; the mountains answered one after the other, the zigzag darts flew about over our heads or struck down into ground & in 10 minutes the whole face of nature was changed & we were enveloped in a terrific storm. My spirits rose & I intensely enjoyed seeing this wild place in

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such a wild mood. The tall palm swayed & talked high up there amongst his stirred branches to the black thunder cloud ; the old tower stood out white against the black & the green sea threw up white foam over the dark rocks.

We were delayed & our ride home made a little dangerous & much later than we thought, for the moon, which here we have almost a right to count upon as on the sun, gave us no light and we had a black ride home, but not without pleasures of its own. The wind & rain whistled against our glass house & the horses' bells rattled & we all alone ; for 14 miles we never met one living creature that I saw. We had arms with us & should not have minded if we had met friends or enemies.

Dear Mrs. Jameson, I do not say anything about my drawings, because I shall leave this enchanted country in 4 weeks & in 5 or 6 I hope you will see what I have done this winter.

Our life here is very quiet & hard working & one would have thought perfectly inoffensive to any one on earth, but it is not so ! The little foolish circles of French & English talk in the most absurd manner about us & find us very offensive. Have you read Mill " On Liberty " ? It delights us. I wish all these people could read it. To a certain extent we live on his principles !

We hope some winter that you will come out to us & have some months here to study the country & its inhabitants. The journey is not very difficult & every day becomes easier.

Next winter I hope we shall have a better supply of English ; this year they are not very refined or well

The End

instructed & I have not made a single valuable acquaintance.

I had a little glimpse of one group which next year perhaps may be much to us, as they will take a house on our hill.

Our neighbours are curious—Nuns, Arabs, Jews, & farmers from Italy, Spain & Malta. I know every body & receive a very mixed society every Saturday afternoon.

The most interesting man to me in Algiers is a priest who was in the Crimea. I think we shall be friends ; he is a German, very learned & refined & with him I have some sympathy in my art.

I look forward with great pleasure to showing you my winter's work. All I can say is that I have been very industrious.

I hope you & your works have prospered this winter & that the spring brings you renewed force & spirit to carry out some of the many ideas you spoke to me about at Brighton.

Believe me

Dear Mrs. Jameson

Yours affectionately

B. L. S. BODICHON.

On October 8th Anna returned to London, leaving almost immediately afterwards to be present at a Social Science Meeting at Bradford.

The question of the improvement of education and the advancement of women workers was one that she had now most at heart. She wrote and spoke whenever possible on the subject, and she

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has left behind her a statement of her opinions which is of great interest. This manifesto, for so it may be called, is preserved in Weimar among the correspondence of Ottilie von Goethe ; it is, practically, a profession of faith with regard to the mutual obligations of the sexes.

AUS OTTILIENS NACHLASS.

Jameson, Anna, varia von ihrer Hand.

A brief and definite statement of certain principles regarding the social and relative position of women.

1. I believe that God created the human race, *one* in species, male and female ; the two sexes being equally tho' differently, endowed.

2. I believe that the Gospel of Christ recognizes mankind, male and female, as one body, one church, both sexes being *equally* rational beings with improvable faculties, *equally* responsible for the use or abuse of the faculties entrusted to them, *equally free* to chuse the good and refuse the evil, *equally* destined to an equal immortality ; and I insist that any human and social laws which are *not* founded in the recognition of this primary law, are, and must be, false in the general principle, and in the particular application and in result, equally injurious to both sexes.

3. I believe that neither the law of nature, nor the Gospel law, makes any difference in the amount of virtue, self-control and purity of heart and person required from man and woman equally, and I insist that all conventional laws and all relations and contracts between the two sexes which admit or create inequality

The End

in this respect and let loose the passions of the one sex to prey on the other, introduces a horrid treacherous warfare between the two sexes, depraving and degrading both, and by the eternal law of justice, even more fatal to the oppressor than to the oppressed.

4. There are in nature masculine and feminine attributes, but there are not masculine and feminine virtues and vices. Whatever is morally wrong is equally wrong in man and in woman, and no virtue is to be cultivated and honoured in one sex that is not equally required from the other.

5. I believe *Marriage* to be the holiest, as it must have been the first, of all human institutions. BUT—a solemn contract equally incurred by two human beings equally responsible, is, before God and man, equally binding on both—and THEREFORE—any conventional law binding the one party and absolving the other, in what regards the most sacred of all the obligations incurred by such a contract—mutual truth in word and act—must, of necessity, place both parties in a false position and render the whole contract of marriage a standing lie.

Lastly,

6. The natural and Christian principle of the moral equality and freedom of the two sexes being fully recognized I insist

That the ordering of domestic life is our sacred province, indissolubly linked with the privileges, pleasures and duties of maternity, and that the exclusive management of the community at large belongs to men as the natural result of their exemption from the infirmities and duties which maternity entails on the female part of the human race.

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And by maternity I do not mean the actual state of motherhood, which is not necessary nor universal, but the maternal organization common to all women (*sic*).

ANNA JAMESON.

(Goethe und Schiller Archiv :
Weimar.)

Anna Jameson's period of activity was fast drawing to a close. Always in bad health and always at work, she must often have felt unequal to the efforts of concentration that she exacted from herself. She had acknowledged for some time that her literary work was too much for her, but she was still a prominent member of the National Association for the promotion of Social Science, and it was, very probably, at her suggestion, that Adelaide Procter joined the Committee in this year.

On her way to Bradford she stayed near Pontefract.

Anna Jameson to her Sisters.

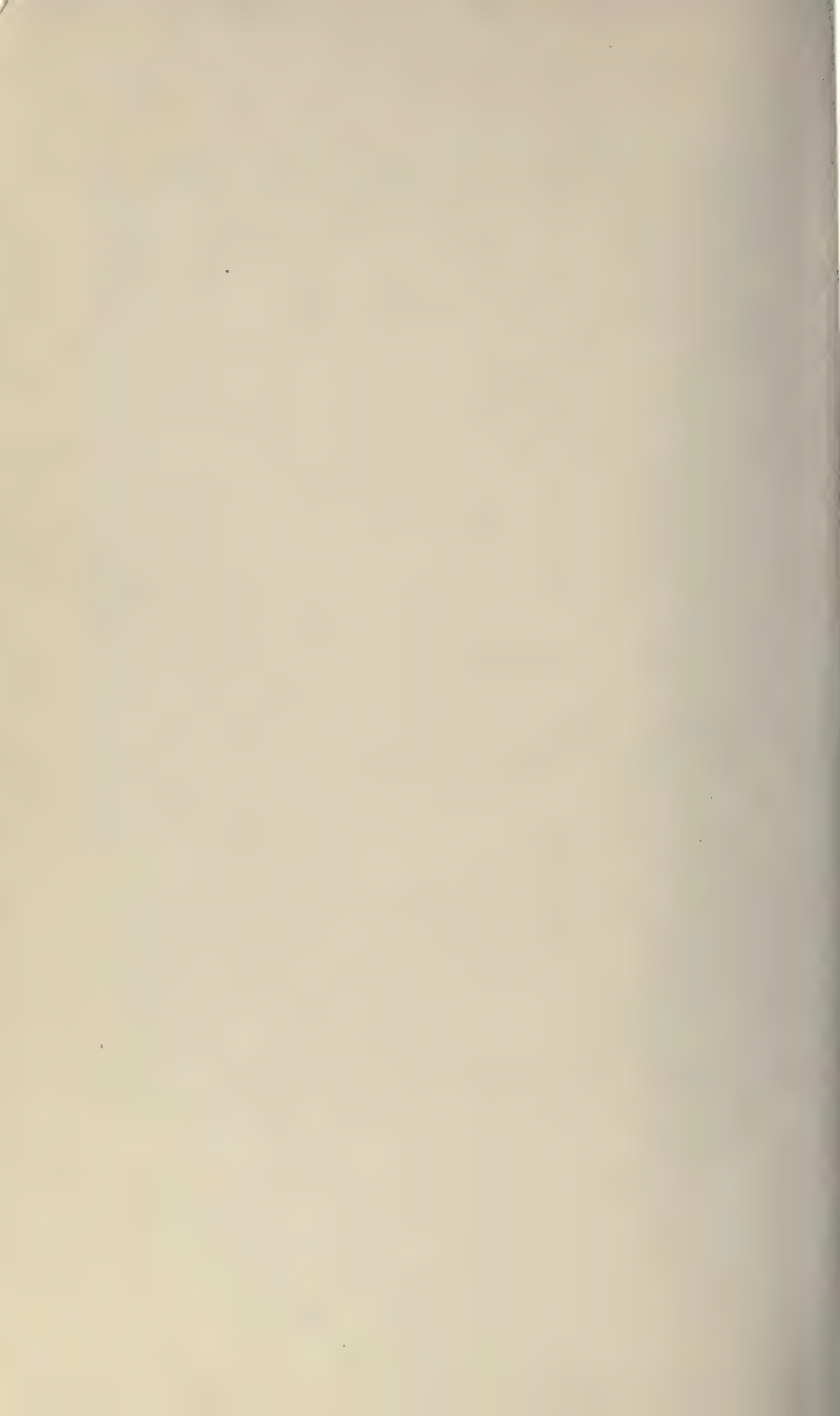
MY DEAR SISTERS,—

I can only write a short letter to tell you that I received duly Charlotte's packet yesterday morning just before I left Bradford. The fatigue has been very great—I was obliged to keep my room all day Saturday. . . . On Sunday I drove over to Haworth with the Clergyman who was to preach a charity sermon there and invited me to accompany him. Haworth you know,



ANNA JAMESON.

From a photograph by David Octavius Hill, R.S.A.



The End

was the home of Charlotte Brontë, where she died ; we were received by the feeble, desolate old man, her father, and I shall tell you the rest when I see you.

I went over to Frystone the beautiful place of Monckton Milnes near Pontefract Castle—and have been very much pleased with my visit. Miss Carpenter,¹ Mr. & Mrs. Cowper, Mr. Brookfield and other interesting people have been here—about 18 to dinner every day. On Thursday I go to Liverpool to the Rathbones' and then I will write you again. . . . I am quite well.

Your affect. Sister,
A. J.

A poem by Emily Brontë² in manuscript has been preserved with this letter.

Cold in the earth and the deep snow piled above thee,
Far far removed, cold in the dreary grave !
Have I forgot, my only love, to love thee,
Severed at last, by times' all severing wave?

Now when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
Thy noble heart, for ever ever more.

Cold in the Earth and fifteen wild Decembers
From those brown hills have melted into Spring ;
Faithful indeed is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering.

¹ Mary Carpenter, 1807-1877.

² Emily Brontë, died 1848.

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Sweet love of youth ! forgive if I forget thee
While the World's tide is bearing me along ;
Other desires and other hopes beset me—
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong.

No later light hath lightened up my Heaven,
No second moon has ever shone for me ;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams had perished
And even Despair was powerless to destroy,
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion,
Weaned my young soul from yearnings after thine,
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And even yet I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in Memory's rapturous pain,
Once drinking deep of that divinest Anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?

E. BRONTË.

An interesting account of Anna's appearance at the Social Science Meeting, her last appearance in public, is given in the " Vignettes " of Bessie Raynor Parkes, published in 1866. " She [Mrs. Jameson] attended the Social Science Meeting at Bradford

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in October 1859 and sat during the whole of one day in the Section B, where papers on the employment of women were being read, and occasionally joined in the discussion that ensued. When Mrs. Jameson spoke a deep silence fell upon the crowded assembly. It was quite singular to see the intense interest she excited. Her age, and the comparative refinement of her mental powers, had prevented her sphere of action from being 'popular' in the modern sense; and this, of course, created a stronger desire to see and hear her, of whom they knew little personally. Her singularly low and gentle voice fell like a hush upon the crowded room, and every eye bent eagerly upon her and every ear drank in her thoughtful and weighty words."

After attending this meeting, Anna visited Mrs. Gaskell at Plymouth Grove, and some other friends, afterwards returning to London.

Her last months were spent between Brighton, where her sisters now lived, and London, where she was still at work on the "History of our Lord," that she was destined to leave unfinished.

She had been ill, on and off, all the winter, but was still working bravely, as a letter to Ottilie, dated Brighton, December 1859, testifies:—

"I am making progress but slowly, very slowly, for I cannot write much. My hands and brain get wearied and my mind perplexed, but I have finished now these chapters:—(1) The Innocents. (2) The life of John

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Baptist. (3) The daughter of Herodias. (4) The traders expelled from the Temple. (5) The Woman of Samaria. (6) The Dispute in the Temple. If you can give me any thoughts or help relating to these, pray do ; you are *rich* in imagination. Everything you *see* makes you *think* and men make you feel."

She spent Christmas alone in London, as a letter written to Charlotte testifies :—

You enquire what I am about and what I am doing—I am really doing nothing but my work. I am every day—almost—at the Museum ; to-day not, because I had the carriage and used it to go to Mrs. Horner and pay some other visits, but every lady is out of town and nothing doing that I care about in any way.

I get thro' a large amount of work and that is all ; to-day there are two or three people to dinner for the first time and no one I much care about—so you see I have really nothing to tell you. I hope your Christmas will be as merry as you can make it—without me—who am not, I confess, very merrily inclined. Tell me if you arrange to dine with Cam or she with you.

I fully intend to be with you New Year's Day.

Yours affly,

A. J.

Anna Jameson to Ottilie Von Goethe.

February 17, 1860.

MY DEAREST OTTILIE,—

I am very sorry for the grief that has fallen upon you in the death of that excellent creature Nannie Buol ; I remember her perfectly and I know that not

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to find her again when you return to Vienna will be a deep grief to you—your sympathy with her parents and relations will make it deeper. I am very sorry. You speak of not being able to love your friends as you once could and of the difficulty of writing, which I can well understand, but remember, that though you should love no one else in the world, you must still love *me* and though you should write to no one else in the world, you must still write to *me*. I, too am growing old and indifferent, but I cannot spare *you* my dear task mistress! I have been very hard at work. I have written more of my book and, always when I counted the pages, I thought you would be pleased—that I was fulfilling your wish. I shall like to have the new catalogue of the gallery very much. I saw the commencement at Dresden. I intend to have some of the illustrations of my book drawn and cut at Dresden if I can go there, or if I can make such an arrangement with artists about money as will be convenient. I am in London for a few days only to make some arrangements with artists and I will write to you again about this matter, for you would, I think, be of use to me when you are better and able to give your attention without too much effort. I shall require at least 200 drawings. With regard to the little picture called Raphael's I remember that I saw it many years ago. I thought it an exquisite little picture—but whether Raphael's or not I would not say—I am not a sufficient judge. At that time the possessor demanded for it 10,000£; Sir C. Eastlake and Dr. Waagen both thought the price too high and doubted that it was a Raphael,—on which the man commenced a war upon them in the newspapers—a deadly war of

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abuse so vulgar and violent that it gave me no good impression of him or his picture.

I have the small steel engravings of the gallery and shall make them useful. What more shall I tell you? Gerardine has sent her eldest boy to Edinburgh to spend 6 months with his aunt Tottie, but I have not seen him in passing through London, not knowing of it till too late.

When I was last in town, I saw the Noels and Miss Montgomery ; they called on me and met (without intending it) in my room ; this time, I shall probably see them again.

The voyage made to the Arctic regions by the ship sent out by Lady Franklin, to search for her husband, has been published and covered us Englishwomen with great honour ; in the sad document discovered, which told of the fate of the unhappy men who perished, the names signed were " Graham Gore and Charles F. des Vœux " ; both perished. I thought this would interest you—the history is most sad and very simply related.

Tell me something more of the death of Madame Devrient—when and where did she die? I have no notice of it in the English journals.

Give my best love to your sister. I am sorry she suffers. Tell her I shall not forget my three or four days at Schleswig ; and give my love to Walter and Wolf and to all my Dresden friends kind remembrances—particularly dear good Madame de Serre—the Lotterie has my best wishes for her sake. Remember me to Dr. Carus, tho' I have a sort of instinctive enmity against your physicians. Miss Nightingale's book of her experiences, which she has entitled very modestly, " Notes on Nursing," is very much read, very

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much praised and will do a vast amount of good (here in England, I mean, I am afraid not in Germany)—

God bless you, dearest Ottilie, remember you are to write to me. I do not mind about long letters ; a few lines will satisfy me, but you must write to me *often*.

your affect Anna.

This is the last letter that Anna ever wrote to her beloved friend. “Keep the poor little home snug and warm ; we must all sink into it at last, God help us !” she had written to her sisters in the preceding year, feeling, no doubt, that her energies were flagging ; but she was not destined to end her days in that manner. She caught a chill one day when returning from the British Museum on foot, in a snowstorm, and passed away, after only a week’s illness, on March 17, 1860. During her last days her mind wandered and she spoke of paintings and of some engravings shown to her lately by Panizzi, the ruling passion being certainly strong in death.

When she died, her contemporaries felt that a great personality had passed away, one whose place would be difficult to fill. Among the many letters preserved by her bereaved sisters, the following extract from one written by Miss Emily Taylor to Miss Parkes gives a good glimpse into her character as seen by one of her old friends :—

I doubt, she writes, whether any *known* woman in England would be followed to her grave by more

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grateful attached friends. She was so generally just, as well as kind. She could speak what she felt with so much tact as well as truth ; she really was so candid, and then with all her Irish heat there was so much command, and in the main so successful a discipline of her fancy, that her poetic turn never spoiled her simple, clear English mode of expressing herself ; then her patience, her industry, her mastery of detail, oh ! we have a loss indeed.

As a woman, Anna Jameson was loved and respected ; as a writer, she enjoyed the privilege of being appreciated in her lifetime, and it speaks well for her solid studies and her sincerity of purpose, that we have still a place on our library shelves for those works which constituted the engrossing interest of her busy life.

Perhaps her truest epitaph was contained in a few words spoken by one of her friends : “ She was always at work and always trying to do good.”

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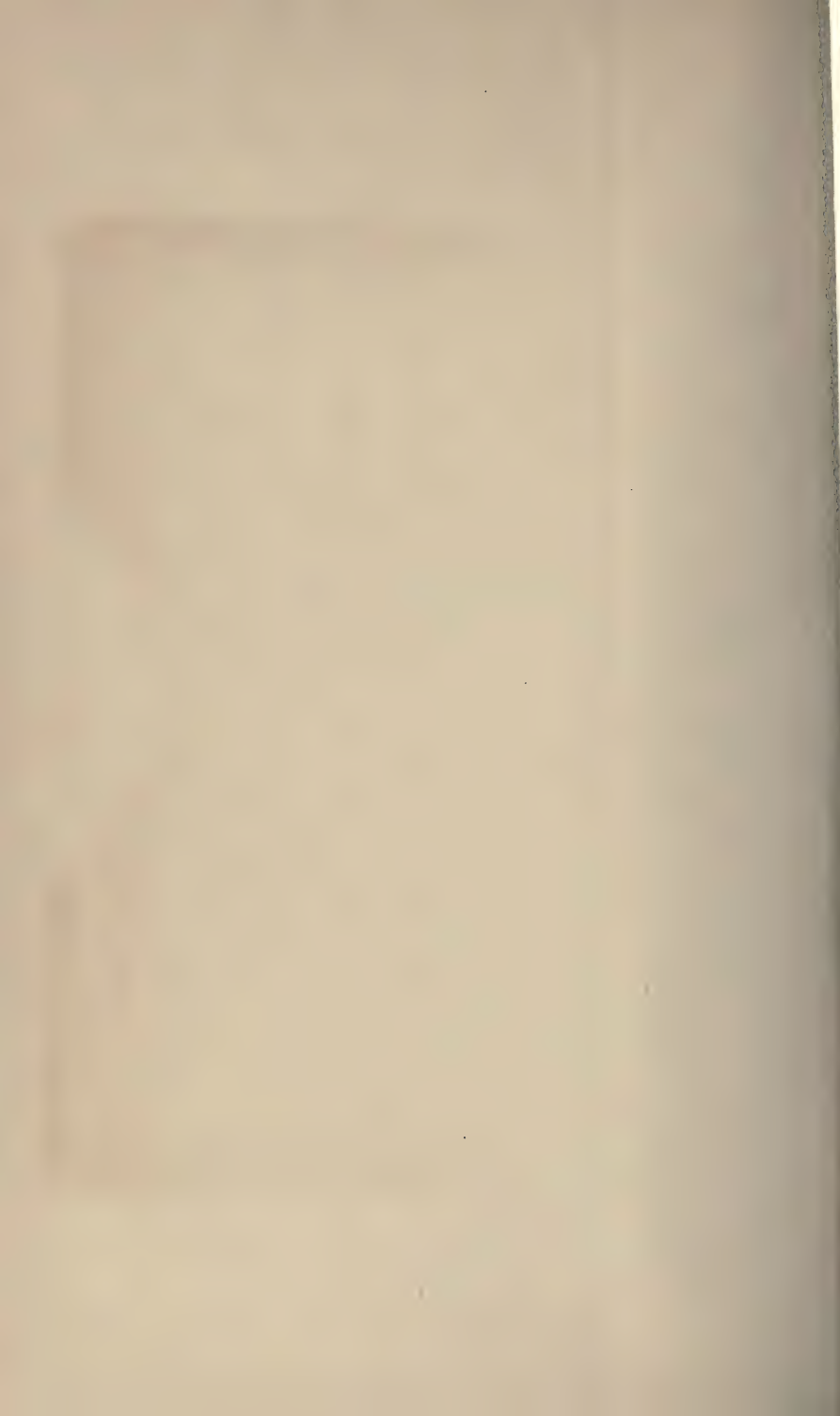
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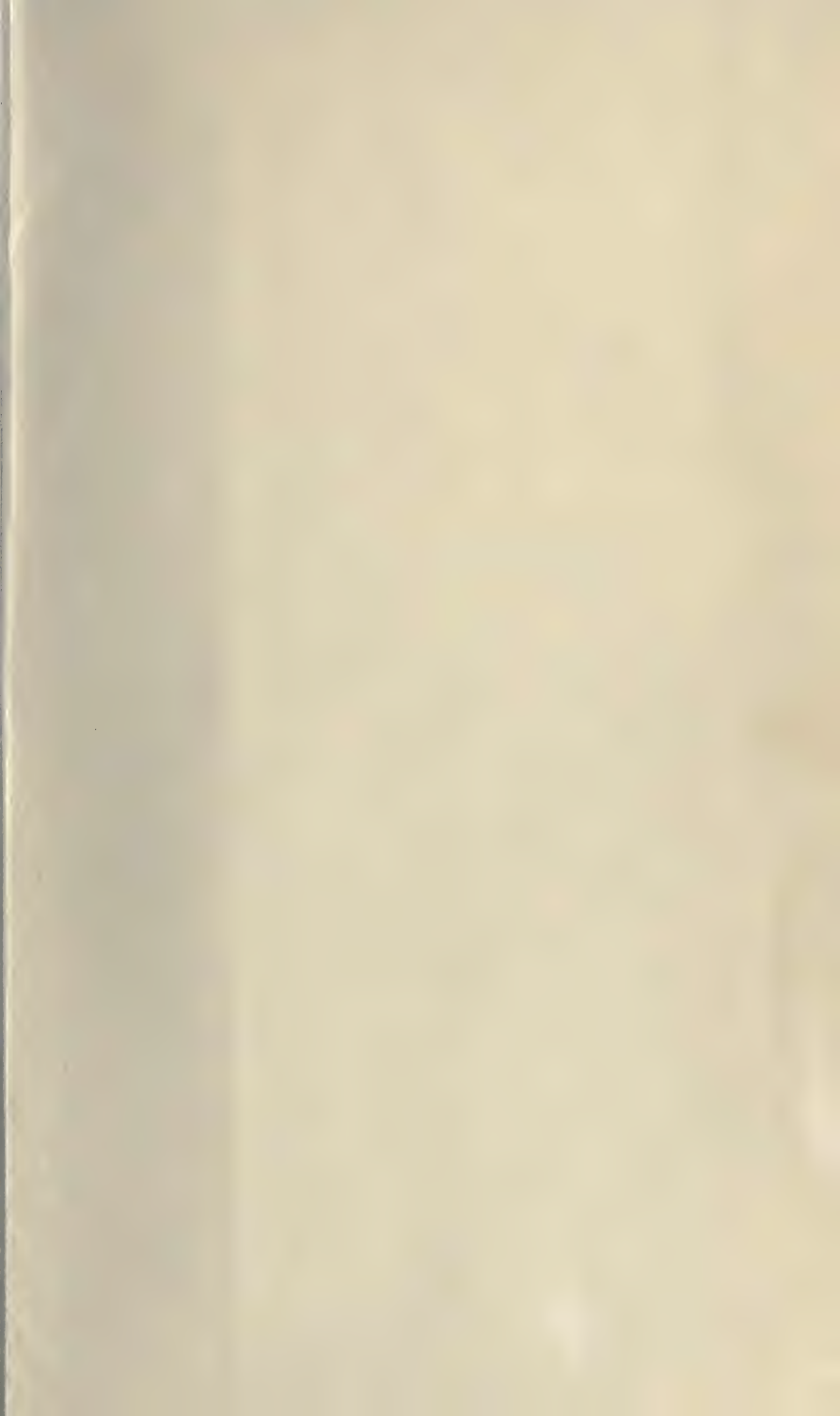
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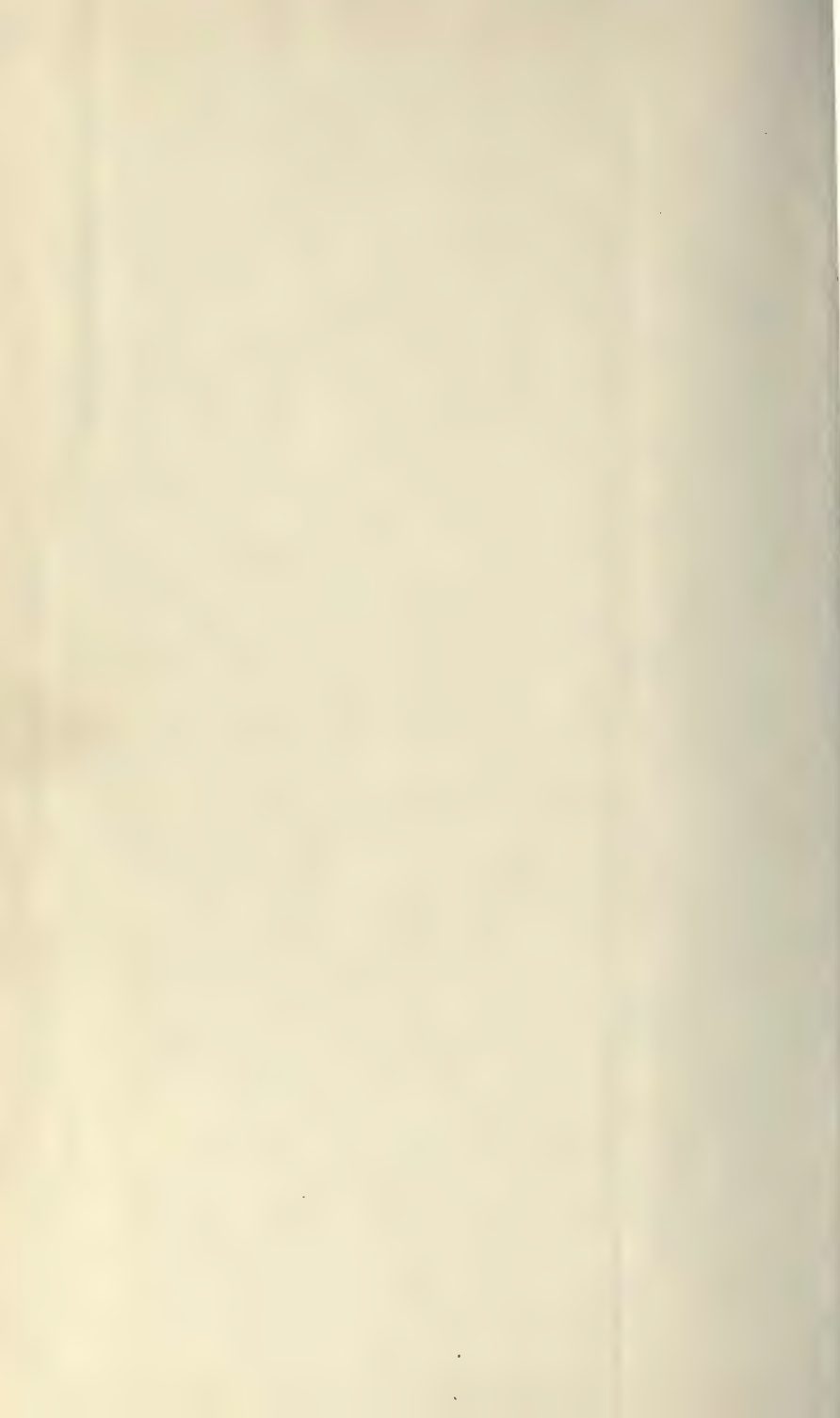
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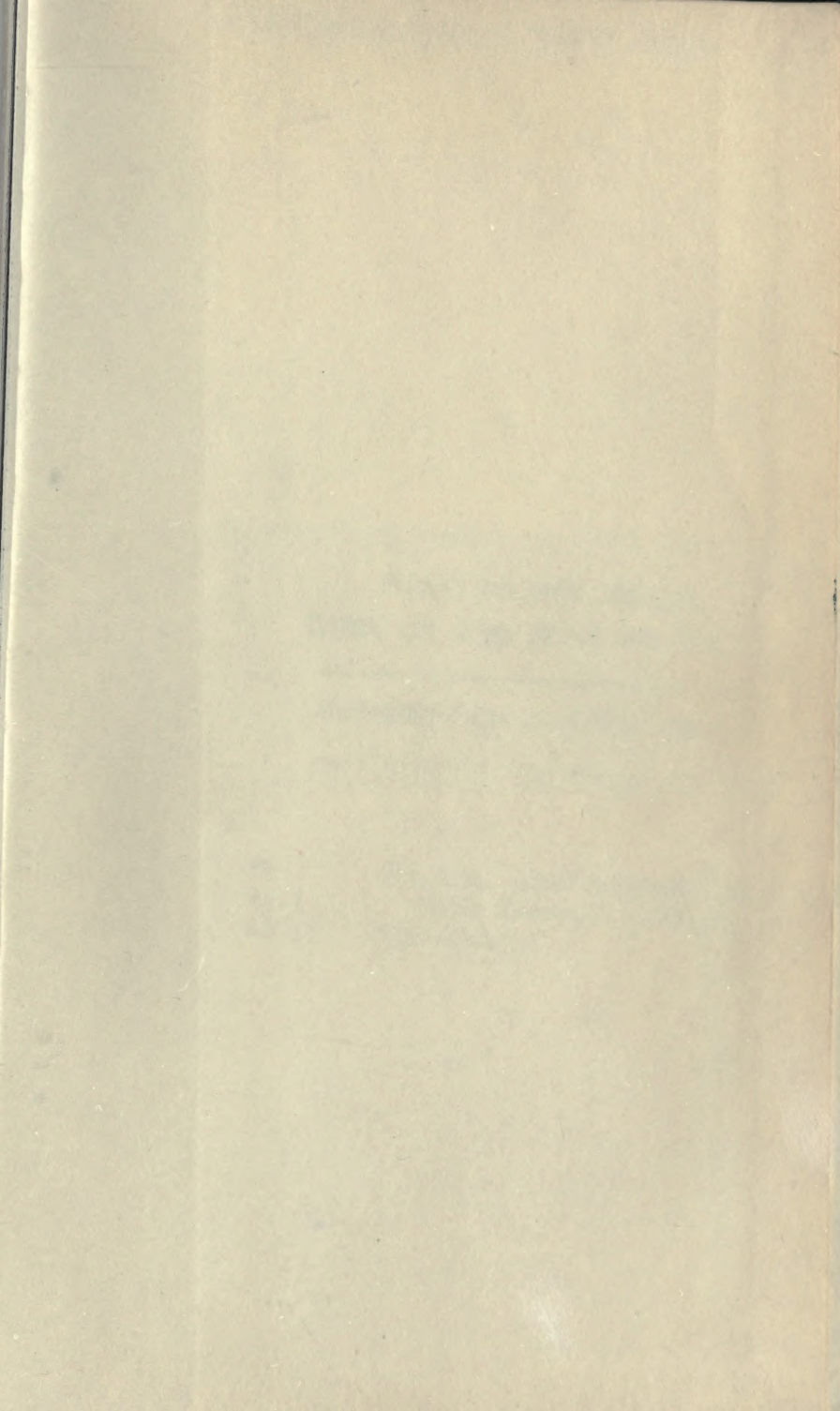
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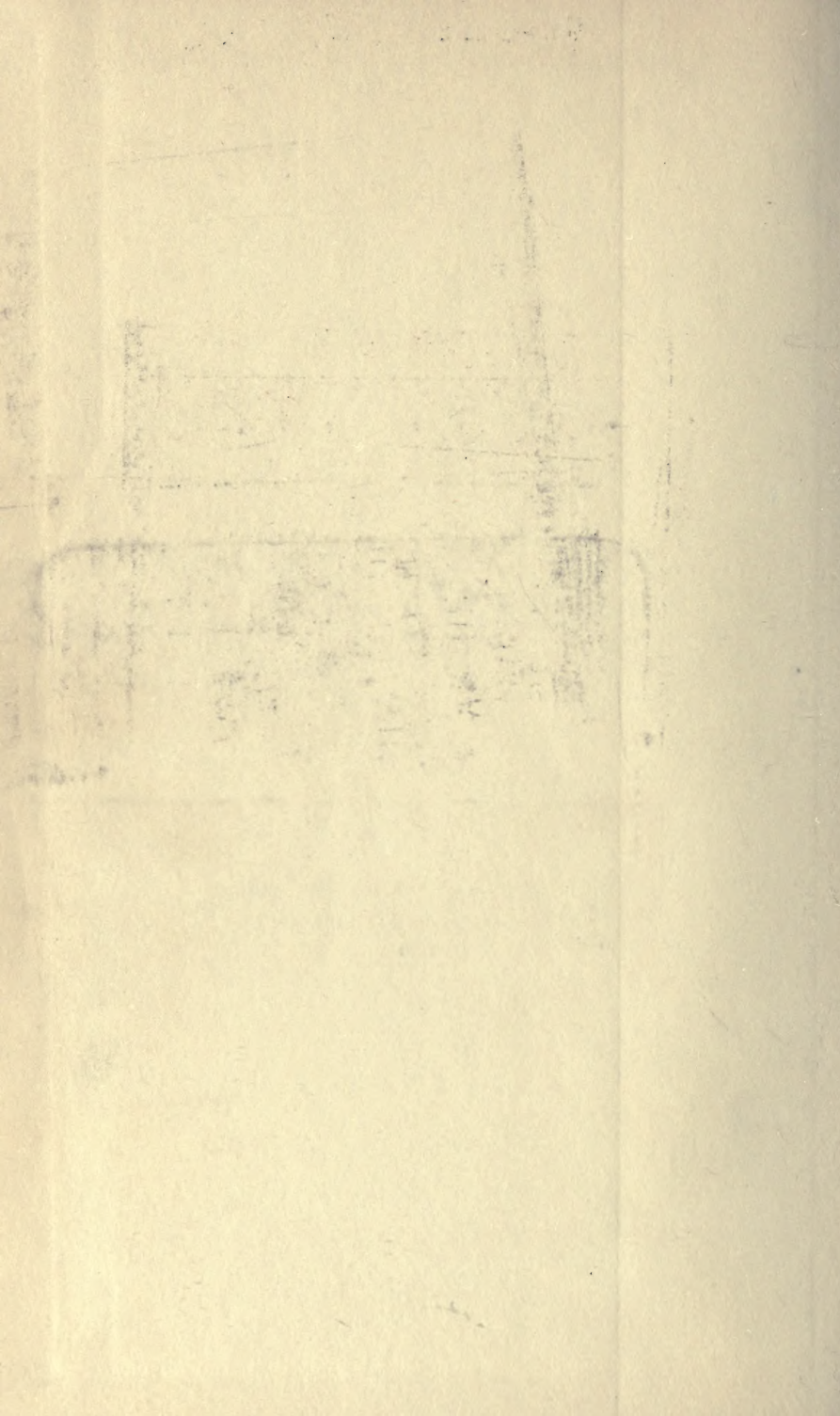
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